

LAWLESSNESS IN KENTUCKY=At the Threshold of Flight

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
1908

Griswold Tyng '08

QUADRI-COLOR CO. N.Y.

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THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK TEN CENTS A COPY



When Johnny comes
Marching home again
With a common
Imitation—

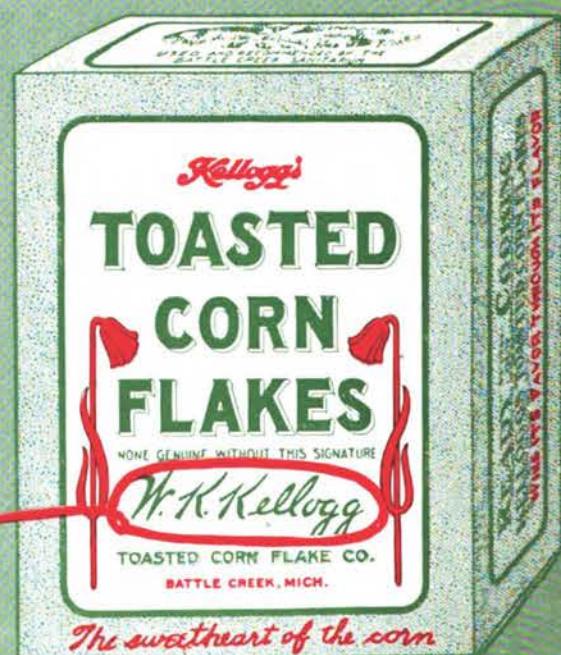


Send Johnny a
Marching back again
With a note of
Explanation—

never send me
anything but
Kellogg's—the
Genuine
Toasted
Corn
Flakes

Look for this
Signature

W. K. Kellogg



Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes "Won its favor through its flavor" — crisp, delicious.



Cover Design by Griswold Tyng

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A Start in Life—
And How to Make It

"How can I make money? How can I make a start in business? There isn't anything to do in this hide-bound village, and I can't leave the old folks."

This is the despairing cry of thousands of persons in the little towns and villages scattered all over the country. Their lives seem to them narrow and circumscribed. They long for the city, or for some place where they can do a larger work—can make more money—can acquire a comfortable independence.

Hence the rush to the city and town—the early delights and hopes—the quick contact with dirt and poverty and misery—the breaking of ideals—the living in stuffy, ill-ventilated, much inhabited tenements—the shock of competition—the difficulty of securing positions—the steady lowering of standards, until almost any work is taken that will secure a bare living. Terrible, indeed, are the contrasts between the "Castles in Spain" and the hard realities. Deep the homesickness and the longings for the pure, sweet country air—the dog—the old friends—the father—the mother—the brothers and sisters, and the smell of hay.

These things are not necessary. There is always work to do wherever one is placed, and the great law of compensation shows us that no matter how much we appear to lose we are, in some way, winning. Those who stay in the country live simply, perhaps, but cheaply; a dollar bill goes a long way, while in the city it is snapped up with the slightest luxury or indulgence.

One of the best opportunities in the world, both for profit-making and for helping your fellow man, lies in the adoption, as a regular business, of the work of introducing good literature into your community. Many a country district—and many a town and city district, too, for that matter—is starving for good reading, and the intelligence and knowledge of the world which comes in its wake. You can do nothing better than to help to replace poor and trashy literature with good and beneficial magazines and books.

A man or woman can make himself or herself the headquarters of the village or county for this kind of literature. The leading weekly and monthly periodicals of the country will, in most cases, gladly send you lists of their subscribers to renew, and will pay you liberal commissions for renewing them. You can create new business constantly, putting in each family the periodical best suited to its capacity for enjoyment. By carefully keeping your records you will know exactly when subscriptions, which you have originally taken, expire, and can go around and secure the renewals, building up, in this way, a permanent, definite, easily-handled, and highly profitable business. Many of the periodicals such as SUCCESS give monthly and season prizes for subscription work in connection with large commissions on each order secured, and these prizes are often in themselves worth all the cost of the effort.

Here are a few illustrations of how magazine subscription businesses of this kind are built up:

In a New England community a man is earning \$5,000 a year with practically no expense for office or traveling. He simply lets his townspeople know that he is the magazine man of his community, and his efforts have been so successful that he has worked up a large and permanent business in renewing subscriptions each year.

In an Ohio town another SUCCESS representative is earning hundreds of dollars in the commission and prize money offered by several of the largest magazines for subscription work. He made a "ten-strike" last winter by securing an order of several hundred SUCCESS subscriptions from the head of a large manufacturing concern in his city to be given as Christmas presents to employees.

A lady who took up the work in a small way, in an Eastern town, has pursued almost the same plans, and her work for SUCCESS has yielded her a large sum in commissions and prizes—much larger, in fact, than could have been earned in any ordinary salaried position.

\$45 for one month's work is the record of a young man in Eastern Canada, who secured 810 subscriptions to SUCCESS, alone and unaided, by personal solicitation in the offices, stores and factories of his city. The work called for the investment of not one penny and no previous experience. He has done nearly as well in other months, and has never found it necessary to go out of his own community, in which he has been canvassing for SUCCESS for more than a year past.

Drop a line to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, 29-31 East 22d Street, New York, and get their proposition.

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A Periodical of American Life

Published Monthly by

THE SUCCESS COMPANY.

EDWARD E. HIGGINS, Pres. O. S. MARDEN, Vice Pres.
FREDERIC L. COLVER, Sec. DAVID G. EVANS, Treas.

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Subscription Prices

Life Subscriptions.—Any reader, permanently a resident of the United States, desiring to subscribe for *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* for Life may do so by the payment of \$10.00 in advance.

In the United States and American possessions throughout the world:

1 year's subscription	\$1.00
2 years' " (to one address)	1.50
5 " " " " "	3.00
Life Subscription (to one individual)	10.00

In Mexico and Cuba:

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Long-time subscriptions not accepted.	

In Canada:

1 year's subscription	\$1.50
2 years' subscription	2.50

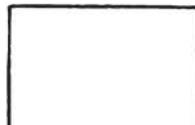
In all other countries of the Postal Union:

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Single Copies.—*SUCCESS MAGAZINE* is on sale at bookstores and on news-stands throughout the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents per copy in the United States and 15 cents per copy in Canada. If your newsdealer does not carry it, write to us and we will see that he is supplied.

Expirations and Renewals

If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (September) issue; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (October) issue.



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by September 15th. Subscriptions to commence with the October issue should be received by October 15th.

Our Advertisements

We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue provided that mention of "Success Magazine" is made when ordering. This guarantee does not cover fluctuations of market values, or ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within sixty days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us only entitles the reader to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Our Agents

We are rapidly extending our organization of local and traveling representatives to cover every city, town, and village in the United States. We are engaging for this purpose young men and women of the highest character, including college and high-school students and others who are earnestly striving for an education or for some special and worthy object. We are paying them liberally for their services, and are giving them our hearty and unremitting support in all their efforts.

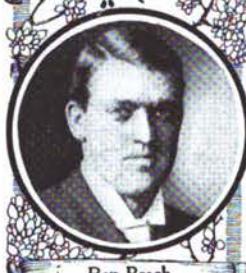
We ask for our representatives a kind and courteous reception and the generous patronage of the public. New or renewal subscriptions to *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* will be filled by us as promptly when given to our representatives as if sent direct to us.

Each authorized representative of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* carries a card empowering him to accept subscriptions for *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*. These cards should be asked for by intending patrons, in order to prevent imposition by fraudulent or unauthorized canvassers. The publishers of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* do not hold themselves responsible for orders given to parties not actually presenting these regular cards.

THE EDITORS' OUTLOOK



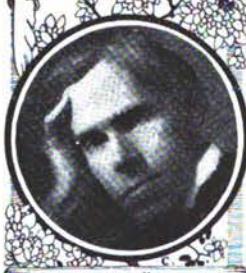
Sir Gilbert Parker



Rex Beach



James W. Foley



Charles Battell Loomis

Important Announcement

TRAVELING Americans waste an immense amount of money abroad. Cleveland Moffett is planning to tell us exactly how they spend it, and where. His first article, "Monte Carlo," will appear in an early number.

IF THIS issue of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* should reach our subscribers—any or all—a few days late, or if it should not be quite up to the average in mechanical appearance, we trust that we shall be forgiven. This September number is the first issue printed, bound, and mailed (almost in its entirety), in our own building, on our own presses and other machinery, and by our own workmen, and its publication is rather an event—to us, at least, who cradled the infant eleven years ago, and have watched its growth through childhood and youth to the threshold of what we believe will be a brilliant career of usefulness second to that of no other American periodical.

WE ARE going to do newer and bigger things this year. Indeed, it is a new magazine that greets you this month, new in spirit and vitality, deeper in thought and feeling, bolder and stronger in power of expression. We shall continue to talk plainly about the things men and women are interested in to-day, such as the problem of the Church, the problem of health, late reports from the firing line of progress—in the air, on the earth, in the sea—helpful words for home-builders. Now and then we shall present "picture-stories" of significant plays, like "The Servant in the House" feature, in the August number, that aroused so much comment. Dr. Marden will continue his powerful monthly editorials on character-building and self-help. The fiction will be simply the best—no less—full of meaning and character, and with its great variety will appeal to all sorts of readers of both sexes.

There is n't room to say it all. We must talk a little about the October number.

IN ALL the change and progress of these spirited times, where stands the Church? Big human problems, all about us, are clamoring for solution. There is poverty, for instance. We have been doling out charity for hundreds of years, and yet it is growing plain that we have done little or nothing to remove the primary causes of poverty. Then there is the widening chasm between those who work with their hands and those who do not. Is the Church facing these problems honestly and squarely? Is it going about its business in the spirit of Him who said, "Blessed are the poor in heart"?

In that powerful article "A Minister's Confession," we last month gave the facts about one sort of church—the sort that is dominated by a ring of wealthy pewholders who dictate what the minister shall say and do. Next month we mean to tell you about the other sort of church—the modern kind. This church is not afraid of the laboring man; it is not afraid of casting in its sympathies where they may "hurt business"; it is not afraid of the truth in whatever unexpected guise it may appear. Here powerful capitalists, men whose names head great corporations, are brought face to face with laborers and East-Side socialists. When these men have clasped hands, and have spoken out—sometimes with angry intensity—the thoughts that burn and clash and struggle for expression,



W. C. Morrow



Porter Emerson Brown

they understand one another better. Here the sweat-shop worker opens his heart, perhaps in the presence of the "well-groomed" owner of the miserable tenement in which he is wearing his life away.

The strange thing about this bold, inspiring sort of church is that it is on Fifth Avenue, in New York City, where is concentrated the greatest mass of heartless wealth which any nation has yet produced. The spirit of the militant Church of the Ascension will be described in our October number by the Reverend Alexander Irvine, the assistant rector.

WE FELT that we could hardly let the October number go out to the reader without a little pleasant reminiscence of the old political days when it meant something to be a Republican or a Democrat. There is just one man in the land who can write that sort of genial memory of the folks "back home" so vividly and with such a kindly humor that you chuckle softly to yourself as you read. His name is Eugene Wood. He will write, in characteristic vein, of "The Campaign Back Home."

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's story, "Three Women," in the August number, has roused so much comment that we have asked Mrs. Gilman to elaborate her idea more fully in an article. What are you going to do about the woman of fifty? Suppose she married at the usual age; the chances are, then, that she has merged her life wholly in that of her husband and her children. But husbands have work outside the home to develop and sharpen their faculties, children grow up and plunge out into the world, and the wife and mother is left, in the full powers of her maturity, to do what? Probably to dust and sweep, and to sew for the grandchildren. Perhaps twenty years of life and health remain to her—no matter, she is condemned to be a grandmother, no more. Mrs. Gilman thinks it would be better for "The Woman of Fifty," and for the world about her, if she were to live an active, independent life, doing her part in the world's work. It is an interesting idea set forth by Mrs. Gilman with characteristic vivacity and point.

IN A significant and authoritative article, Henry Beach Needham will tell next month

Why the President Is for Taft

The full and true story of the long-time friendship between Roosevelt and Taft, and of the qualities in the big colonial administrator and war secretary which have won the President's personal admiration and loyal support, will be set forth for the first time in this article.

Western or country cousin knows how mean the New York man (or woman) can be in his assumption of cosmopolitan superiority. That is why most of us are not above smiling over a joke, even a grim joke, at the expense of New York. In the October number, Walter E. Weyl, who is rapidly becoming known to our readers as a writer of clear vision and sound common sense, appears in the new rôle of humorist. Under the title, "The Extraordinary Street-cars of New York," he tells the experience of a traction man from Peoria who comes to the Metropolis to study up modern ideas in traction systems. What he finds—well if there is any slower, filthier, meaner, more antiquated, more completely bankrupt traction system in the world, it has not yet come to light.

THE leading story in the October number will be a powerful Northwest love-story by Sir Gilbert Parker, "A Lodge in the Wilderness." In most attractive contrast to Sir Gilbert's tale of the splendid young Indian wife who battles with fate in order to hold the love of her white husband is Elizabeth Payne's story of the little department-store girl who obtained "A Father by Purchase." Incidentally she got a husband, too, for the floor-walker was—but we must not spoil a really charming tale.

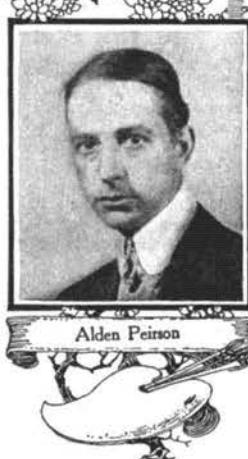
There will be a new sort of story, about two delightful old ladies. It is by Jeannette Marks, and is called "The Jelly of Madam Dorpat." Then, Frederic Oren Bartlett has a storyful of very genuine human sentiment in "The Owl Car"; and Emery Pottle completes the list of fiction with the concluding part of his international-marriage story, "Diana and the Duke."



J. C. Leyendecker



John Newton Howitt



Alden Pearson

Some Contributors in 1908-1909

SIR GILBERT PARKER
CLEVELAND MOFFETT
REX BEACH
MARY HEATON VORSE
LINCOLN STEFFENS
EMERSON HOUGH
EUGENE WOOD
WILLIAM HARD
WILL PAYNE
W. A. FRASER
MORGAN ROBERTSON
ERNEST POOLE
LEROY SCOTT
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
ANNE STORY ALLEN
EMERY POTTLE
MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE
WALTER E. WEYL
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
WOODS HUTCHINSON
THOMAS L. MASSON
G. B. LANCASTER
WM. GILMORE BEYMER

Some Artists

J. C. LEYENDECKER
JOHN NEWTON HOWITT
ALDEN PEIRSON
ALEXANDER POPINI
ARTHUR W. CRISP
HORACE TAYLOR
HENRY J. PECK
B. CORY KILVERT
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

How We Are Helping Our Young Men and Women to Higher Education

ONE of the most pleasing events in the daily life of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*'s publishers is the signing of checks—of a certain special kind. The signing of checks of the ordinary kind, particularly in these days of difficult finance, can hardly be considered in itself a pleasant task. But from the signing of checks which mean the higher education of a young man or a young woman we derive a peculiar satisfaction, because it has been one of our cherished ambitions to build *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* for, and in cooperation with, the strong, sturdy, working, dreamful youth of America.

So when, just one year ago, we announced the inauguration of a Grand Educational and Travel Prize Contest, on a novel and wholly unprecedented scale, we hoped that the response would be equally quick and generous, and that we should have the pleasure of helping along the road of self-training many young men and women who would not otherwise obtain the longed-for goal of their ambitions. And it turned out almost, if not quite, as well as we expected, so that the contest, closed in July, brought joy to many who fought for supremacy in it.

A few words about the half-dozen leaders among nearly one hundred successful contestants will be, we are sure, of great interest to our readers.

The winner of the first prize, Mr. J. Hart Kinsey, is a music teacher in a village of less than one thousand inhabitants. He won his premier position with a very small margin only to spare over the second-prize winner. According to the terms of our competition, he had his choice of a four-years' course at Harvard, Yale, or any other of the great American colleges, or of several courses of foreign study, and he has chosen a two-years' course of music study in Berlin. He has already sailed for Germany to commence this course, all his traveling, living, and educational expenses for the two-year period being borne by *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* as a reward for his achievement.

Mr. W. B. Hogg, winner of the second prize, lost first position, as has been stated, by a very narrow margin only. He, too, had an educational course in mind. When he entered the contest, and during its continuance, he had intended to take a full college course at the Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tennessee; but instead of doing this he has elected, for the present, to take the value of his prize in cash. He is planning further work for us, and expects to use the profits of his *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* work in completing his education.

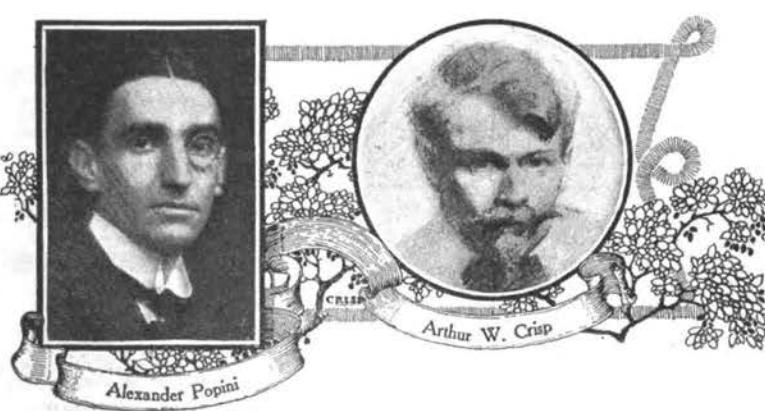
The winner of the third prize, Mr. Morris Sobel, of Beaumont, Texas, is a young man still in his 'teens, whose father, Mr. J. Leo Sobel, is a Hungarian by birth and has been in this country about four years only. The father, with Morris and a younger brother, have all done exceedingly well in this country; Morris himself having nearly \$2,000 in bank as a result of selling newspapers and magazines.

Miss Marion Adams, who resides in a small Massachusetts city, finished in fourth place—the highest position achieved by any woman in this contest. Miss Adams is still in the high school, and has elected to take a four years' course of study at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, when she is fully prepared. Miss Adams is an example of what can be done in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* subscription work in a comparatively limited territory, having secured nearly 700 subscriptions in two or three small towns in the vicinity of her own home.

Mr. E. D. Warner is a man of affairs, being secretary of a large paper manufacturing company in the West. He took up the work merely as a spare time occupation, and because of his intense enthusiasm for the "Success Idea." Imbued with this spirit Mr. Warner had no difficulty in obtaining, even with the small amount of time at his disposal, nearly 500 subscriptions for *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, and as a result he will take, at our expense, an extended trip to Europe. It is needless to say that he is well pleased with the results.

Among the minor contestants, it may be sufficient to mention here as an illustration of the liberality of our prize contest, Mr. Louis F. Butcher, winner of the nineteenth prize. He has recently finished a very enjoyable tour of the White Mountain Region at our expense, as a reward for having secured only eighty-eight *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* subscriptions in our contest.

We have planned for the coming year an Educational and Travel Contest of a similar character to that just closed, but somewhat different in detail. An announcement of certain of its features will appear in our October number. Meanwhile, any of our subscribers who may desire to obtain early information about this contest, with a view to securing an education or an extended travel trip practically without expense to themselves (except for patient, continued effort) may write to us, and we will gladly give full information. In no possible way can an education be secured so cheaply and with such certainty as through *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, and any reader who happens to know of a deserving young man or young woman who is ambitious for such self-improvement, will confer a favor both upon his friend and upon *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, by calling the former's attention to this opportunity.



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The REIGN of LAWLESSNESS in KENTUCKY



J. D. Cossey and daughter. For delivering this load of tobacco he was horsewhipped by Night-Riders and she was accidentally shot

Gatling gun at Hopkinsville, with Louisville squad to man it

IN KENTUCKY there is a campaign going on for the purpose of restoring law in a community which has lost all respect for it. It is a hard campaign, a struggle which would wear out most men who might have the heart to undertake it at all. In Kentucky it has the fortune to be in the hands of a very patient man who knows and reveres the law. Regarded in the Burley district as a hopeless imbecile, in the border counties of Tennessee and among the Night-Riders as a fiend incarnate, and in Louisville as the embodiment of all the virtues, Governor Augustus E. Willson is making his fight without regard to public opinion and in a way deserving of national attention.

JAMES LANE ALLEN once wrote a book under the title of "The Reign of Law," upon which some wit remarked:

The reign of law? Friend Allen, you're lucky.
'T is the first time it ever rained law in Kentucky.

It is raining there now—a regular downpour, accompanied by lightning and thunder and a great deal of wind. But when the other signs of the tempest are gone by, the reign of law will survive and peace will exist in a new way in the "dark and bloody ground."

The tobacco war has been waged with more or less activity since the spring of 1905. It has involved the loss of more than a score of lives, the beating or other injury of hundreds of citizens, the burning of warehouses and other property worth close to two million dollars, and the complete terrorization of a large part of the State, so that normal life in the country and even in the city has been impossible. It had existed unchecked and had even been leniently tolerated by the state administration for two years before Governor Willson assumed office. In the few months of his administration he has struck with heavy hand upon the marauders, has secured the evidence upon which scores of them will go to the penitentiary, has policed practically the entire State with militia, and has restored the liberty of action to his fellow citizens guaranteed them under their constitution. To understand the struggle one must first have some conception of the tobacco industry of the State; though one must remember that the fight Governor Willson is engaged in is not against the tobacco-growers, or in any way against their combination to contest with the American Tobacco Company, but solely and entirely to put down and to punish the Night-Riding marauders.

Tobacco is grown in Kentucky in four principal districts, each of which

has its own special variety, no one of which will grow as well in any other region in which it has been tested. These four districts therefore have, essentially, monopolies of the four kinds, each of which is in great demand for a certain purpose. Thus the whole blue-grass region and vicinity produces the Burley tobacco, which is used for fine-cut and plug-chewing tobaccos, and for plug-cut smoking tobaccos, and to some extent for cigarettes. Eighty per cent. of the crop is taken by the American Tobacco Company. Farther west, about Owensboro, lies the Green River district, which raises a dark leaf which is air-cured for the domestic trade. Still west of this is the Henderson stemming district, where is raised a dark leaf which is heavily smoke-cured and stemmed for the British trade. Of this a great majority is taken by the Imperial Tobacco Company, the English arm of the American Tobacco Company. South of this district, and embracing several Tennessee counties, lies the Black Patch, or dark-fired tobacco, district, where is grown a famous dark leaf in heavy demand among the people of Spain, Germany, Italy, France, and Austria. Some of this tobacco goes to Africa and considerable also to Asia. The American Snuff Company, a branch of the Trust, takes fifteen per cent.

All this tobacco, where it is grown, is the principal money crop of the growers. It is not my purpose here to go into the economic causes of the present disorder, but, briefly, the poor soil hill counties could not compete with the richer valley sections; prices fluctuated greatly because of weather, insects, and

market conditions; and, finally, the American Tobacco Company stepped in and lowered prices. Burley, which once sold for twenty cents a pound, but which had dropped to ten cents, was put down arbitrarily to six and one-half, with a threatened further drop. The Kentucky farmer can not sell tobacco at six and one-half cents a pound and live; and the Kentucky farmer feels that he must live. There is no doubt that conditions were very bad, but the laws of the State could have taken care of the situation. South

Carolina has a statute which prohibits pools for buying or selling, boycotts, and conspiracies, with adequate and enforceable penalties.

The tobacco men are strong in the Kentucky and Tennessee legislatures, and could have enacted a similar law without delay. Under it, every agent who bought in a limited district by agreement or under orders would have been liable, and the American Snuff



Judge Ben F. Hill, the ally of Governor Willson



Militiamen in camp. One of the chief sources of complaint by the Burley pool against the Governor's actions has been that he sent among them, to keep order over responsible farmers, half-formed and often "tough" city boys who had no sense of the responsibility of their situation

Company would have lost its charter rights. But no attempt was made then, or has ever been made (except the McCord bill some years later), to amend the difficulties in a legal manner.

Instead of going at it in law, the Black Patch planters decided to fight the Trust by their own methods, by organizing a concern to control the tobacco production, heading it themselves, and, having secured a monopoly, carrying on all deals by a "gentleman's agreement" with the Trust, in which one buyer, representing the Trust, should buy all the dark tobacco from one seller, themselves representing the growers, and parcel it out as needed. In order to retain control of their organization, they so incorporated that the leader held a majority of the two hundred dollars of capital stock which elects the directors and officers of the Planters' Protective Association of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia; the farmers allied with them electing only the district and county chairmen and the "executive" committee. Control can not be wrested from the incorporators, and this stock control carries with it profits of about fifteen thousand per cent. upon the stock investment.

Naturally such an arrangement did not invite the more intelligent farmers to join them, although there were many eager to take any chance for higher prices. In the first year they secured pledges of about thirty-five per cent. of the tobacco crop, which they were to handle as they saw fit, holding or selling, and charging against the owner prizing fees, selling commission, storage, and insurance at a rate that netted the incorporators a fat return.

It was when the farmers did not voluntarily join this association that the trouble of Night-Riding began. It began in the usual way, with peace armies. In Kentucky a peace army is an army of war on a preliminary display of strength. It is an open threat, and means, and is understood to mean, that those in line will see to it that those out of line join in. It is a display of the force by which if necessary we will compel you to join. It does not commit any one to any specific act of violence, but it frightens the timid. It did so in this case. Every one knew what was coming when the peace armies marched and five thousand or more of them joined the association—that is, pledged their tobacco to the private corporation of Fort *et al.*, and gave up their independence.

For the Burley organization, which is, or at least was until recently, a wholly voluntary pool, and in which to-day every member has a vote and a majority controls the association, I have every respect. The Fort corporation, however, differs in no respect from a bad trust except that by its violence it stamped itself as the worst trust.

This violence began soon after the peace armies had marched. When the planting season for the 1905 crop came on, the planters who rested on their indestructible right to grow and sell their crops where and to whom they wished, awoke in the morning to find that some one had sowed with salt, sprayed with kerosene, or planted with grass-seed the forcing-beds in which their tobacco-plants were being propagated. This was an absolute preventive against the injured farmer growing a crop that year unless he could buy or borrow other plants. This work, it soon became known, was done by Night-Riders, who were sending threatening letters signed "N. R."

This band of Night-Riders was organized within the general, or farmer,

membership of the Planters' Protective Association for the sole purpose of compelling by violence independent farmers, not willing to ally themselves with that association, to pledge their tobacco to it. It is conceivable that so alluring a program of benefits, or so reasonable a course, might have been adopted by the Protective or some other pool

that the majority of planters would gladly have joined it.

Such an association might have been voluntary and representative. This was neither. Those few who had joined and who rode out by night, destroying plant

beds, placing matches in wheat that awaited the thresher, dynamiting the traction engines, and at last attacking men and women in their homes, dragging them to the road, and beating their naked bodies with blacksnake whips, buggy whips, and branches of thorns—these few were determined that their will should rule. They set aside, in a moment of passion, all that our fathers fought for, all the victory of the Revolution, all the tradition of our century of development, and declared for the rule of might and passion, of stealth and darkness. They were cleverly organized, and, meeting in secret, sallied out first from their Trigg County hiding-places, then, as the band grew, from more and more centers, to carry the lash and the torch among their neighbors. And these neighbors, isolated, appealed first to the county, then to the nearest town, then to the state authorities for protection—and appealed in vain. Why?

Why? Because that situation is just what a crooked politician loves. When a secret organization lies to his hand, one in which he can command a great body of votes, one in which identity is lost and secrets are carefully guarded

—when he can wield such an organization to his needs, he has all that his heart desires. Constable and sheriff, frequently also the prosecuting attorney, sometimes the judge, senators, assemblymen, and above all the governors of the two

States involved, stood looking on and refused to interfere. "A neighborhood affair," said one county judge, referring to a most brutal attack upon an unoffending farmer. In Frankfort, Governor Beckham was seeking the United States senatorship. In Nashville, Governor Patterson was seeking re-election. And neither of these men who were demanding the suffrages of their people dared stand up for law and offer the shield of it to the oppressed.

So the Night-Riders grew bolder and the two hundred bound to the organization by oath of death became five hundred, then one thousand, and in the end several thousand; and all the while they were driving more and more of the farmers into the association. It was a round-up. One might stay out and

battle for his life, but the chances were one hundred to one that he could not market a crop of tobacco. So, conscripts, openly admitting their hatred for the association and what it stood for, they joined it, until of the forty thousand growers thirty-five thousand were inside the fold, and the few outside were contemptuously designated as "hill-billies." And still the Night-Riders were not satisfied. They began a bolder game. Riding, two hundred well-drilled men in a body, into the market-towns of Kentucky, they began to burn the warehouses of the independent buyers. Through the fall of 1906 they developed this campaign, trying it first on the defenseless villages of Trenton and Elkton, burning and dynamiting the local ware-



W. B. Hawkins, a prominent planter of Fayette County



Augustus E. Willson,
Governor of Kentucky



South Broadway, Lexington, Ky. When the Night-Riders' depredations were threatened in the Burley district, planters rushed their tobacco to market to head off the possible trouble. They drove for fifty and even eighty miles with their big wagons piled high with the Burley leaves



Two confessed Night-Riders. When the Law and Order League began to have effect in the western part of the State, several Night-Riders were induced to turn state's evidence. They were brought into a militia camp and sworn into that body

houses and factories. Then in December they grew bolder and invaded Princeton, burning the big Imperial stemmery there, and two hundred thousand pounds of tobacco. Then they were less active for a time, and contented themselves with burning the barns of farmers, so that for weeks scarcely a night passed in which some farmer's tobacco-barn with his whole year's work was not destroyed. Scores of men were taken and whipped. Eddyville and Fredonia were in turn attacked and partly burned, and still at Frankfort Governor Beckham, and in Nashville Governor Patterson, took no steps, but even refused the militia when it was asked for. That carried them through 1907 until

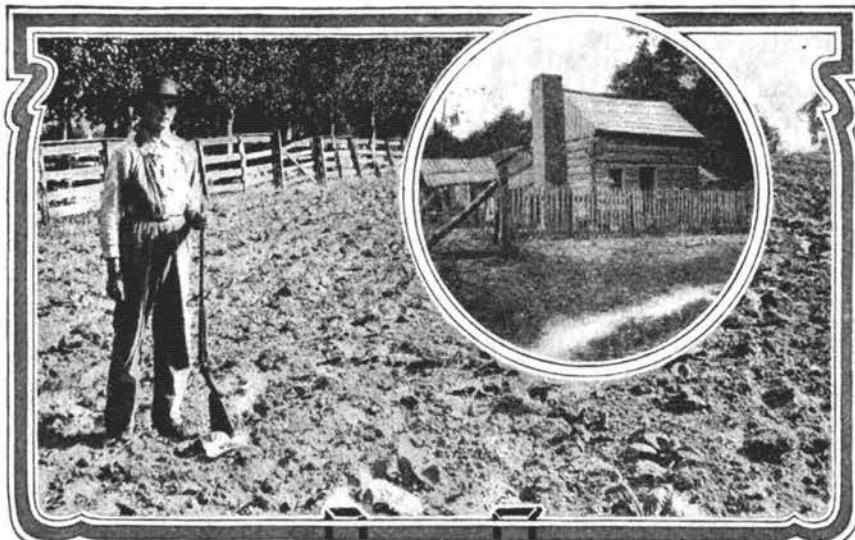
December, and then one night, after a long series of foiled attempts, they took by surprise Hopkinsville itself, the chief market of the Dark Patch. Hopkinsville is a city of thirteen thousand people. It contained all the machinery for handling the thousands of hogsheads of tobacco tributary to it. And with the insolence of ignorance and of immunity, two hundred men from Trigg, Caldwell, Lyon, and Christian counties rode into the streets at three o'clock one morning, sent squads up and down the streets shooting into houses to terrify the people, seized the police station and the central telephone, and began burning tobacco-houses. There were big Regie and Imperial houses in Hopkinsville and the invaders knew them well. One after another they went under the torch until a quarter of a million dollars' worth was in flames. Meanwhile they had destroyed other property, shot almost to death the brakeman of a train who tried to rescue some freight cars, shot through a house and killed a man inside against whom they had no grudge, and at last retreated.

They did not escape unscathed, for Major Bassett of the local militia, with a hastily gathered squad of his men, pursued them several miles, firing in the darkness and killing, as detectives later learned, four of them and wounding many more.

That raid upon Hopkinsville sounded the knell of the Night-Rider in Kentucky. There came into office about that time a new governor, a lawyer with profound respect for law, a fearless and upright man determined to perform his duty to the letter. He had no sooner taken office than he announced in no uncertain tones that the Night-Riding should stop, and that whoever indulged in it must sooner or later go to prison. His announcement was greeted by jeers from those allied with the Night-Riders.

"Police the country?" they said. "Nonsense. It can't be done."

Governor Willson sent militia to Hopkinsville and to several other points. He sent out detectives, who at first appeared to fail but who sooner or later began to bring him the evidence he wanted. He employed spies in the camp of the Night-Riders, and soon had a thorough knowledge of this organization of ten thousand men, sworn to their death if they gave up the secrets of the band. The general in command and the chief officers were all made known to him. And so well did he learn their secrets and their plots, that there took place



Only about one-tenth of a crop of tobacco is being raised this year. Fearless men guard the fields to prevent the depredations of the Night-Riders

Home of a negro tenant farmer who was killed in the "Birmingham raids." The Night-rider responsible for his death received a penitentiary sentence



John Hicks, who was besought by neighbors to turn Night-Rider, and who, because he refused, was dragged from bed and whipped



A typical bunch of Burley tobacco-growers. These are the "men in brown jeans" for whom the press agent of the Burley society has appealed in pitiful accents. Unfortunately, these particular specimens are on the opposite side of the controversy. They are "hill-billies."

in his office at Frankfort one of the most dramatic meetings that city of tragedy has ever witnessed. Came into his presence three men, prominent in the tobacco association, well-to-do planters, with their heads erect and their tongues heavy with denunciation. They attacked him in round terms for his abuse of the Night-Riders, yet declared that the tobacco association had nothing to do with that marauding order.

"Stop there!" said the Governor, emphatically. "I will tell you how much I know about you. You three men were in a certain hall in Cadiz, in Trigg County, on such a night"—and he gave exact dates and places—"and there was plotted the death of Mr. —, a citizen

of Kentucky. It was my order that sent the militia to guard his house, and my warning which led him to leave the State and foiled your plans.

Sooner or later it will be my officers who will bring you before the bar to answer for it. Now say what you have to say about your not being connected with Night-Riders."

They filed out of the office with their heads down and hearts heavy. They are down there in the Black Patch now, going about their affairs with the same weight in their hearts, watching the gradual change of opinion against them, watching the juries coming nearer to the conviction point, wondering when the Governor will feel certain enough of conviction to call them into court, and certain that he will do so in time.

Here and there into many parts of the State Governor Willson sent his militia, often uninvited and unannounced. In the most peaceful communities the soldiers appeared without warning. Yet these movements were always well advised, for the Governor was guided by spies within the Night-Rider organization, and was able to keep the peace by putting his citizen army ready for business at the points most threatened in the secret plots. Time and again, with a longing for a decisive stroke, he planned to ambush the Night-Riders. Learning of intended raids he placed militia so that they would be able to shoot down or to seize the marauders in a surprise attack. But in every instance some one gave his plans away, the spies sold him out, and he was foiled. Nevertheless the distribution of the militia over the State and the possibility of a fight at any moment rapidly quieted the State and put the Night-Riders under close restraint. Order was restored; it remained to reestablish the law.

In his attempt to check lawlessness Governor Willson, and the prosecutors under him, found a feature of the whole situation which tended to nullify their efforts. Law in that part of Kentucky was not every man's law, but the State's law, as against the individual. The same sort of men who tried to settle their differences of opinion by arson and murder cared little for the witness and the juror's oath. Called upon to testify against their neighbors, they refused to take any step

which "would give the law a grip on 'em," even when they knew their guilt, and lied fearlessly, to the shame of Kentucky. And it was not alone the witnesses; the

[Continued on page 575]



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DIANA AND THE DUKE

BY EMERY POTTE

Illustrated by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

IT WAS mid-July in New York. The hansom bearing Gerald and Gray to the White Star piers jogged on through the heat of the disordered ill-smelling ways of Greenwich Village. The men themselves had not much energy for sustained conversation: for the most part they spoke in detached sentences with lapses of silence between. The elder, Courtney Gerald, despite the immaculate freshness of his dress, accentuated by the white flower in his buttonhole, was perceptibly ill at ease. Gray, a handsome young man of thirty, gave no hint of discomfort. It was, perhaps, his philosophic polite calm which gave the added note of irritation to his uncle's voice.

"It's all very well for you, Prince," Gerald was saying crossly, "but it's another matter for me. I'm at the point of life where I can't stand being bothered. Here I've come all the way up from Newport—missing two dinners that I wanted to go to—in this accursed heat, to meet Isabel and Diana. And what for? To marry off that silly little girl to some addle-pated, sleek-mannered young foreigner who's in debt, I suppose, over his head, and wants to assure to himself and his tattered old family estates peace and prosperity—at the expense of a wife. And what am I going to do? Just because I am the child's guardian I've got to bore myself with this business. And Isabel is the deuce and all when she gets started. She'll upset a whole house in ten minutes, and in ten more the servants will be giving notice."

Gray smiled. "Is the marriage arranged then?" he asked lazily. "It's as much arranged as it can be, I dare say, without me and the lawyers. I know Isabel. She's bound to have a title in the family."

"It sounds pretty unromantically business-like," commented Gray, "all this talk of lawyers."

"It is business-like," returned Gerald, fretfully. "Marriage abroad under the holy wings of the Church is about the shrewdest deal one can put through. It needs only the addition of an American wife to give it the last twist of the screw. Talk about the captains of industry!" He leaned back in disgust. "I hate to be mixed up in the thing. But I've got to perform the sacred duty of the guardian."

"You say he is an Italian?" offered Gray.

"Yes—a certain Duke Gino da Falerna. Perfectly good title. Family old as the hills. I don't know him well. Met him once in Paris. I suspect he's lived on the loose like most of them till he's got scared and can't pay up—there were stories in Paris."

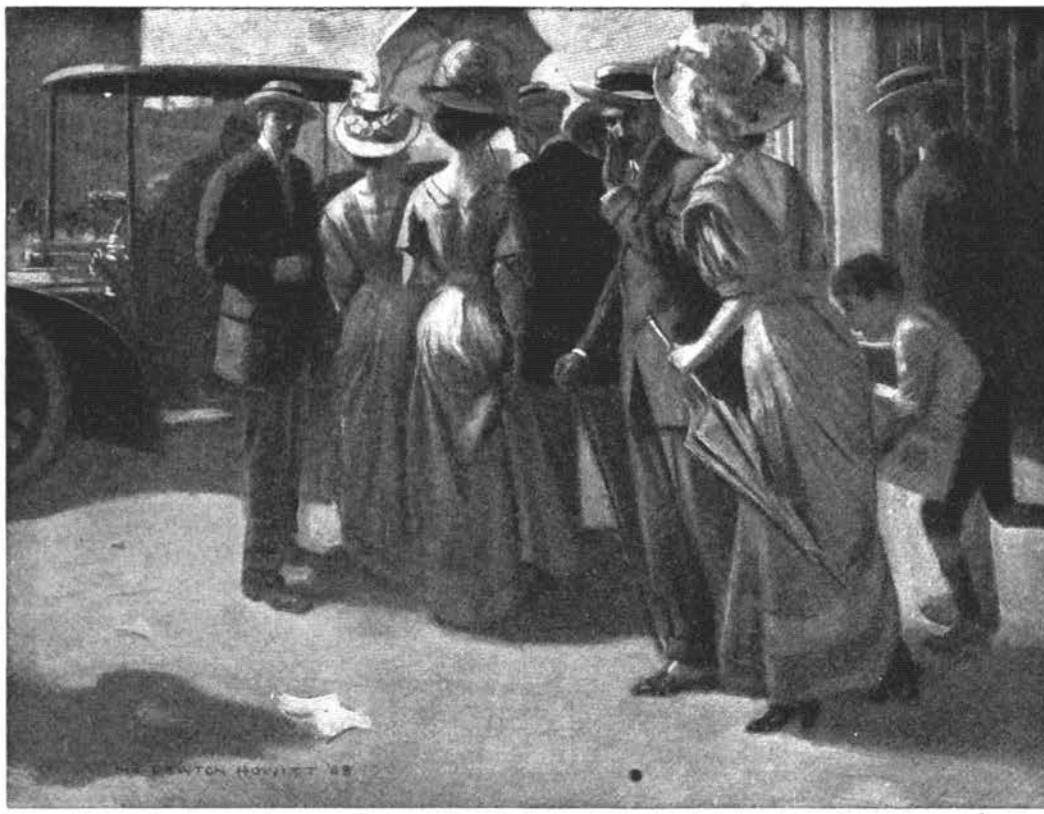
"These things seem mighty cold-blooded to me," said Gray, thoughtfully, "probably because I'm old-fashioned. I'm insular enough to wish that the nicest American girls should marry American men."

Gerald looked thoughtfully at his nephew, and became personal. "I never could see how you can stand spending all your time on that stock-farm of yours. Here you are, about thirty, decently good-looking, decently educated, better born than most young men, and off you go and live in the country by yourself. No society; never a woman anywhere around. Don't you intend to marry?"

Gray smiled good-humoredly. "Probably not."

"Why?"

"I've never met any one



"The Italian was saying something in an excited undertone"

I'd like to marry—at least like to marry enough to marry."

"Don't tell me that. Never?"

The younger man very perceptibly hesitated. "Aha!" pounced his uncle, "I thought so. Well?"

The color in Gray's cheeks was redder than usual. "Well—I did meet a girl once whom I should like to marry."

"Then why not marry her? Don't tell me you've gone and fallen in love with a married woman?"

"No, not married. I can't marry her because—I don't know who she is or where to find her again."

"Again? You've only seen her once? This smacks of Mary Jane Holmes."

"I may as well tell you the story, foolish as it sounds. It is better than having it dragged out of me bit by bit, as you

seem determined it shall. What there was of it happened last May in Rome.

One afternoon toward evening I sat on the Palatine Hill; it had been a lonesome kind of day—close to rain and melancholy of atmosphere. I like the Palatine. I feel Rome there, the dead and gone Rome, the Rome which I like best. Well—I'm not going to be poetic, so don't get nervous—sitting there in some old ruin and thanking God there was n't a tourist in sight I began to wander in my head, about a thousand years back. Presently I came to with a start. Very near me, looking off toward the city—with the saddest eyes, too—was a girl, American I judged, and—after I had looked at her about ten minutes I—I decided that I'd like to marry her."

"Upon my word!" gasped Gerald. "And there's never been a poet or a maniac in your family—so far as I know. "Well?"

"Well?" Gray smiled reminiscently. "Oh, I didn't marry her."

"You surprise me. What did happen?"

"She stood; I sat. Suddenly it began to rain like the deluge. We both ran for shelter—in one of those excavated houses. And then we talked. I forgot why or how. It was strange. It was as if we'd known each other somewhere before and had taken up the thread again naturally. She was American. She'd fairly run away from her mother, she told me, that day. You see her mother wanted her to get engaged to an Italian duke—and she didn't want to. But she was afraid of her mother in a way. She told me."

"Do I understand this young person confided all this to you that afternoon?"

"Yes; it seems odd, doesn't it?"

"A trifle. And afterwards, when her keeper found her—"

"Keeper?"

"To take her back to the asylum. What then?"

Gray laughed softly. "You are too old, too cut-and-dried for my story. Nothing happened. It stopped raining and I put her in a carriage—and—she went away. That's all."

"And you don't know her name?"

Gray's doleful face was all the reply that was needed.

"And you didn't follow her, or make any effort to see her again?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It didn't seem quite decent."

"Oh! Was she nice?"



ONE man turns his life into one long epic of happiness, while another, right beside him, turns all that life means into that which debauches and stings



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"Yes," Gray replied simply but with unconcealed enthusiasm. "Pretty?" Gerald's interest seemed to increase with each query. "Yes—more than that." "Well, I'll be dashed!" remarked Gerald. "And you calmly tell me you don't want to marry any one but her? My dear boy, you're mad."

Gray lighted a cigarette and smoked placidly. "I don't mind being mad. Tell me about Miss Fearing whom we are going to meet."

"Prince, what did you say to that girl?"

"In Rome? I don't know. Is Miss Fearing pretty?"

Gerald aggrievedly responded, "Yes, she is—if you're bound to change the subject. She's a lovely creature. Or she was the last time I saw her. Really, I don't know Diana well, since she has grown up. She's been at school in France and in Germany. Isabel brought her out in Paris last spring, but I couldn't go over then. She's never been out in American society. Her mother keeps her away from Americans religiously. I insisted this summer that Diana should be brought home and given some idea of her own people. Two years ago she was the most promising young beauty—charming manners, too. She was nineteen then. I dare say she's spoiled by this time. Isabel would spoil anybody."

"Is Mrs. Fearing so awful?" the young man inquired thoughtfully.

"Isabel? Awful? No, I don't think so. She's only a fool. To see her, if she's in a good temper, you'd admire her. At forty-five she's still handsome—in a thin, alert, rather worn fashion. She was a talker of beauty fifteen or twenty years ago. Since Fearing's death she has lived almost entirely in Paris twining imaginary strawberry leaves in her hair. No, Isabel is n't awful—she's only a fool." The elder man settled himself irritably into his corner of the cab and frowned at the view. "Beastly hole, this! I'm glad you happened to be in town to-day. You've got to stick by me as long as possible. You'll come to luncheon with us at my place? Isabel can't talk while you are there. Otherwise she'd begin about this marriage business before the luggage was off the boat."

"All right," said Gray, sympathetically. "I'll stand by. But it won't help much, I'm afraid."

"Why not come back to Newport with us, Prince?" asked his uncle.

"I? No, thanks. I'm going back to-morrow to my farm."

"Go to the deuce!" retorted Gerald. "I'm in for a mess."

The cab threaded its way through the tangle of vehicles which clogged the entrance of the piers. Gerald and Gray alighted and struggled through the concourse of people in the immense dusky enclosure.

"She's out there in the stream now. Be at her dock in twenty minutes probably," an employee mechanically told them.

They went and stood by the waiting gangways, edging as close as they could to the apertures which gave view of the river. It was very hot; the crowd, tired and over-eager from long delayed hope, vented its impatience in a thousand irritating ways.

"This sort of thing makes one want to die," groaned Gerald. "Each time I do it, I'll swear it'll be the last. What's that, young man?"

"You are Mr. Gerald, aren't you?" confidently repeated the somewhat soiled young man with a perspiring face, straw hat on the back of his head, trousers very baggy at the knees, note-book protruding from pocket, who had just approached them.

"Yes," briefly replied Gerald.

"Well, Mr. Gerald, I'm a *Moon* reporter. I'd like to know what there is in the story that your ward, Miss Fearing, is going to marry an Italian prince."

"I don't know

anything about it," Gerald replied in great annoyance. "Nothing. I've never heard of it. I've nothing to say. I don't want to be bothered."

The reporter eyed him with cool amusement. "Then I can say you deny the story?" he asked.

"I don't care what you say," snapped Gerald, turning his back on him.

"There she comes," Gray pointed out into the stream.

Fifteen minutes later the *Lusitania* was being warped into her dock amid a shrieking wilderness of welcome. Even Gerald himself could not resist the infection of enthusiasm as the huge bulk loomed larger and higher before them. "There they are," he cried, waving his Panama hat: see them, Prince?—up there to the left?—the woman in blue and feathers and the pretty girl next in fawn with the yellow hat and flowers. See them?"

He did not notice the light that suddenly kindled in Gray's eyes, nor the eagerness with which he struggled forward for a better view.

"It's she," Gray told himself. "It's my girl."

"Oh, my good Lord!" suddenly groaned Gerald. "They've brought Falerna with them. There he is just behind them. This is the last touch."

The young man from the *Moon* who stood directly behind them grinned and scribbled hastily in his note-book.

II.

THE Fearings had landed. Their piles and piles of trunks had at last been examined and relocked. The two maids and the man had been sent off to the hotel with the luggage. It only remained to dispose of the Fearings themselves, mother and daughter. Gerald heaved a sigh of relief when he wrung from Isabel her reluctant consent to lunch with him. The five of them, including Prince Falerna, stood in compartment F on the pier, ready to depart. Gerald was beside Mrs. Fearing; and Gray and Falerna, a little distance away, were with Diana. The Italian, in an enormous Panama hat, black and white checked clothes, and long, narrow, yellow shoes, kept up an incessant conversation in French with her. His French was very fluent and very bad in accent. The girl answered indifferently or not at all. From time to time she raised her eyes and looked furtively at Gray. But if their eyes met she instantly dropped hers. Indeed the two of them—Gray and Diana—had scarcely spoken since Gerald had introduced them.

Gerald came over to them and spoke to Falerna. He was asking him to luncheon. In the instant of their talk, Diana turned to Gray and said in a low voice, "Who is that woman who has been walking up and down in front of us and staring so?"



"Mama, the heat has given me a headache; I think I'd like to go to the hotel."

"You mean that one in the mauve gown and white hat?" he asked. "I'm not sure; I've been wondering. She looks tremendously like a French dancer whom I saw last winter in Paris—*La belle Desirée* they called her."

"Ah," replied Diana, thoughtfully. "Now I remember; it is she."

"Well, are we ready?" asked Gerald, generally. "Prince, will you see if the motor is there? I told the man to come down later. I knew it would take ages to get through, Isabel."

Gray soon brought word that the motor was waiting, and they moved out toward the entrance, Falerna bringing up the rear. Just before they reached the machine, Gray turned casually to look behind him. The Italian was saying something in a swift, excited undertone to *La belle Desirée*, who was at his shoulder.

III.

COURTNEY GERALD was wont to say, "I am not rich, but, thank God, I have a cook!" The remark was a neat commentary on his life. Whatever his pecuniary relations with the world were, the fact of his possession of a cook was indisputable. The potent influence of that person on Mrs. Fearing and Prince Falerna, at least, was altogether beneficent. Isabel blossomed into one of her best moods. "A child could play with her now," reflected Gerald, as he watched her. Falerna, on whom the effect of good food was positively inspiring, soared into the empyrean. Gerald himself felt refreshed and more fitted to endure at the moment the garrulous Italian, and, later, the impending Isabel.

Diana and Gray were the two least perceptibly affected by the meal. They had kept, for the most part, silent; the former because she did not wish to talk, and the latter because, primarily, he did not have sufficient confidence in his French to trust it in the rapid conversation, which, out of compliment to Falerna, was almost entirely in that language. So he sat and looked on amiably, thoughtfully. Occasionally Mrs. Fearing, who had known his mother in other years, addressed a sufficiently gracious question to him, the answer to which she was prevented from appreciating by her interest in Falerna. Diana herself rarely gave him a word, but her eyes were for him delightfully friendly. She was no more communicative to the Italian, Gray was delighted to observe, despite that gentleman's exquisite air of possession of her; and, more than that, her eyes never warmed to him.

The single episode of general amusement was created by the prince. "How does one say this in English?" he asked, soberly putting his hand on his leg.

"Trousers," supplied Gerald.

"Tr-r-rou-sairs?"

"Yes."

A moment later Falerna said to the bewildered butler, "Give me de trousers of de cheecken." Smiling blandly at Gerald he added, "I spik In-glis."

The only person in the room who laughed was the young man who was assisting the butler, and he was dismissed the next day.

They had their coffee in the library. Isabel beckoned Gerald to sit down beside her, and began to talk to him in a low, firm key. The other three drifted across the room by the open windows.

"I do not like your hat," said Falerna to Diana.

The girl shrugged her shoulders without replying.

"It is *trop petit*—you need something larger," he continued.

"It suits me," she briefly replied.

"But not me."

"What does it matter, Falerna, in any case?"

"You are difficult to-day."

She did not answer, but turned instead to Gray. "Do you dislike my hat, too?" she said in English.

He bowed gravely. "To me it is beautiful."

She laughed. "Thank you. I trust your instinct."

"Come and sit beside me, Mr. Gray," called Mrs. Fearing, who had not lost the cloud on Falerna's face. "I want to talk to you."

"Who is this American?" demanded the duke of Diana.

Her reply was cold. "He is my guardian's nephew."

"I do not like him."

"No?"

"Why are you like this to-day?"

"I don't understand what you mean," the girl indifferently answered.

"Oh, you know perfectly well."

She gave him her eyes contemptuously. "Don't let us discuss the matter."

"I won't submit to treatment like this," said the Italian petulantly. "You are absurd."

"Don't forget that you are engaged to marry me, and that I have a right to say what I think best to say," Falerna was very haughty.

Diana's eyes shot sparks. In an instant she had control of herself, and, strolling toward her mother, she said composedly, "Mama, the heat has given me a headache; I think I'd like to go to the hotel."

Before Mrs. Fearing could reply, Gerald spoke. "I'll send her up in my motor, Isabel. You'd better stay and talk. There's no telling when we'll get another chance. I'm sorry about your head, my dear."

"It's nothing," Diana smiled.

"I'm not sure it's proper either for her to go or for me to stay," objected Mrs. Fearing.

"For heaven's sake, Isabel, do remember that you are in New York and that it is summer," Gerald responded irritably. He turned to his nephew. "Prince, you go in the motor with Diana and leave her at the hotel."

"I should be charmed," answered Gray, getting to his feet.

Falerna peevishly insisted upon going alone in a cab.

Mrs. Fearing cast a keen glance at her daughter. Diana's listless face betrayed nothing. Falerna displayed the only evidence of discomposure. For the moment the situation was out of her hands and she had

to submit. In the ensuing movement of departure she managed to have a whispered moment with Diana, the result of which was to give an expression very suggestive of stubbornness to the girl's eyes.

"Go straight home, dear, and lie down," admonished Mrs. Fearing, at parting. "Falerna, you'll dine with us tonight at eight?" She did not include Gray in the invitation, as she acknowledged his adieux. "I dare say we shall meet again, Mr. Gray. You go to your farm, you say, to-morrow? Good-by."

"Keep the motor if you want it, my boy," called Gerald. "I'll get a cab for Isabel and myself."

IV.

DIANA and Gray rode silently up the avenue in the motor. At last the young girl turned with smiling eyes to her companion. He also smiled and gave a quick little nod.

"Well?" she offered.

"Well?"

They laughed outright.

"Who are we?" Gray presently asked.

"I don't quite understand you."

"I mean—are we Miss Fearing and Mr. Gray? Or are we the two people on the Palatine who sought shelter from the rain in the same useful ruin?"

She could not evade the note of seriousness in his voice. "Could we not be both?" she hesitated.

"I think not," he answered.

"Why?" The question was indiscreet, she knew.

"Need you ask?"

"Diana flushed and gazed away. "The Palatine Hill is very far away—and now it does n't rain," she said rather wistfully.

Gray bowed silently. After a long pause he began in a formal tone: "You have not been in America for some time, Miss Fearing?"

"No, Mr. Gray," she sedately replied. Suddenly she laughed. "I can't do it. It's too absurd."

"You mean—"

"I mean that I can't talk polite generalities to you. Either we must be deaf and dumb and blind or else—"

"Or else," Gray finished triumphantly, "or else we must be the two nameless real people on the Palatine?"

"Yes." Her reply was scarcely audible.

"Tell me," he said gravely, "do you regret that—that afternoon?"

Diana shook her head in dissent. After a moment—"Ought I? I suppose I ought."

"Then you don't," he sighed in relief.

"I've tried to," she defended, "but—"

"I know," Gray broke in. "Because of me. Not really because of yourself. But seeing one again having to attach a name and a condition to me—that has made you doubt yourself, doubt the goodness of the whole encounter."

"Exactly." Her voice betrayed her gratitude for his comprehension.

"Will you still doubt," he continued quietly, "if I tell you that for me the hour we spent there together was the—the nicest hour I ever knew?"

"How shall I believe you?" she answered, her eyes distressed.

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WHY TAKE LIFE SO SERIOUSLY, ANYWAY?

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHEN President Roosevelt was leaving Washington this summer for his Oyster Bay vacation, some friends expressed their sympathy for him because of the great burden of his arduous tasks and the stupendous problems pressing upon him. "Oh, do not waste any sympathy on me," he said, "I have enjoyed every minute of my stay in Washington. I have had a perfectly corking time."

Most men would take the Presidency so seriously, they would be so weighed down with its tremendous responsibility and so anxious all the time lest things should not go right, lest they should make some terrible mistake, that they would not really enjoy themselves very much. Sensitiveness, timidity, would keep many Presidents from any real enjoyment because of an embarrassing self-consciousness as to how they were deporting themselves, how others were regarding them. They would live in constant dread of the cartoon, caricature, and criticism of the press.

But Mr. Roosevelt always gives the impression that he is having a good time. He says he gets a great deal of fun, as he goes along, from the humorous and ludicrous things that are constantly happening, and that there is plenty of it in his home life.

When your husband or father comes home again with a thundercloud on his face, looking as though he thought he were Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders, just laugh him out of his seriousness; tell him how President Roosevelt manages to carry the responsibilities of a nation and still keep fresh, sunny, and happy.

The President has certainly given American business and professional men a remarkable example of a man performing the duties and carrying the burdens of a great office without losing his elasticity or buoyancy of mind or body.

Some of us are beginning to realize that we have taken life too seriously; that we have not had enough play in our lives: that we have not had half enough fun. Many business men see the fallacy of working too many hours a day.

Formerly men thought they must spend most or all of the daylight hours in working. Intense application to business had become almost a religion. But now they are beginning to learn that it is efficiency, mental vigor, freshness of mind and body, and not necessarily long hours, that do things; and that the mental vigor, freshness, and energy which produce efficient work are impossible when the body is weary and the brain is fagged; that mental robustness means physical robustness. So there has been a steady shortening of the working hours of men of affairs, and an increasing of the play hours, just in proportion to the importance and efficiency of their work and responsibility.

Multitudes of men now find that they can accomplish very much more in a year by spending part of the time which they used to put into work in playing golf, tennis, or in some other recreation, such as yachting or flying about the country in an automobile.

There are plenty of business men in this country at the head of great establishments who get through an enormous amount of work, who do not spend more than three or four hours a day in their offices, and who frequently take long vacations. They find that a good deal of play and mixing much with the world not only improves their health and multiplies their efficiency, but also gives them a broader, saner outlook.

There is no greater delusion than that we can accomplish more by working a great many hours, straining mind and body to the limit of endurance, than by working fewer hours with less strain, less fatigue, but with greater vigor, greater intensity.

Great efficiency, vigorous mental concentration, are im-

possible when the mind is overstrained, fatigued, or when we do not have sufficient recreation to restore its elasticity, its rebound. Many Americans have the idea that great achievement depends upon unceasing, strenuous industry, the everlasting grind. They think that the more they work the more they will accomplish. The fact is that what we achieve in life depends upon the *effectiveness* of our work, upon our *efficiency*, rather than upon the length of time we work.

Many people who are capable of doing good work, do very inferior work, simply because they are in a run-down, jaded condition much of the time. Everywhere we see ineffective, botched work, inferior products, because men do not keep themselves in a vigorous, healthy condition. They do not play enough, do not have sufficient exercise in the open air; they do not have that recreation that refreshes, renews, and strengthens both mind and muscle. They take life too seriously.

When you have plenty of fun you work with more vigor, and with greater enthusiasm; you begin your day in better spirits, are more hopeful, and you leave your work at night happy, and in a more contented frame of mind. Many men work their employees so many hours, and so hard, that they do not keep fresh, buoyant, and enthusiastic.

Where did the idea come from that we should take life so seriously, anyway? Why should a man be such a slave to his bread-winning? There is certainly something wrong in the very idea of sacrificing the juices of our lives for the husks which we get.

Remember that there is something else in the world just as important as making money, and a little more so. Your health, your family, your friendships should mean a thousand times more to you than dollar-chasing.

Life was given us for enjoyment, not for one long, strenuous, straining struggle spent in the dreary drudgery of scraping dollars together. Living-getting was intended to be only a mere incidental in the larger life of growth, of freedom, of soul expansion, mind-enlargement.

Men could get fun out of their business if they only knew how, and by taking the drudgery out of it they would not only be happier, but they would also be more prosperous.

A great many men fail because they are too serious; because they develop unsocial, morose, cold qualities which repel, and which make them poor mixers. It is the sunshiny, happy nature which attracts friends and trade. The too-serious people seem to say, "Keep away from me, life is too serious a matter to be spent on trivial things." They are dry, and rutty, because there is not enough play in their lives to furnish the necessary lubrication, variety, or change. It is well known that many become insane because they have not had enough play in their lives.

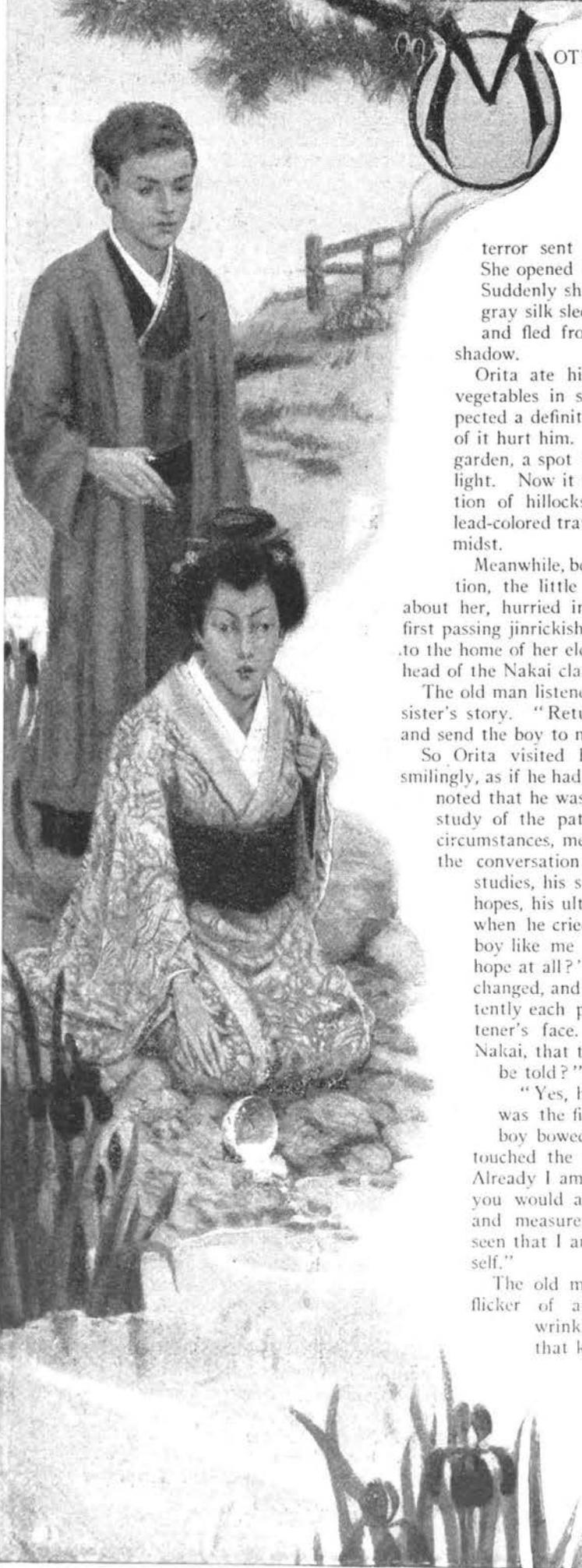
Some people think it is undignified to give full vent to their fun-loving instinct. They think they must be thoughtful, sober-minded, very dignified, if they would carry any weight in the world, and not be regarded as light-headed and frivolous. We have all seen people who go about with their finger on their lips, figuratively speaking, as though they feared they might laugh out loud or say something funny. "Away with these fellows who go howling through life," wrote Beecher, "and all the while passing for birds of paradise. He that can not laugh and be gay should look to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light."

There is too little sentiment in this country; almost everything is reduced to a commercial basis, and has reference to the dollar. Our American life has become so strenuous, time so valuable, that even Dr. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States Senate is only allowed one minute for prayer

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ORITA'S FATHER

By MARY FENELLOSA
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES ROGERS



OTHER, tell me what is wrong. Why should I be different from the other boys at school?" demanded Orita Nankai.

The little Japanese woman on her knees, placing before him a steaming dinner-tray, looked up with eyes to which terror sent an instantaneous brightness. She opened her lips to speak but failed. Suddenly she got to her feet, put up the gray silk sleeve as a shield between them, and fled from the room like a frightened shadow.

Orita ate his rice and fish and pickled vegetables in silence. He had scarcely expected a definite reply, yet the withholding of it hurt him. He scowled toward the little garden, a spot in which he usually took delight. Now it was a mere senseless aggregation of hillocks, stones, and shrubs, with a lead-colored travesty of a pond lying in the midst.

Meanwhile, because of his unanswered question, the little mother had thrown a wrap about her, hurried into the street, beckoned the first passing jinrikisha and had driven off in haste to the home of her elder brother, Yoshitaro Nakai, head of the Nakai clan.

The old man listened with grave attention to his sister's story. "Return at once to your dwelling and send the boy to me."

So Orita visited his uncle and was received smilingly, as if he had merely happened in. But he noted that he was asked at once to the private study of the patriarch, and that, under the circumstances, meant a great deal. At first the conversation related merely to Orita's studies, his school-companions, his future hopes, his ultimate ambition in life. But when he cried out bitterly, "How can a boy like me have great ambition, or any hope at all?" the manner of the old man changed, and he leaned forward, noting intently each passing expression on his listener's face. "Are you certain, Orita Nakai, that the time has come for you to be told?"

"Yes, honorable uncle, I am sure," was the firm reply. As he spoke the boy bowed over until the dark head touched the matting. "I am no child. Already I am taller than my mother. If you would augustly condescend to rise and measure, back to back, it would be seen that I am as tall as your respected self."

The old man nodded indulgently. A flicker of amusement went across his wrinkled face. "Measurement of that kind is not necessary, Orita.

You came to me for counsel, not for inches. Wisdom lodges in a narrow cave. Impart to me frankly what it is that has made you feel something unusual in your parentage."

"Oh, many things. As I said, I am taller than others of my years. My

eyes are gray, like stone, while those of my companions are of a decent blackness. My hair shames me with its rusty color and the strangeness of its curling. More than these things, my mother is a woman of the Nakai name, yet I, her son, am called like her and you, 'Nakai.' Never have I been taken to worship at my father's tomb."

A look of great sadness came into the elder face. "Alas!" he said, as if to himself, "when will the present generation take full thought for its own rebirth?" He controlled himself instantly, sat erect, and looked full at the boy before him. "Orita, you have observed well. Now tell me this: during your hours of self-torment, did no hint of an answer come?"

The boy flushed and shivered. He could not meet his uncle's gaze. "That answer," he cried, "is what throbs and burns in me. Night and day I bear it, and can not drag it forth. Surely it is only the courtesans of our country or the helpless cattle of the peasant girls, that are given, as wives, to—*foreigners!*" The last words burst from him like a missile. He quivered, dropped his head down to his hands, and rocked in his place.

"That statement tries to cut down too many trees at a stroke," answered the uncle's quiet voice. "Foreign marriages are, indeed, not to be desired. As for those temporary alliances soldered for a few months with putrid foreign gold—they are a curse and a disgrace! And yet there have been foreign unions not productive of ill. The Viscount Hashi, as you know, has had imperial favors bestowed upon his Spanish wife. Lord Fumi, and the political leader Wadara, each has an American wife of some intelligence."

"But the Nakai family," said Orita, "we who have held so long an untarnished record, how could a woman of that race—my mother—" He broke off, and with a proud and passionate gesture dashed the tears down from his eyes. "Then there is no hope, sir? I must believe—I must know—that my father was a foreigner?"

The old man bowed gravely, as to an equal. "Is he alive?"

"We have heard no rumors of his death."

"Rumors? Then he does not see my mother, nor write to her?"

"No, not since the time of your birth."

Orita clinched his fists. "Is he in Japan?"

"No, and he had better remain out of Japan."

"What is his full name, and what his nationality?" cried the boy, whose eyes were beginning to sparkle feverishly.

"Those are the things I can not tell you."

Orita started as if a whip had lashed him. "You will not tell me my father's name?"

"Believe me, my dear young kinsman, it is best for a few facts to be yet withheld. You are not self-controlled. Note already your anger, your excitement! It is possible that you might act with indiscretion, and I have the family name to think of."

"The family name!" echoed Orita, with bitterness.

The other smiled a little sadly.

"Because one tile has blown from the roof, shall we all sit out in the rain? No, boy, the Nakai name



is not yet pervious to scorn, and you are one of them. Help us to make the best of it."

"I? I am nothing!—neither Japanese nor foreign—a creature without a race—one who knows not even the name and country of his father!"

"Courage and intelligence need no geography. Shame itself may ennoble true virtue. Therefore be brave, for your own sake and your mother's. Remember she bears the heavier burden."

"At least her suffering can be hid behind wooden walls," answered the boy. "I must bear mine out to the world."

"Wield it and bear it, then, as does a *samurai* his sword!" cried out the old man in a thrilling voice.

The boy bent over as if faint, then sat the more erect. "Have I your permission now, honored relative, to take my leave?"

He tried to smile, as one should do on entering and departing from a room, but his young lips twitched spasmodically. The various emotions which, in turn, had swept across him, the terrible certainty kept so long at bay, assailed him now in a single, blinding shock.

The patriarch accompanied his young relative to the gate. This was an honor accorded to few. It brought the cook to her latticed window, and two yawning jinrickisha-men to the door of their shed. When a sufficient number of ceremonial bows had been achieved and the boy actually started, Yoshitaro put one hand out against a massive wooden gatepost and stood very still, watching the young figure in its defiant stride down the long, spring-tinted street.

There were no sidewalks. Pedestrians, push-carts, carriages, dogs, groups of children, peddlers with curious wares, all moving up and down, and in and out, wove bright, transitory patterns on the surface of the hour. Out from the tangle came cries of warning from the carriage drivers, the sharp "*Hai, hai, bek!*" from ever-approaching jinrickishas, the objurgations of jostled vendors, shrill laughter of children, yelp of dogs, whirring of wheels and endless scraping of hollow wooden clogs upon the hard surface, each sound contributory to the clatter and reverberate machinery of the giant loom. Above waved pink boughs of cherry trees. Crows flew back and forward in the sun, and countless sparrows in flocks fell bodily at the same instant from overhanging trees, in a mimicry of leaves.

But Orita, threading an instinctive way through all the traffic, neither heard nor saw. Across the dark page of revelation was drawn a blacker line of shame that any part of such a history should be kept back from him. A sullen determination grew to learn his father's name and country though he should need to plot and trick to gain it; though he should need to snare it from his mother's trusting heart.

She met him in the doorway with her usual gentle salutation, but he could see fear shrinking in her eyes. He made no reference to his visit. At first his mother seemed bewildered, then something like a great relief came over her. She talked almost feverishly of trivial things, and laughed when Orita could see no cause for laughing. The night meal, usually a

simple one, became for once a small feast. She got out favorite pickles and sweetmeats for it, and sent to a neighboring tea-house for a bowl of *take-no-ko-gozen*, a dish of young bamboo sprouts, chicken, rice, and other ingredients, of which Orita was particularly fond.

In looks this little mother was ridiculously young. Orita glanced furtively at her, that night, with newly opened eyes. He saw that her skin was as clear as the petal of a white plum-flower, that there was not a curve of her slender body or a gleam on her raven hair that did not pass, naturally, into lines of exquisite grace. Her eyes were long and mysterious, her lips alluringly sweet. It was a face that any man, foreign or Japanese, might long to dream of. He felt new bitterness rise up in his heart against her, and yet there came a feeling, too, that he had never before known or loved her half so well.

The Nakai family were natives of Tottori-ken, a province in a somewhat desolate region to the west. Their lands and chief possessions were still in Tottori, although the greater part of the family had some twelve years before moved up to the capital city, Tokio. Orita had never been told the reason of this great change. Now he knew that it had had some bearing on his mother's shame.

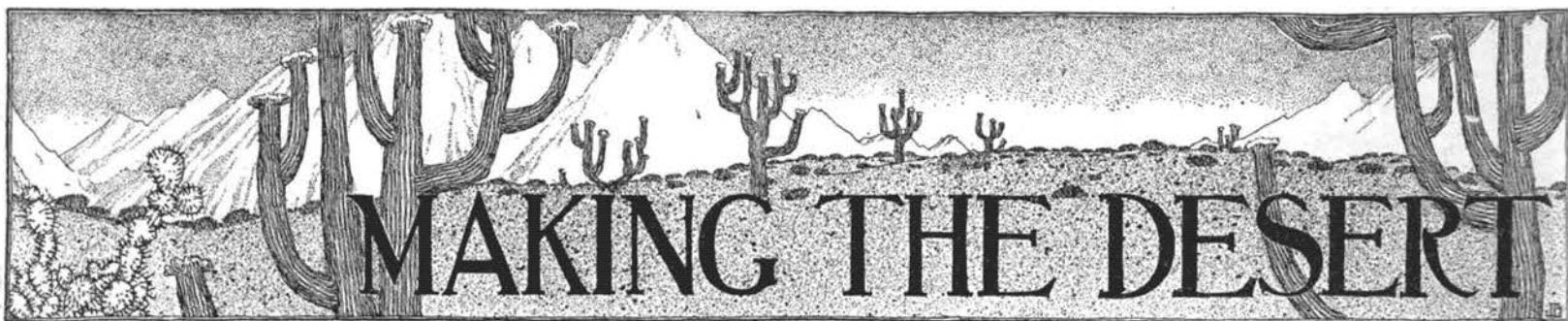
The uncle, Yoshitaro, lived with his large immediate family quite in the heart of Tokio; but Orita, with his mother and two servants, owned a charming small cottage on the slope of Aoyama, to the west, not too far for the daily walk to Orita's school. The life had been tranquil enough until the last year, when certain happenings had aroused suspicion in his mind, and the determination to solve for himself the riddle.

For several days after his visit to Yoshitaro Nakai, Orita kept silence. Often he felt his mother's dark eyes upon him, and knew that she was trying to read his soul. This use of subtlety was a thing which Orita had not thought possible to him. Now in its employment he gained a certain pride. The day might come, he thought, when there would be more desperate necessity for cunning.

With both the mother and her boy the consciousness of one dominant thought was never absent. To her it brightened memory. In these exquisite spring days the one love of her life crept back to her in flowers, in the sighing of the wind, in the gray eyes of her son. She began to long to speak to the boy of his father, Orita knew that she wished it. This very effect it had been his intention to produce, and one day in the garden he told himself that the hour had come.

They were together by the little pond. The mother leaned far over, feeding with grains of rice the impatient goldfish. He, staring down, marveled for the hundredth time at her youth—her untroubled

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"Behold, I will do a new thing I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert"



RECENT cartoon in a New York paper represents a rakish, slab-sided Uncle Sam seated disconsolately upon the Capitol steps, smoking a villainous stogie. Mr. Andrew

Carnegie, Mr. John Mitchell, and the governors of forty-four States are pointing at him with outraged forefinger, while President Roosevelt, big stick in hand, eyes the culprit with genuine disapproval. "You've got to reform, old man," cries the chorus, "you've got to reform your extravagant habits."

The chorus is quite right. Uncle Sam of course has his good points. He is fair and square, honest, with good impulses. But for a penny-wise, pound-foolish, extravagant, niggardly, prodigal skinflint, the old gentleman has n't his equal. He's grown rich too fast; his education's been neglected; he prefers to consort with the most evil of his sons. He is wasting his patrimony—his lands, his forests, and his waters—and unless he looks out, and looks out quickly, he'll be a pauper and a vagrant, without visible means of support.

What Uncle Sam should do is to get down to business, dismiss old flatterers, grafters, and false friends and take an inventory of his property. He would see that he owns much more than the hundred billions of dollars which the census figures give him. He would realize that the stewards of his property, the men who control his banks and his railroads and his great corporations, are not using his belongings for his benefit, but are camping and despoiling them for the profits of their stewardship. He would see that he has billions of dollars, billions and billions of dollars, of unused property, unconsidered and little valued, because it pays no man to consider or value it.

Have you ever seen the Great American Desert? Have you ever ridden for days in the swift railroad train through its length and breadth? It is very dry. It makes you thirst to see it, to think of it even. The very pen that writes about it becomes arid, and as you will soon see plunges into statistics. "It is a vile land," says the traveler, "an accursed land, hardly worthy to hold the world together." It is an abomination of desolation. "The sun beats down on a roof of zinc, fierce and dull—not a drop of water to a mile of sand. The mean ash-dump landscape stretches on from nowhere to nowhere, a spot of mange. No portion of the earth is more lacquered with paltry, unimportant ugliness."

As Uncle Sam listens to the traveler's report he shakes his head and writes down the desert to profit and loss. "Too bad," he says, "and it's so big, too." Two-fifths of all the United States are comprised within this desert, over a million square miles of territory, more than the combined areas of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark.

It was cheap. Thomas Jefferson bought most of it a century ago in

PLANTS, like people, must have food. The American Desert, that supposedly "waste land," is an inexhaustible storehouse of food for the plants of thousands of years to come, containing, in places, three times as much potash, six times as much magnesia, fourteen times as much lime, as the humid lands of the East. In the present article Mr. Weyl tells what Uncle Sam is doing and ought to do to develop this new and immensely wealthy public domain

the great pig-in-the-poke, bargain-day sale of Louisiana, when Napoleon's hand was loosening on the American continent. We have gotten from this desert gold and silver and lead, and, for the dying men who went to the wonderful, dry climate, health and life. Let us be content and pitch the rest of the desert into the sea.

Yet this desert, so much despised, is a national heirloom and a national problem. It is of interest to every man and woman and child in America. You who read this may live on a farm in Illinois, in a cotton town in Mississippi, in the great steel center of Pittsburg, or on a fashionable avenue in Boston or Chicago. Yet the Great American Desert is of moment to you, of national moment. It is a matter of dollars and cents, of patriotism, of humanity.

The desert is the most fertile area in the United States. That sounds like a paradox, yet it is true. Where did the great civilizations of antiquity arise? Where but in the fertile deserts? Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Persia, Arabia, Northern India, the north coast of Africa, were all arid lands. The Incas in Peru, the Toltecs and Aztecs in Mexico, reared their civilizations upon desert plateaus. The history of the Jews is a history of a desert folk. It was within the encircling walls of the desert that they evolved their national and their religious consciousness. Out of the desert sprang all these things as the water gushed from the rock at the blow of Moses.

The desert is most fertile because it is a savings-bank without any withdrawals. Plants needs potash, magnesia, lime, and other food-stuffs, just as we need animals and plants. Now in the humid lands, such as in our Eastern States, the rains have fallen for tens of thousands of centuries, and they have washed out the food of the plants. But in the arid lands the rains have fallen sparingly or not at all. Some of the desert lands of our West contain three times as much potash, six times as much magnesia, fourteen times as much lime, as the humid lands of the East. The desert is an inexhaustible storehouse of food for the plants of thousands of years to come, a storehouse to be drawn upon as soon as the land is irrigated.

And irrigation is better than rain, infinitely better. That also sounds like a paradox, but instead it is almost a truism. Which is better—to give a plant just as much and no more water than it needs and just when it needs it; or to parch it or drown it, according to the whim of the clouds? The rain falls upon the just

and upon the unjust alike; upon your strawberries that cry for it and upon your sugar-beets that want uninterrupted sunshine. Rain is all right in its place, but it is a very poor substitute for irrigation. Otherwise why would the lawns of our cities be sprinkled or irrigated, instead of leaving them to the tender mercy of the clouds?

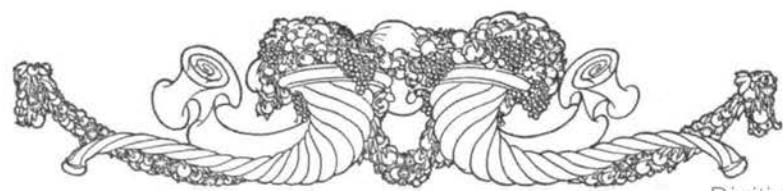
No. Arid lands are more fertile than ordinary lands, and irrigation is better than rain.

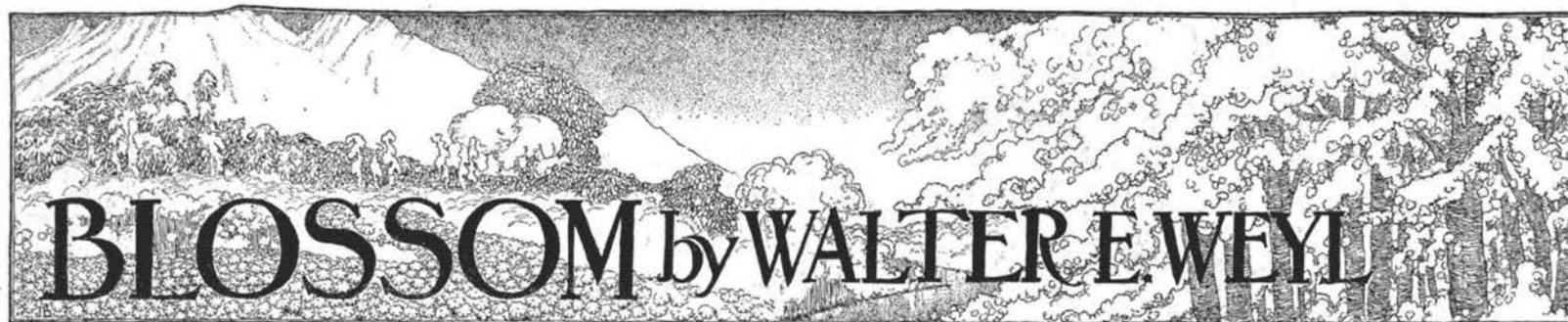
In the desert, irrigated and fertile, we shall find our public domain. It was on our great public domain that we grew big. It was the big land stretching out in all directions that entered into our imagination, into the glowing soul of the people. The public domain was the opportunity of the defeated, the hope of the hopeless. Now it is gone; spent wisely in part; in part frittered away criminally; but irretrievably gone. It is in the great desert, lying like a corpse across the continent, that the new public domain is to be found. Upon this unconsidered land tens of millions of people may live in comfort; farms worth tens of billions of dollars may be created. Our hands are upon a great treasure. We have been looking for the base metals and have found gold.

It was this American desert that stopped the westward march of our civilization. We were not afraid of the Indians. We planted our corn and the red men fled before our plow and scythe. We did not fear the forest, nor the savage denizens. We did not fear wide rivers rushing down in torrents from the north. We did not fear the luxuriant prairies that stretched out their length toward the setting sun. Westward, steadily, inevitably westward, the course of our civilization took its way; westward, ever westward, until the ninety-seventh parallel of west longitude was reached.

Now the settlers who made America did not see anything peculiar about this ninety-seventh parallel. West of this invisible line, as east of it, the prairie smiled. West of it lands were staked out, houses built, and the ground was plowed and furrowed. It took many lives, many tears, many millions of dollars, before the disappointed men who passed this meridian understood what it meant. The westward wave of settlement had crossed the line separating arid America from America of the rains. West of the ninety-seventh parallel, which divides the country in two, and cuts through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, is the land of scanty rainfall, where crops parch and wither; where the hopes of the farmer languish and die. "Arid America!" lamented a great Western poet—"We have watered it with our tears."

What the first settlers did not understand was this; that when you pass from the rainy lands of the East to the dry lands of the West the rules of the game of life change. It requires a different sort of settler and a different sort of settlement. East of the ninety-seventh, land is valuable; west of that line, water is the priceless thing. In the East, a man takes as much land as he can hold; in the West, as much only as he can irrigate. In the East, the farmer is





individualistic; he plays his own hand and lives to himself and for himself and family. In the arid West, the single man or the single family is impotent; only the great group, the free corporation, the nation itself, can prevail against the desert.

In colonial days the sturdy settlers took an average of four hundred acres of land. Though land poor, they prospered. The homesteader got his one hundred and sixty acres. He ploughed what he could and reserved what he could not. Cultivation was extensive, superficial; no more labor or capital was put upon the land than was necessary, for labor was scarce and capital scarcer.

The first men who crossed into arid America played the game according to the old rules—and lost. They took their quarter-sections, one or as many as they could acquire. They cultivated what they could, and held the rest for the inevitable increase in value. But the inevitable did not happen. One year, two years, of ample rain, and then the drought. The settlers were dismayed. Without rain nothing would grow, and who under the over-arching firmament of heaven could compel the rain? There were men, stimulated by the great need, who tried. The clouds were bombarded by cannon shot; dynamite was exploded in the prairies of Texas. "The result," as Secretary of Agriculture Rusk, described it, "was a great noise." The light, fleecy clouds remained sterile.

Imagine your last cent, your last ounce of energy, your last hope for yourself and family, invested in those treacherous farms on the border of the arid belt, and realize the crushing, heart-breaking disappointment of the men who could not compel the rain. They did not give up. They struggled against the arid conditions, buoyed up by the cheerful words of the oldest inhabitant. Not for a moment would the farmers admit that the land was arid. Unaccustomed to the new conditions, they did not know enough to come in "when it does not rain."

And yet these disheartened farmers were on the verge of a great discovery. They were to witness the "miracle of irrigation." It was no new thing; it was older than the Anglo-Saxon race, older even in America than many of the men who prayed for the rain. But it was new in Western Kansas. And this is the way—so runs the story—that irrigation came to that State.

In the year 1878, thousands of acres had been planted to wheat in Finney County, and in sober anticipation a grist-mill was erected to grind the crop. The rain failed; the seed died; the grist-mill was abandoned. But one settler, versed in methods of irrigation, obtained permission to use upon his land the waters of the abandoned mill-race. His land became wonderfully fruitful, the news

of the experiment spread far and wide, and Western Kansas admitted its aridity, gloried in it, and became a convert to irrigation.

Thenceforth irrigation was largely adopted on the Western plains just across the ninety-seventh parallel. Canals were built from the Arkansas River, more than four hundred miles of them being constructed at a cost of nearly three million dollars. Then the men "higher up," the irrigators of Colorado, diverted the precious waters to their own uses, and Bill Nye's joke became a joke in very sober earnest. The Western rivers, he had said, are "a mile wide and an inch deep; they have a large circulation, but very little influence."

Then the Kansas men went deeper. They used the underflow. Wells were sunk, windmills, kept in operation by the tireless prairie winds, furnished power, and the arid land was irrigated. The little farms were intensively cultivated and became profitable, and in a short time irrigation with the underflow waters became more successful than it had formerly been with surface waters.

But the farmers of the arid prairies were not the pioneers of American irrigation. The Indians had irrigated in Arizona before Columbus was born, and in Utah the Mormons had begun irrigation before the close of the Mexican War.

It was on a hot summer day in 1847 that the Mormon caravan, with its scores of wagons, horses, mules, oxen, and cows, entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It was a wonderful picture that the fleeing men saw—the broad, flashing valley sloping toward the inland sea, the mountains lifting their summits to the clouds, the clear, transparent air resting upon the narrow silver thread, the river, which flowed like the Jordan from the fresh lake to the salt lake.

"Here I shall rest," said Brigham Young. "Here we will rear our temple in holiness to the Lord." The prospect to any but an imaginative man would have been discouraging. The fugitives had no money, and were but poorly supplied with agricultural implements. The barren land was covered with white alkali, and so hard that the plow would scarce enter. It was with some misgivings that the fugitives, after pour-

ing on the water of the stream, planted their last stock of potatoes. But the land did not withhold its fruit, and upon that first bountiful crop and upon subsequent crops the Mormons erected an agriculture, a city, and a state.

What was done in Utah was repeated in other States. In Colorado the Greeley Colony, inspired by ideals of a Utopia, succeeded in irrigating a portion of the land and of founding prosperous homes for homeless people. What they aimed at was the regeneration of society; what they obtained was the famous "Greeley" potato. The famous Rockford melons grew upon reclaimed arid lands. In Southern California, at Anaheim, a little group of German mechanics and small tradesmen proved that irrigation and cultivation of arid lands pays. At Riverside, a colony bought for two dollars and a half an acre lands that had been valued at seventy-five cents, and upon these lands when irrigated the farmers planted oranges. In a few years the unimproved lands sold for from three hundred to five hundred dollars an acre, and the improved farms as high, in certain cases, as two thousand dollars an acre.

Millions of acres of land have been reclaimed from the American desert, and this land, once worth less than a dollar, now sells for a hundred, a thousand, and two thousand dollars an acre. Wherever it was easy to water the land, irrigation has taken place. But now the little streams are all taken, and the nation faces the big problems of irrigation.

Now it is a problem of great dams, costing millions and even tens of millions of dollars. Sometimes the place is so isolated and the land so rough that it is well-nigh impossible to transport the necessary heavy articles, such as fuel and cement. Wood is often unobtainable, or the sand is of poor quality and mixed with mud. The sudden floods bear away the half-built dams and the hopes of the dam-builders. To carry out the great irrigation projects now required, if we are to reclaim the arid lands of America, six things are required: time, patience, skill, special knowledge, a large capital, and a willingness to wait years for a return upon the investment.

There is only one such investor in the country, the United States of America, unlimited. Uncle Sam, for all that he is cautious and blundering, penny-wise and pound-foolish, prodigal and skinflint, for all his rakish bearing and intolerable stogie, Uncle Sam never lets go of a business proposition, once he puts his hand to it. And it is more than dollars and cents to Uncle Sam. It is national pride, national efficiency, and a chance for millions of Uncle Sam's children.

Of the one hundred million square miles of arid land in America, from sixty to one hundred million acres may be reclaimed. It is a big [Concluded on page 582]

The Wind of the Atlantic

By Charles Buxton Going

GAUNT old shepherd, hoary with brine,
Shouldering the mist on the high moors of heather,
Shouting, surf-loud, through the forest of pine—
Gray are thy cloud herds, huddled to lee;
Grim is thy piping, keyed to rough weather—
Wild as the crying of birds of the sea!

AT THE THRESHOLD OF FLIGHT

By ALBERT WHITE VORSE

WE ARE still in an anticipatory state, so far as plans for flying are concerned. That we are to fly, no one doubts. The Wrights have flown, Farman has flown, Delagrange has flown, Curtiss has won the first record for the cup offered by the *Scientific American*; Count Zeppelin has traveled among the Alps in his dirigible, as long as some ocean liners; Santos-Dumont has not only rounded the Eiffel Tower, but has also trundled about the suburbs of Paris in his little "runabout" dirigible, and has even taken it through the streets of Paris to his house, and has looked out from his windows at it as one might look out at a cab. In Paris, ballooning in spherical balloons is an established sport; you may see on any day a balloon or two, or more, floating above, and in America there are aero clubs, in good standing, in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Boston; Pittsfield, Massachusetts; Canton, Ohio; North Adams, Massachusetts, and other cities. During the last four months the newspapers have every day recorded some flight of the day before. This has been an important season in the development of flying, the season which occurs with every new discovery, when all the world realizes all at once that the unheralded is surely on the verge of coming true.

It is coming true, but no one knows exactly how or when, or again, to what extent. There is eminent authority—no less than Dr. Alexander Graham Bell—to assert that the development of flying machines is in the stage that the development of automobiles was ten or twelve years ago; and the corollary of this is that within ten or twelve years we shall be turning up for unexpected luncheon in our dirigibles or aeroplanes—as we now turn up in our autos. But Octave Chanute, who has had a longer knowledge, at least of machines heavier than air, than any one else in America, is doubtful whether flying machines will ever come to any usefulness, except in war or in sport. As yet they are uncertain.

The Uncertain and Capricious Air

In view of what has happened this summer it is hard to believe that we shall not at least be able to travel through the air as accurately as we travel through the sea. But that is not coming at once; it is necessary to have patience—and practise. It takes years of practise to sail a boat upon the capricious sea. Air is even more capricious—the most capricious of the elements, and the least known. Those impatient ones who ask why, now that the Wright brothers have compassed twenty-seven miles in their aeroplane and Count Zeppelin has flown at thirty-seven miles an hour, we can not all buy machines and commute

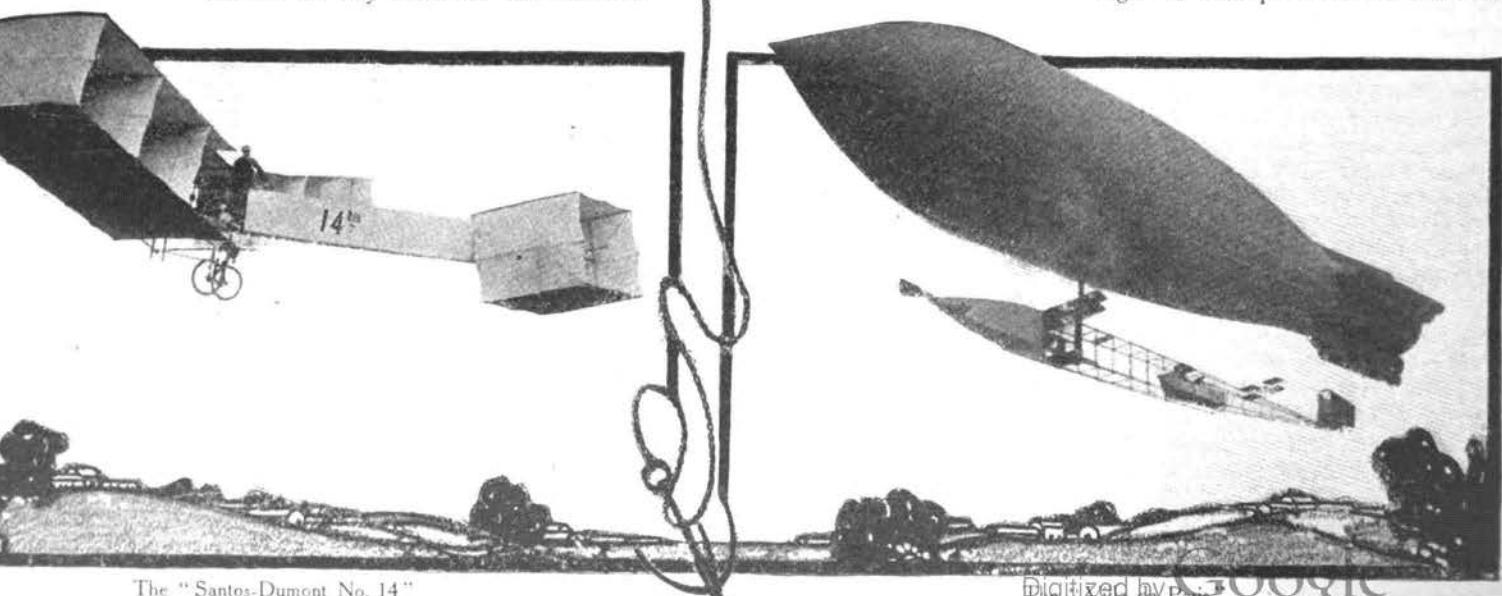
from, say, Morristown to the commodious roof of the "Flat-iron" Building, or from Lake Forest into Chicago, will please realize that it even takes time for an adolescent bird to learn to fly.

Just to sail in a spherical balloon, however, does not need much practise. The Frenchmen who discovered the art, in the course of the French Revolution, hadn't had any, yet they had few accidents. And now, to be even a licensed pilot of the Aero Club of New York, the American club which represents the International Federation of Aero Clubs (including clubs in France, Germany, Belgium, England, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Sweden), even to be endorsed by this representative club as a fit person to take up passengers in a spherical balloon, a candidate for a pilot's license need make only ten ascensions, including one at night, one alone; two of the ten must be managed by the candidate under the eye of already licensed pilots. It seems a slight training, but in reality, with due precaution, there is little danger in ballooning—not more than there is in an ordinary automobile journey. Once in the air, the balloon is, as it were, part of the air current in which it is immersed. Every part of it, car and all, is equally wafted. The wind may drive you as fast as it will; but unless it drives you against some solid matter, it can not hurt you. Usually it is easy to avoid solid matter; for a balloon is a very exquisitely balanced fabric. Lightening it of a few pounds of sand will make it jump over a mountain—high out of danger.

Ballooning Is Safe, but Not Cheap

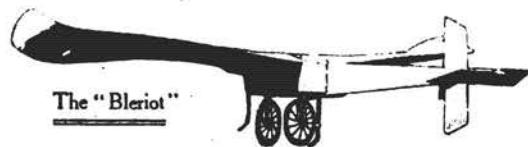
The only peril in a balloon ascension, in such good weather as careful aeronauts choose for a voyage, is in alighting, and in a well-ordered expedition, where all the passengers keep cool and cling to the car, there is no danger at all. Even if the wind is blowing hard, the strong, elastic, woven-willow basket takes up the danger-part of the shock. One of these baskets ought to yield up its passengers unhurt from a landing in a wind blowing fifty miles an hour.

Ballooning, under moderately favorable circumstances, is a safe and simple sport. It is not, comparatively speaking, a cheap amusement. An ascent, including the cost of gas, expense of a pilot, and transportation of passengers and balloon home, costs in this country from thirty-five to seventy-five dollars a passenger. It is less in France; from Paris, you can make an ascension for about a hundred francs. The fare home is a very variable expense—nothing is more uncertain than the spot where you will land. Of course, it is easy to descend whenever you like; you may limit your flight to a couple of hours which will

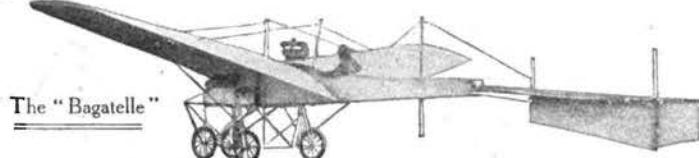


usually not carry you very far away from your starting point, and ordinarily your starting point is in the midst of a thickly settled country; but the joy of ballooning is great.

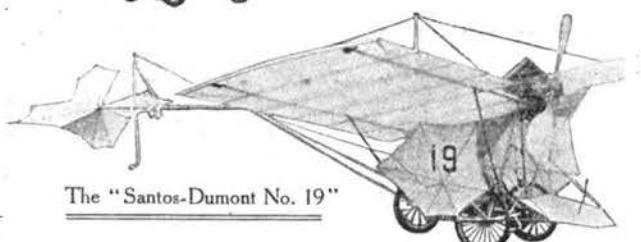
There have survived as the fittest out of the great number of plans for navigating the air, three general species: a cigar-shaped balloon driven by screws, and capable, if the screws are not running, of floating as a spherical balloon floats; the aeroplane, a single or double surface of some light fabric which can pass through the air somewhat as a man can skate across very thin ice if he goes very rapidly, so that his weight does not rest to the breaking point upon any given place; and the helicopter—a machine lifted into the air by horizontal screws and propelled by a vertical screw, or again, by some combination of two or more of these principles. Of these, the helicopter is practically untried, though the Cornu device in France has lifted itself from the ground.



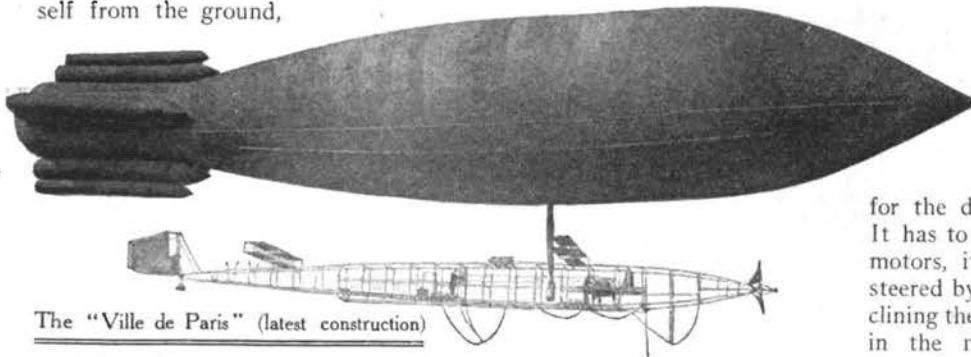
The "Bleriot"



The "Bagatelle"



The "Santos-Dumont No. 19"



The "Ville de Paris" (latest construction)

and Santos-Dumont is occupying himself with this form of rising above the earth. The advantages of it are obvious. The rise from the ground is immediate, whereas an aeroplane has to attain a speed of twenty-five or more miles an hour before it can be supported on its cushion of air. The helicopter is also more stable than the aeroplane, but probably less swift in its progress. The danger predicted is, however, that, if the motor should fail and the uplifting screws should stop, it would drop to the ground, although its advocates assert that the under surface of the screws would act as a parachute acts, and let it down gently. If it is ever developed, it will make a good family machine, but it has not yet been really tried.

The dirigible balloon, however, has passed beyond the experimental stage. We know in a certain way what can be done with dirigibles—so long as we remain in ignorance of such an extraordinary gas as Rudyard Kipling postulates in "The Night Mail," which could lift a balloon to the moon. We can proceed in a dirigible balloon, with one or two or sixteen passengers, going with the wind, as fast as the speed of our motor plus the speed of the wind will carry us. That may be very fast. In still air Count Zeppelin's motors carry him wherever he likes at a speed of thirty-seven miles an hour, and he has remained in the air twelve hours. If a wind be blowing and he wishes to go to a point directly in the teeth of it, he can make a speed which will be the resultant of the difference between the speed of his air-ship and the force of the wind; but if he wishes to go to a point which will take him sidewise in the smallest degree from the wind, he must allow for the full force of the wind in his estimate of leeway.

A dirigible is not like a ship, in which part of the fabric is in the water, a semi-solid substance, which offers resistance to leeway. That is to say, if you are in a dirigible and the wind is blowing from the north, and you want

to go to a point directly to the east, you can not head your craft practically eastward, as you can with a ship. You must head her almost north, and describe a curve to bring up at your destination. The arc of this curve, roughly speaking, is again a resultant of the speed of your engines and the speed of the wind, and it may be a difficult curve.

Of course, we do not yet know the perfection of motors. We may be able to devise a motor which will send a balloon far more than thirty-seven miles

an hour against the wind. In that case, the persons who trust to balloons may be able to get to their destination quicker than

they would be able to get to it by railroad or trolley. But they could probably not get to it *en masse*.

Count Zeppelin's balloon, which is the most efficient that has yet been produced, carries only sixteen passengers. Now, as

far as furnishing transportation through the air is concerned, it may perhaps, in the future, be possible to send innumerable dirigible balloons, each carrying sixteen persons, to and from office buildings in New York and Flatbush, Short Hills, New Haven, or Great Neck. But, as at present a machine like that costs about half a million dollars, fares would have to be high. Of course, to transfer freight by such means would be out of the question.

With the dirigible the serenity which differentiates ballooning from every other occupation in the world vanishes, for the dirigible has an engine which clatters like a machine hay-rake. It has to be attended to, and, in the present stage of development of motors, it is always breaking down. Moreover, the dirigible has to be steered by a rudder. Again, its ascents and descents are made by inclining the bow of the craft up or down. This is done by various devices, in the majority of cases by shifting weights. The director of a dirigible has his work cut out for him,



A flyer that starts from the water

but those who can do it are enthusiastic over the joy of it.

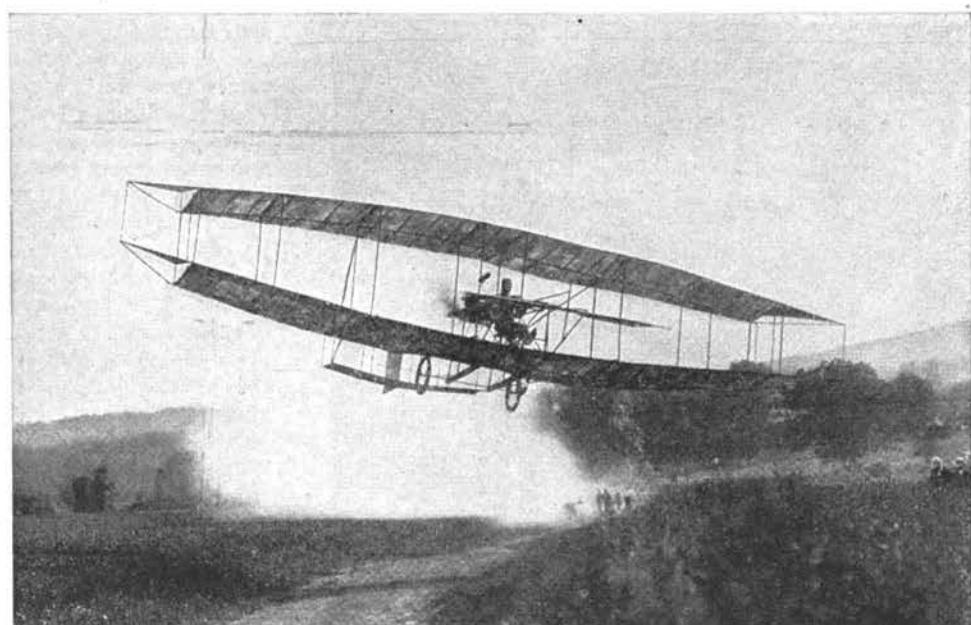
The hardest to manage of all the machines in which we look for the conquest of the air is the aeroplane; but because it is so swift, and again because its small surface offers

so little hold to cross winds, it has inspired higher hopes among aeronauts than any other device. The Wright brothers, Farman, Delagrange, and Curtiss are apparently able to guide their machines in whatever direction they like, and the Wright brothers assert that theirs will go five hundred miles, at a speed of one hundred miles or so an hour, and carrying two persons, without the need of alighting for fuel.

But that is not so simple a feat as it sounds. The Wright brothers may be able to fly their five hundred miles, but if the man on the street should try to fly them he would probably come a deadly cropper in from two to twelve seconds after the machine had left the earth. If he started out from the neighborhood, say, of a sand dune at his right, against which the wind was blowing, some invisible swirl, diverted by the dune, might lift up his right-hand wing, and in this case, unless he knew how to balance himself, he would fall on his left shoulder. The Wright brothers—if, indeed, they would permit themselves to approach near to any lofty solid object—would



The Farman-Delagrange type of Aeroplane



Copyright, 1908, by Levison

The "June Bug" in test trial, starting to fly in a circle

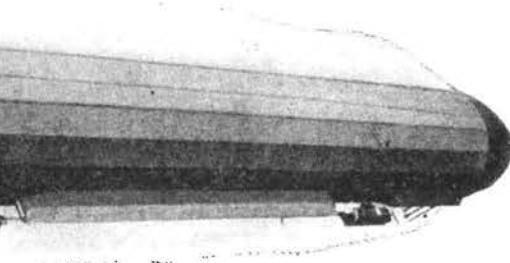
not fall on their left shoulders; they would be aware of the up-swirls that come from neighboring dunes and they would take measures to counteract the uplifting force of that wind-current—somewhat like a man in an over-sparr'd boat takes measures to meet a flaw.

Up lofty solid objects the air swirls with a force that is dangerous to machines heavier than air. A bird with a two-foot wing expansion might be able to keep its equilibrium at the foot of the "Flat-iron" Building, because it could get both its wings at once under the up-draft; but an aeroplane with a forty-foot wing expansion would be in considerable peril of falling on its ear.

Octave Chanute says freely that we shall never be able to start with aeroplanes from the immediate vicinity of any great city. Open spaces are needed for the management of aeroplanes, in our present knowledge of the art of controlling them, and even in these open spaces the very best of us take a fall sometimes.

A machine of the Wright brothers was wrecked on the chosen experiment ground among the sand dunes only a few months ago, because the operator made the slight mistake of tilting his horizontal rudder down instead of up. Since such accidents occur to men who have spent eight years in learning how to manage their air craft, it is plain that these machines are not going to be playthings for the unlearned. The director of an aeroplane must be a super-motor man; he must not only be able to attend to all the vagaries of his engine, but he must also steer his machine, not only to the right and left, but also up and down. He must be a bird and a chauffeur combined. He must feel his machine as a bird feels his wings, and at the same time he must have an eye to his carburettor.

Before we go flying about at will in aeroplanes, then, we shall have to train ourselves carefully in their idiosyncrasies, as the half-dozen men who have mastered them have trained themselves. The usual kindergarten apparatus for the learning of the aeroplane is the glider. The glider is a small aeroplane without an engine. In its most modern form it consists of two planes of cloth, each about from fifteen to twenty feet across and about four feet from front to back. They are



Count Zeppelin's improved aerostat which he recently sailed over Lake Constance



Count Zeppelin

arms of the operator, who lays his hands upon them in front. There is either a long tail behind the machine to aid in establishing equilibrium, or there is a horizontal rudder in front. It is well to have two or three men to handle a glider, for in a wind it is a powerful creature, and unwieldy. I have seen six men somewhat put to it to hold one down to earth in a wind blowing not more than fifteen miles an hour. The flight begins at the top of some rather abrupt elevation. It must always be made against the wind. The operator sets himself in the shafts while his assistants balance either end of the wings. At a favorable moment the operator runs forward down the hill till the wind, getting under his sails, lifts him, machine and all, into the air, and then he soars down-hill for as long a time as possible, balancing himself by moving his legs, which hang down below the machine, in whatever direction instinct prompts. He travels at a considerable rate of speed. At the end of his flight, if he knows enough, he tilts the forward edge of his planes upward, and, thus checking his progress, alights gently. If he does not know enough thus to check himself, he will take a quick run, without dignity, at the end of his journey, and, in nine cases out of ten, will fall and break his machine. It is a lucky day for a glider when he comes off whole. But gliders are easily repaired.

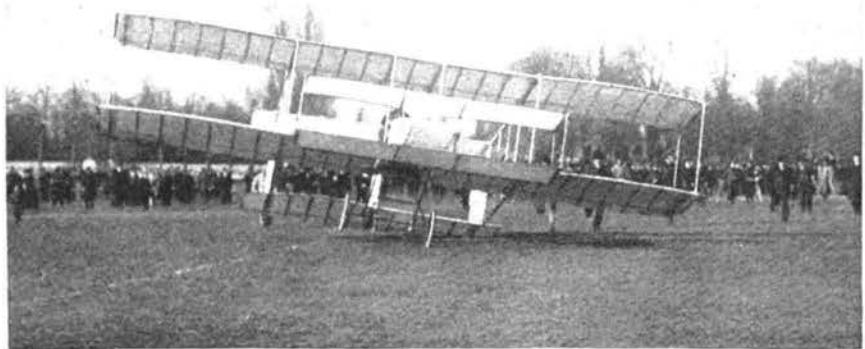
With practise remarkable feats of soaring can be accomplished by this device. Mr. Herring, who is the most accomplished glider living, soared more than nine hundred feet, and has mounted higher in the air than his starting-point. On one occasion, after a flight, he was actually able to soar back to a point directly above the bank from which he started. But such feats are only for the long-practised. The first glides of a novice are not more than ten or twelve feet.

Gliding is not only a practical necessary training for those who mean to be aeroplanists, but it is also in itself a delightful and relatively cheap amusement—a glider costs only about fifteen or twenty dollars.

Already a number of these air craft are being built about New York, and it seems highly likely that within a short time they will be as common a feature of a boy's equipment as are, say, canoes, and that gliding races will be part of every Saturday's amusements. Thus we shall train a generation that will be prepared to direct and balance aeroplanes.

If we must still look to the future for flying machines that will be daily conveniences to all of us, what benefit has already come from our new interest? There has come—and it is within reach of a great number of us—a great delight, which has been anticipated by almost every human being since human beings had imagination enough to envy a bird: the joy of floating away from the earth, and that joy is as great as any one has ever imagined it to be. Even the novice, in his first ten or twelve feet of gliding, has the rapture of flight. To what heights of exhilaration the great masters of the aeroplane rise, only they know, but they must be very great. With gliders and aeroplanes and with the pilots of dirigibles, however, there are other matters than the pure delight in flying to take up their attention.

It is in the spherical balloon that this joy expands to its greatest; there is nothing else to think about. There is no difference of testimony about it. Aeronauts who have known the joys of a mad gallop across country, or of a spanking breeze in a small boat, or of a swift rush in an automobile, alike are eager to agree that the most glorious sensation of all is the sensation



The Farman flier about to leave the ground after attaining momentum

Copyright, 1908, by Lovick



The "June Bug." Operator steers with his back. The wheel governs rise and fall. The rope is for starting

The BETTY-BOB HOUSEKEEPING CO.

By MARGARET HOWARD HINCKS MORSE

Illustrated by R. Emmett Owen

NEW YORK, September 15.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Your Bob and Betty are safe at last in Mecca, where they find religion consists in activity. Everything does, acts, and hurries, down even to the few nervous dogs and cats. It reminds me of the railway yards at home, where the two elements are noise and danger to life.

But I like it; the very indifference that surrounds you is a challenge to make good. And we will. The head of the office said that Bob, with his knowledge of the factory end of the business, had a fine opening. And when I think of our getting fifteen hundred dollars a year, I fairly puff out with the pride of wealth. There are n't ten men in Hopkinsville who make that!

The first thing was to find a place to stay. Bob, with masculine grandeur, suggested a hotel; but I mean to be very careful, so we came to this boarding-house, where we have to pay two dollars a day just for one room, without any food! We simply must hurry and find our flat so as to get out of here. I guess most of the New York millionaires started out keeping boarding-houses.

LATER.—We've paid our first month's rent and the furniture is to be carted from the freight station to-morrow, when we begin the cubbyhole system of living, in rooms no bigger than pantries and closets the size of hat-boxes. I could n't help thinking that why one sees so many people on the streets is probably because there is n't room enough for both them and their furniture at home!

Our flat is a dear, though, with wall-papers that go well with the furniture, and all of the five rooms light. The only trouble is the rent of forty-five dollars, which seems an awful hole to dig out of our one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. But then every one knows that rents here are excessive; most of those we heard of were cavorting around from sixty to one hundred dollars, and lots of those places had rooms so gloomy that you would have to light the gas to do your hair by. So ours is a real bargain.

We were getting discouraged, which is natural when you find your head, back, and feet are all one ache just from pursuing the unattainable, when suddenly we stumbled upon this. We took it right away, for the janitor said it would be snatched up if we waited. The janitress too was pleasant and she took pains to open all the cupboards and the refrigerator to show how nice they were. It has been a dull day and there has been no sunshine, but as Mrs. Hannigan says, "there do be a-plenty, miss." So congratulate your son and weary Betty.

P. S.—I wonder why the up-to-date parsons don't preach flat-hunting as one of the choicest punishments for a misspent life!

SEPTEMBER 20.

There were some "outs" even to Paradise, but Eve was n't kept prisoner as I've been! Why, mother, we found the front door did not lock; Bob and I took turns in speaking to Mrs. Hannigan, who kept promising to have it repaired at once, until finally in desperation



"Every morning we had two glasses apiece"



"We had saved three dollars and twenty-five cents"

we had it done ourselves, otherwise from acting the watchdog I might have turned into one. It makes me indignant.

Then one of the gas fixtures leaks; not enough to let you light it, but to be strongly smellable. And, besides, the kitchen sink drains so slowly that it drives me crazy waiting for it. Mrs. Hannigan promises the plumber shall fix it all. I'd prefer to get our own workman and have it done rather than wait, but Bob is firm; he says it is a matter of principle. He has such high ideals!

SEPTEMBER 26.

My new rôle of martyr to principle is detestable. Men seem to be able to have principles and to escape the martyrdom; the women always get stuck there, so it's small wonder they don't have many.

Well, I've waited, and waited, and waited. Each day has dragged like this: Mrs. Hannigan promises the house plumber "to-day." "My Georgie has went for him, and he'll be right here." I wait. Result—entire day spent and not even the shadow of the lord of creation has fallen my way. Three days that happened; on the fourth he appeared, with the inevitable wrong tools, and soon departed, leaving the sink so it would n't drain at all. To-day he returned, but condemned the gas fixtures. "All wore out—cheap goods; no use trying to mend the old thing!"

Bob came in unexpectedly just in time to hear this. He flew down the three flights four steps at a time to the janitor's, where he happened on the agent, whom he dragged upstairs, protesting and declining. One by one they all, fat agent, and cringing janitor and janitress, mounted a starch box, sniffed sagely, and descended to deny the odor which all but the agent had volubly acknowledged before. The plumber fairly gobbled up his words in the presence of his master. Bob said scorchingly, "I am sorry you have all caught such sudden and severe colds," which rather staggered them. We declined to stay with a leaking fixture, and the agent would n't put in a new one. Finally, turning to the plumber, "Take this one down," said he, "and put it into the empty apartment, and put that one up here." It was outrageous, but it was done.

By the way, although the rooms are light we have no sunshine. I spoke to Mrs. Hannigan about it. "Sure, there is a-plenty," quoth she in defense, "but now that I think of it, Mrs. Bullard, it don't git 'round ter your winders till April." People don't lie so in Hopkinsville. Your wrathful

BETTY.

OCTOBER 7.

No, mother, I'm not doing too much, and a maid is out of the ques-

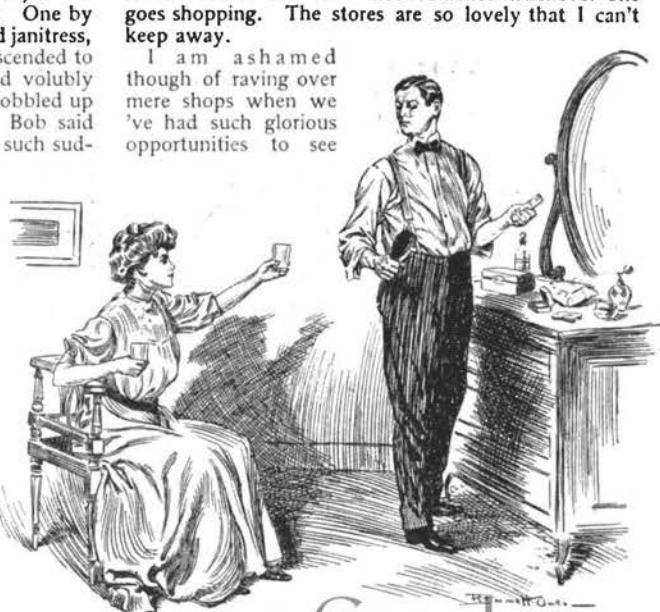
tion. That forty-five-dollar rent does effectual policeman duty to any such aspirations; clubs them, you might say.

Life is much pleasanter since I no longer daily like the maiden in her bower for the plumber knight to keep his tryst, but gaily I lie me off to the wonderland of the shops. Buying in the city is the great offsetting advantage to the high rents, Bob says, and I think it must be. Every newspaper is crammed with tales of bargains that fairly take your breath away. We got several things we needed badly, like kitchenware and brooms, and a few others, a very few, that we did n't need quite so much. I saw a love of a desk in a window, and it just seemed as though a voice told me to go and look at it. It's mahogany, and had been greatly reduced; there it was on the card in red ink: "Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents—marked down from twenty-seven dollars." I told Bob it was splendid to think that we would positively save four dollars and fifty cents just by getting it, which we did; and then later we made ten dollars more on a rug that was underpriced!

I'm sending you some veiling that I saw this morning at just half the regular price; it was too good a chance to pass by, so I purchased for both of us. And, only think, in the same store I bought potatoes and nuts at a saving! You can find bargains in anything here, from automobiles to new complexions!

We have opened accounts now at three places, as it saves a lot of time and inconvenience whenever one goes shopping. The stores are so lovely that I can't keep away.

I am ashamed though of raving over mere shops when we've had such glorious opportunities to see



"And when we got dressed another"

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fine plays, for the first time in our lives! Bob always gets good seats; says a good play deserves attention and that we shall see no others. I'd like to live there, only it's so expensive, like everything else you want, including cleanliness and church.

I have had another experience with Mrs. Hannigan. I couldn't see where there was place or room for drying clothes, so I asked her. She says every one here sends to the laundry, and offered to leave word for me. I said yes, thinking I would be able to find a woman later, though Mrs. Hannigan assured me no one would take home work. Well, the bill is four dollars and eighty-five cents and only a bit done! I don't see how the people in this house afford to live so. Is all New York rich?

OCTOBER 20.

Mother, what do you think! The laundryman is Mrs. Hannigan's brother, so of course she drums up all the trade she can, regardless of truth when

family interests are at stake. The clothes here are dried on the roof, a nice place quite out of sight of the street. The little woman who lives in the next flat told me. We became acquainted because some men her husband had in made such a racket so late one night that she came in to apologize. Of course I pretended I hadn't noticed it, though Bob had raged and vowed it was like a circus tent, this flat living, with every sound carrying through thin walls.

She told me no one could get any repairs out of the landlord because "he" is a Jewish investment company, anxious to sell and bitterly opposed to spending. The house is bought on a mortgage, filled up with tenants, then offered for sale. Mrs. Hannigan, with her open, engaging manner, is their great drawing-card. She promises, soothes, and smooths, and you get nothing. Then her employers sell out and go to the next investment, taking her with them. There's lots to learn in New York, and one thing is that appearances are deceitful.

I don't put faith in any bargain now. Throw your veiling away; it's rotten trash; my nose poked through at the first wearing. Those nuts must have been left over from the Thanksgiving of 1783; and the potatoes were so bad I was ashamed to throw them away. Even my desk I saw at another store for twenty dollars. The depths now hold your buncoed

BETTY.

P. S.—We are going to rent a piano! And Bob has promised that we shall go to the opera when the season begins.

NOVEMBER 15.

MOTHER DEAR:

We are awfully sorry not to go up for Thanksgiving, but it does n't seem possible. Bob must be at the office early Friday morning, and—well, we feel we simply can't. But you do know that we want to, dreadfully, and that it is hard for us, too, don't you, dear? Your disappointed

BETTY.

From Betty's Father

DECEMBER 18.

DEAR LITTLE GIRL:

Not come home for Christmas? Your mother and I can not do without you, and Bob must not try to make us. Since he has taken our chief treasure he can't refuse an occasional loaning.

Now I am convinced some cause unknown to us lies back of your refusal, so I'm coming down to look into it. You may expect me to-morrow.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

Betty's Father to Her Mother

DECEMBER 20.

DEAREST MYRA:

All's well with the children; no sickness or anything really serious—it's finances; just as we expected. They've spent without appreciating it, a little here and



"We lost our evenings because dinner took so long"

omy: a dollar beyond your income, Misery; a dollar this side, Content."

Postscript to the First Report

FEBRUARY 15.

You don't know how happy we are to come out at the end of the month even, and with twenty-two whole cents to spare! That's our nest-egg for Bob's vacation. It was all due to our new system of accounts. First we put the ten dollars into the little box marked "Sinking Fund," and I glued a piece of paper over it so I just couldn't borrow. The rows of entries and columns we used to try to keep meant nothing to me before, but this drawer full of boxes does. You see I put in each one just what I can spend each month; they are labeled "Food," "Rent," "Service," etc. I can see at a glance now when the food allowance is getting short and it's time for Hamburg steak!

APRIL 2.

"Live and Learn" is a fitting motto for the Betty-Bobs, but some way I can't help

wishing that lumps of experience came sugar-coated, like the modern pill. It came about through the food question, which for a matter of the stomach only seems always upon our brain. Our allowance is seven dollars a week, which Bob says we must keep to. It sounds so small that I tried ways of making it go farther. There was an article in the Sunday paper telling all about the wonderful properties of water; how some people discovered they ate only one-third as much when they drank four quarts a day, and felt better. So we tried it too. Every morning when we first woke up we had two glasses apiece, and then when we got dressed another. That was pretty hard to swallow, and we got to hate it so we wasted lots of time just dallying around, afraid to finish dressing. "You're ready," I'd accuse Bob. "No, I'm not,"

he'd flash back, and comb his hair for the fourth time, "but you are, so don't wait for me!" Of course if he could be slow enough to have to hurry through breakfast, then the water would be crowded out fairly. Water before and after and instead of each meal may be cheap and filling, but it's sickly.

Then Bob brought home a book. "You're on the wrong track," he triumphed; "here is the road to health (of course I had put it all on that basis; men never like to see the wheels of the economy machine). "Macy in our office lent it to me."

This was about chewing our way into all earthly delights; just chew, chew, chew—it was a philosophy and religion. But its founder guaranteed to reduce the food consumed by fully a half or a quarter. So I gladly consented, and we became chewers. We had to get up earlier so as to allow more time for breakfast, and we lost our evenings because dinners took so long, and all we did was to masticate. It is n't much of an amusement.

Bob insisted we give it a fair trial long after I found out it did n't work, from my point of view, as I had to get expensive foods to tempt our waning appetites; so we still kept on chewing, till I could fancy us turning into dumb cattle.

Then next was vegetarianism, and we lived enthusiastically on fruits and different forms of peanuts and rice. It was in the midst of this that Uncle John sailed into town unexpectedly and walked in upon us at dinner. Of course if we'd known he was coming our menu would have been different. He watched us in an amaze that lasted even after we had explained, and he did n't appear to relish his dinner much, poor man! At last he spoke a bit of his mind: "I must say it seems downright foolish for young people to get so downright finicky that they can't eat anywhere but in their own home; it will be a serious handicap for Robert when he has to go on missions for the company."

After he was gone Bob and I eyed each other.

"Is it a matter of principle?" he asked.

"No," I admitted, "of doubtful economy."

"Are we invalids that we need these special dishes?"

[Concluded on pages 577 and 578]



"He got seats in the second balcony"



"We searched all the likely places"

I have written out papa's sentence and stuck it in the mirror, where I see it very often: "Remember the foundation-stone of domestic econ-

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LOVE IN THE FOOT HILLS

BY W. C. MORROW



LUCY GORDON, deputy sheriff, looked at her watch again. In thirty minutes the sheriff would come, and he was always as prompt as fate. Her sigh was not lost on the man struggling for breath in the bed behind her, as she gazed through the window of her cottage, which, perched on a shoulder of the Sierra, commanded the green country rolling away over billowing foot hills to the vast yellow plains of the San Joaquin; and he was puzzled by her sudden start and her shrinking back into the shadow. He was unaware that she had seen a man—not the sheriff—toiling on foot up the highway that passed a hundred paces from her house.

While she was fighting for easier breath, the man on the bed asked, in a querulous, feeble voice: "What's the matter? Have you seen a ghost?"

"No, Tom," she answered kindly, bustling in some useless service upon him, "and nothing's the matter." Her brother was too near the end of a profligate life to be brought into the tremendous crisis which the man laboring up the grade was bringing.

"You are pale," he insisted.

"It's nothing. I'll run out for a little fresh air. Nannie," addressing her little daughter, who was nursing a doll, while sitting on a stool at the invalid's bedside, "run out into the back yard and play. And," as the child started out, "stay a long time, dear. You need the sunshine."

For the way must be cleared for the scene, since it was her purpose to intercept the man toiling up the road, and thus prevent his reaching the higher mountains and the protection of friends. As deputy sheriff, she had hunted him for a year; his life was forfeit to the law.

She was passing out of the room, but her brother called her. She halted, and saw him try to speak, and fail. Meanwhile, the man on the grade might pass; yet, in her desperate impatience, she quietly asked, "Do you want anything?"

He shrank into his pillow. "Has n't it been—" His head rolled on the pillow, and she was glad that his roving, cavernous eyes were not turned upon her, as they had often been of late. "Has n't it been a year—since Luke—was killed?" he asked. A returning roll brought his widened gaze to her face, as though he again beheld the horrors of her husband's slaying.

She loved the boy with a peculiar tenderness. Before her affliction, Tom's wildness had estranged her, but she knew him to be kind at heart; and when her

great sorrow came, Tom's sympathy was touching, and he had made her grief his own.

"Yes," she answered gently.

He drew his thin, pallid hand over his face and said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "Go and take your walk, but don't stay long. I may have—a caller."

She sent him a swift glance of inquiry. He only smiled, and gave her the deep look that only the dying can.

In the next room she tried to shake it off, as she hastily pinned on her official badge, thrust a pair of handcuffs into her belt, and slipped buckshot cartridges into her shotgun.

"What are you doing, Lucy?" Her brother's voice had the relentless profoundness of his eyes.

To tell him the truth would remind him that she had secured an appointment as deputy sheriff for the purpose of hunting down her husband's slayer—a procedure that Tom had bitterly opposed. She had justified herself by arguing that the sheriff and his men had failed to make the capture, and that she suspected the sincerity of their efforts, as the murderer was brave and desperate and had many friends. She could not blame Tom for having pleaded with her to forgive the man, but her sense of wrong and her determination to bring the guilty

The Buildings and the Man

By WILLIAM NORTHRUP MORSE

WITHIN the twilight mist I stand, beneath
The vast, sky-yearning towers, stern and
proud—

Dark giants striking 'gainst a rose-leaf cloud
Within the new-born West. I fear to breathe,

For Primal Strength they seem—eternal, grim,
Inexorable, near godlike; but my heart
Sings to my life: "Weak trembler, know
thou art
More strong and glorious than these specters
dim;

"For they are born from thy unspringing soul;
Thou art the maker, they the willing clay.
O brother to the stars and sweet, pure day—
These are brief fragments; thou the deathless
whole."



man to the gallows, prevailed over the sweetness of her brother's persuasion. Yet sometimes a forbidden memory would cloud her outlook. It reverted to the time when this outcast, this man in hiding for his life, had been the hero of her girlhood, with his childlike kindness and leonine courage. She could now smile at the folly of girls in idealizing the first lover.

"Just pinning on my hat," was her clear answer.

"I thought I heard the click of a gun." His tone was urgent.

"Nonsense, Tom! It was my belt buckle. Good-by!" she called, and ran laughing out of the house.

Her private road wound through trees to the highway. She ran, crouching, to a cluster of concealing bushes near the foot of her road. The outlaw could hardly have passed yet, for his pace had been slow, apparently that of great weariness. It was annoying that her heart should beat so fiercely, so noisily; she wished to hear the dust-muffled footsteps approaching. The impudent challenge of a blue jay was a trial.

A crunching step in the gravel of her private road startled her. Some one had turned out of the highway. From her ambush she saw the outlaw looking up at her house as he slowly approached it. His audacity surprised and for a moment unnerved her.

"Hands up, Jim Collins!" She was glad that her footing was steady and that her voice rang full.

The man quickly looked round, but he neither cowered nor paled. More, he ignored the twin black mouths open toward his heart, and gazed through the sun-glint on the barrels to the blanched face pressing the stock.

"Lucy!" Only the gladness of seeing her was in the vibrant voice and the glowing eyes.

"Hands up, I said!" She was conscious of the slight tremor in the words, but that made her only the more defiant and determined.

He did not appear to understand; and, rising behind the look of tenderness that she had known five years ago, was a hint of amusement. That was intolerable. Would he be so contemptible as to force the issue of her gun?

"Up with your hands, or I'll shoot!"

She had still more hardened her voice. The man's surprise had held him in a strained posture, but her challenge called him back to an indolently graceful pose, and he said gently: "You don't need the shoulder-aim to cover me. Your arms are shaking already with that strain. Let the gun down to the hip-rest." His tone had the coaxing of the old days.

Without a falter in the aim she lowered the weapon to her hip, and held a light finger on the trigger. She could see that nowhere about the shirt and trousers closely fitting his lean, muscular figure was there any possible weapon; and it was incomprehensible that he should be going to her house.

"Now walk ahead of me down the road," she commanded desperately.

"To the new place that the sheriff bought because it was next to yours?" His tone and look were cutting. A moment before he had pushed back his wide, flapping hat rim, that his open gaze might devour her.

Her face flamed.

"He ain't at home," Collins calmly added.

"But he—" She stopped. Collins must not know that she expected to meet the sheriff and hand over the prisoner to him. "His man is," she finished.

The fugitive's eyes deepened, and there was scorn in the glance that he dropped to the handcuffs in her belt. "So," he slowly said, "you intend to keep me covered while a hired man handcuffs me. No you won't, by God!"

That was his old reckless, imperious pride; but he could murder a fellow-man, and like a coward stay in hiding for a year.

His face cleared, and a sad tenderness alone remained. More and more came to her the realization that she must maintain a brute advantage—the man was fighting for his life with weapons that were efficient before gunpowder was invented.

His pride suggested a new way: she would put him on his honor in a fashion of her own. "Will you let me handcuff you, Jim?" she asked breathlessly.

A sudden blaze in his eyes paled her cheeks, and she discovered that her aim was a fatal yard off. She quietly righted it, but he paid no attention to that. His silence was undurable.

"Lucy," he said at last, "you was n't never no fool. You saw me goin' to your house open and unarmed, when I knowed you was huntin' me for my life. Did n't that mean nothin' to you?"

"I—I don't understand, Jim."

"Tom—he's mighty—"

"Yes. He may pass away at any time."

"Poor Lucy!"

He turned his hungry eyes from her and looked abroad over the shining hills and from ridge to ridge of the ascending mountains. A pathetic loneliness rested on his handsome profile and tall figure. It was incredible that the daring, careless range rider of a few years back should come to be thus miserably circumstanced, he who had walked high roads in the confidence of men. She found it necessary to prod the memory of her wrong.

"You dare to pity me!" she cried, "the man who killed my husband and brought my brother to his deathbed!"

He did not reply, nor did he look at her when he spoke again: "Does Tom know that he's goin'?"

"Yes, but he says nothing."

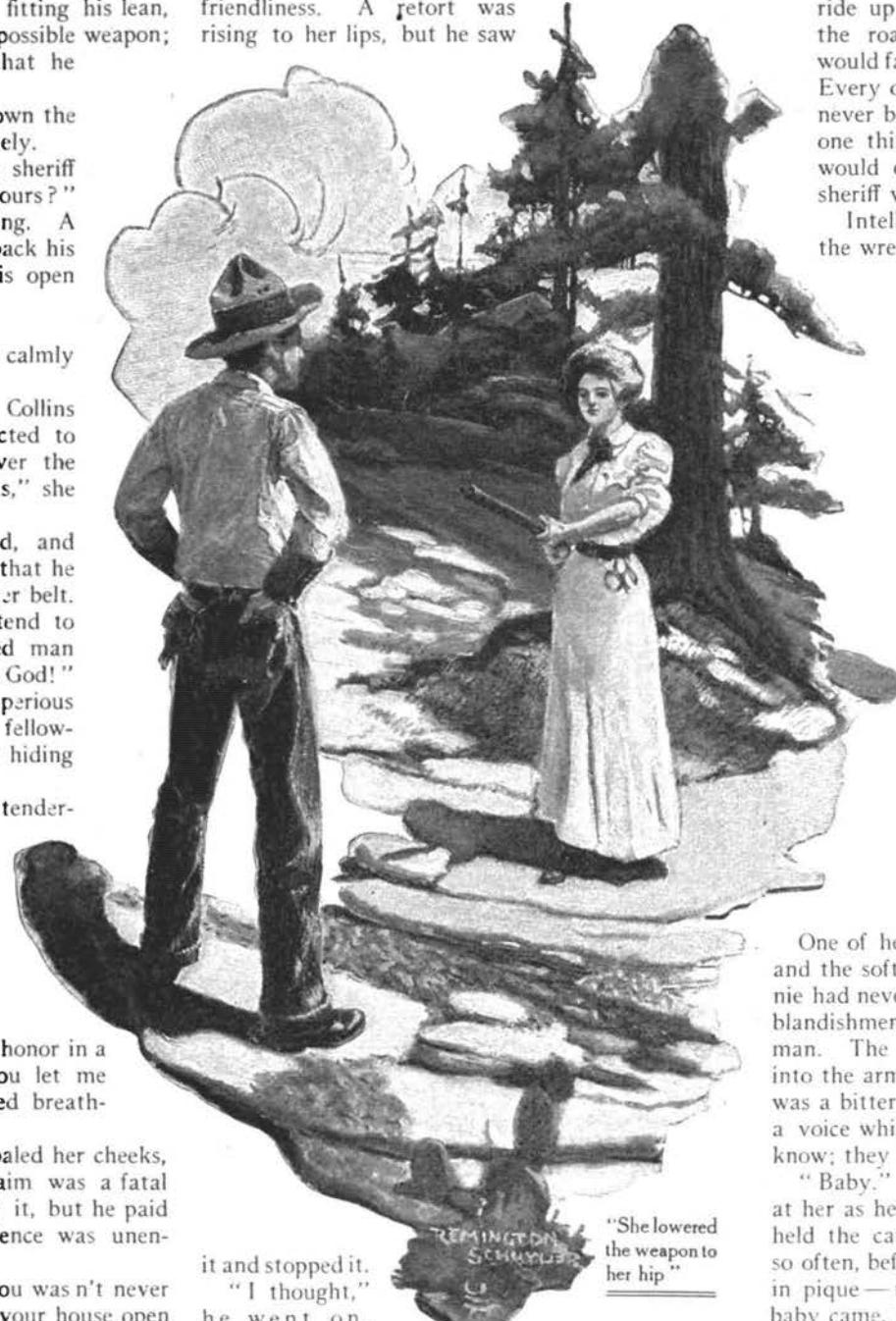
"Has he ever told you anything?"

"About what?" She was growing im-

patient, but delayed under the fascination of something mysterious in his manner. Seemingly he was restrained by want of liberty to speak.

The outlaw sighed. He turned to her with a patient smile, and, ignoring her question, said, "I did n't think you'd waylay me, Lucy. I was goin'—"

She felt in her face the stinging flush that silenced him, and the quieting banter in his eyes was a challenge to the old friendliness. A retort was rising to her lips, but he saw



"She lowered the weapon to her hip."

it and stopped it.

"I thought," he went on, "you'd be settin' peaceful at home, side o' Tom, in the sweet, quiet way that you know. I s'posed I'd find you there, and then we three would have a talk. Tom is good at heart. He always was." Collins's head was bowed.

The deputy sheriff could not disengage her attention from the pathos and appeal in the rich, caressing voice singing unconsciously in her wretchedness, till she became aware of physical pain, and discovered that sustention of the hip-rest was becoming unbearable. With the pain ran uneasiness for her brother and her child. Nannie usually sang when outdoors. In the mother's excited condition the child's silence was ominous.

Next she found the gun-stock resting on the ground, the muzzle pointing to the zenith. When she looked up, with a flush, the outlaw was standing at the graceful ease which only men of the mountains know, his arms folded, his longing gaze upon her.

She idly gathered up the gun, but did not aim it; that had become a sham. It was necessary that she know whether her brother and child were safe. But another and a new

dread assailed her—the sheriff must be nearly due. Then, with an overwhelming sense of shame, she realized that she wanted the murderer to escape. All her efforts to whip back the cherished desire for his punishment were futile. The imminence of the sheriff called imperatively for quick action, for that officer would do his duty if he found the outlaw. She could not invite her husband's murderer to her house and hide him there; yet, unless something was done immediately, the sheriff would ride up and find the man standing in the road; then two fine, strong men would face each other in a deathly silence. Every one knew that Jim Collins would never be taken alive; there would be but one thing for the sheriff to do. Collins would only smile if she told him the sheriff was coming.

Intelligent thinking was impossible; the wretched woman could find no way.

In her despair, she heard the piping of a child and a patter running down the road. At the last turn Nannie saw the strange man before discovering her mother, and halted in embarrassed surprise.

"Run back to the house, dear," said her mother.

"No, come to me," persuaded the man, kneeling in the road and holding out his arms.

His tone sent a flutter to the woman's lips. Nannie, with but a glance and a smile at her mother, went shyly forward and placed her hands in the outlaw's. His gaze into her face was eager and long; she steadily returned it, and in her eyes was a child's deep understanding.

"Lucy's baby," he said, as he folded her in his arms.

One of her hands was free. It stole up, and the soft palm rested on his cheek. Nannie had never yielded to the sheriff's laborious blandishments; yet the sheriff was a good man. The baby's instinct led her straight into the arms of her father's murderer. There was a bitter ache in the woman's throat, and a voice whispered in her heart: "Children know; they know!"

"Baby." He held Nannie off and gazed at her as he had at her mother; and his voice held the caressing note that she had heard so often, before she had married Luke Gordon in pique—never to regret it, for when the baby came, her happiness had no shadow.

"Baby," he repeated touching her plump throat, "I must kiss you right there."

With a gurgling little laugh she raised her chin and he kissed her.

The deputy sheriff dragged her breaking heart from the picture, and quietly set her gun behind a tree. "Jim!" she called.

He peered into her face.

"Go!" she said in an agony of haste and fear. "I give you your life. I can't bear to see you touch my baby—it is horrible. I can't—Oh, Jim, have that much mercy and manhood left! Go!—go now, for the love of God. The sheriff is due!"

From the quick distension of his nostrils and the ridging of his cheeks, she saw that she had let slip a fatally disclosing word. He rose slowly. A dimpled hand tightly clutched his finger, and his grasp closed over it.

"The sheriff is due," he dully said. "I see. I hear he's been courtin' you."

Her quick flush deepened as she realized that it was a confession.

Mournful and humble, the outlaw went on: "Lucy, don't make another mistake in mar-

The LONGEST WAY 'ROUND

BY CHARLES BATTLE LOOMIS

Illustrated by BAYARD JONES

OH, HOW HOT and ill-tempered most of the home-goers felt that muggy July afternoon! New York is *not* the hottest city in the world, but after a day when the thermometer has climbed heatedly to ninety-five and there is not a breath of air stirring, it would be easy to find thousands ready to say that New York is the hottest city of which any one has ever had knowledge.

Across City Hall Park a peevish and slatternly looking woman was pushing a baby carriage, while behind her lagged a white-faced boy of some three sad years. Clasped tight in his claw-like hand was a red cigarette box which he had picked up from the dirty pavement because its color had appealed to him.

Suddenly the mother missed him in the crowd of home-returning business men and women, and, turning back, her face took on a look of sudden anger.

"You drop that, you!" said she, and snatched the harmless but offending box from his little hand, flinging it almost in the face of a young man who was hurrying westward to one of the Jersey ferries.

The action caused the young man to pause in his homeward flight, and he saw her rain blows with her palm on the face of the tiny loiterer. He also saw a pretty young woman rush forward from the crowd and catch the little fellow to her arms, facing the angry mother and saying, "You ought not to have a child."

"You mind your own affairs," said the mother, angrily. She snatched at her child, but the pretty girl wheeled around, thinking that another blow was coming to the boy.

"Good for her," said the young man to himself, and decided to take a hand in the incident. He walked over to the mother and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, hitting a little kid like that."

The mother turned on him. "I'd like to know what concern it is of yours how I treat my own child?"

The pretty girl had set the little fellow down. He was bawling as loudly as somewhat feeble lungs would admit. The angry mother yanked him off his feet and gave him a shove that sent him to the ground.

By this time a crowd had formed around the quartette, and questions as to what was the matter began to be bandied about.

"Poor little chap," said the pretty girl; but this time she did not lay her hands on the little fellow, who stumbled to his feet and, whimpering spasmodically, tottered along by the side of his hot and angry mother, who made her way across the plaza.

"Such a woman ought not to have any children," said the young woman to the young man, and although ordinarily he was bashful in women's company, he replied: "You're right. She must be drunk. See the welts she raised on his face."

The crowd, not

having found out what was the matter—after the manner of crowds—dispersed, and the young man and young woman, friendly in their common excitement, walked on toward the Jersey ferries.

Suddenly the young woman uttered an exclamation.

"I've lost my pocket-book!" said she.

"Dear me, that's too bad," said the young man, wondering at once whether he ought to offer her his own purse and not knowing what to do.

"It was in my hand when I saw that awful woman hit that child."

"Suppose we go back and look for it."

"Thank you, but I'm sure I didn't drop it."

"Say," said the young man, "you don't for a moment think that I—"

"Why, of course not. I've seen you on the ferry-boat lots of times."

Naturally a young man who has been seen on a ferry-boat lots of times would not pick a pocket, and Philip Alden was glad that his regular habits had stood him in good stead. What a remarkably pretty girl she was! What a delicate pink and white complexion she had; how daintily her ear lay close to her head, and how gracefully her hair grew around it and her temples. And how independently she carried herself. She certainly was a stunning-looking girl. And by "stunning-looking girl" Alden meant to convey to himself the impression that she was daintily pretty. He did not give use to many adjectives, and any girl who was more than ordinarily pretty was stunning.

"Oh, bother!" said the young woman, in a tone of vexation. "I didn't have much money in my pocket-book, but my commutation ticket was in it—and to-day only the sixth!"

"Look here," said Alden, impulsively, and then hesitated.

Miss Nellie Cawthorn looked there and saw a pleasant-faced fellow some two inches under six feet in height and of athletic build. She knew what he was going to offer, and she also saw that he was shy, so she determined not to help him out, as shyness always stimulated her powers of teasing, which were not small.

"What do you want me to look at?" said she.

"Oh, nothing! I was wondering if you'd let me buy you my ticket—" He saw his mistake and began again: "I mean if you'd like to have me buy, myself, your ticket—"

"But I've lost my ticket, so how could you buy it?"

They were walking down Warren Street, and she, bachelor-maid that she was, felt quite at her ease, and delighted in his tongue-tied state. She had not only seen young Alden on the boat, but she knew who his people were, and when he should have found words to express his meaning she was going to accept his kind offer of advancing her money for a ticket to Maywood, where she and her widowed mother enjoyed suburban life.

She had had three brothers older than herself—he had evidently never had a sister, or he would not be so diffident.

He made another manful attempt. "I mean I'll get you a ticket and then you can give it back to me whenever you want to."

"Yes, but the conductor will take it up before I have a chance to give it back."

Seeing his baffled air she felt that she had gone far enough and added quickly, "It's awfully good of you to offer to help me out and I'll be glad to let you do it. You live at Rochelle Park, don't you?"

"Yes; how did you know?"

"Oh, I have a friend there, a neighbor of yours. He's in the *Cosmopolitan Life*—Mr. Sanderson."

"Oh, do you know Frank Sanderson? Say, he's a splendid fellow. Funny I never saw you—if you know him."

"Is logic your strong point, Mr. Alden?"

Alden laughed. "Oh, don't mind what I say. My words always get tangled on the way to my tongue. Say, but wasn't that woman a monster? I wonder if she stole your pocket-book. The way she rained blows on that child—"

"Would lead one to think that she was a pickpocket? I really don't see it that way."

Alden gazed at the girl in admiration (for he realized his weakness in the matter of direct speech) and then, conscious of the intentness of his glance, he looked the other way. She certainly had command of herself and yet she didn't appear forward. He knew he laid himself open to her shots. Hadn't his father always told him that his talk was oblique?

"Well, here we are," said she, "and it's awfully good of you. I'll let you have the money in the morning."

"Yes, I'll insist on it," said Alden quite seriously; meaning that he knew she would not care to be under obligations to him for long, but phrasing his thought badly.

He went to the ticket-window. "One single to Maywood," said he, and put his hand into his pocket.

"Oh, hold on!" said he, as the automaton inside drew a ticket from the rack and stamped it. "I have n't any money."

"Excursion to Paterson," said the man behind, slapping down the money, and Alden found himself alongside of Miss Cawthorn, explaining to her that his pocket had been picked also.

"I hope you don't think I did it," said she, seriously.

His sense of humor came to the rescue just in time to save him from saying, "No, indeed!"

Just then the rush for the boat began. The hand on the clock pointed to the quarter after the hour.

"They never look at the tickets when the rush begins," said he, seized with a sudden inspiration. "Let's run through together. We'll at least get across the river."

She was on her way through before the words were out of his mouth, putting her hand mechanically to her side as if to draw a ticket from somewhere.

The ticket-inspector kept to the spirit of the



"I have n't any money..."

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law, and, recognizing in them both old commuters, let them pass, and they slid through the gate just as it shaved their heels.

"We had n't much time," said Alden, his shyness disappearing. "Now if Conductor Belden is on the train I'll explain what's happened and we'll go through all right."

"Is he the white-mustached one with the spectacles?"

"Yes."

"Oh, he's a dear! He'd do anything for me."

But, alack and alas! Conductor Belden was not on his train that evening. His place was temporarily taken by one of those curmudgeons who draw salaries on all railroads for being disagreeable and strictly literal in their interpretation of the rules and regulations.

When this man came through, Alden began to rehearse to himself what he intended to say—to the effect that he and "his friend" had lost their tickets, but that they would make it up in the morning, as they were penniless. It was not, strictly speaking, because they were penniless that they would make it up in the morning, but it was Alden's way of using English—and Belden would have understood him and passed on with an amused smile.

Box-jawed, walrus-mustached Sawyer came grouchily through the aisles, punching tickets in much the same spirit that he would have punched a face. When he reached an old lady who sat in front of Alden, he received instead of a ticket, a communication to the effect that she had dropped her ticket on the deck of the ferry-boat and it had been blown into the water.

Alden looked at Miss Cawthorn and she buried her face in her handkerchief.

The conductor glowered at her, but he saw before him a woman verging on eighty and eminently respectable.

"Well, I ought to make you get off, but on account of your age I'll let you through. Where are you going?"

"To Paterson. My son will call on the company and make it up."

"Still, it's against orders. I'd be fired if it was found out."

He held out his hand toward Alden.

"I—er—had my commutation-ticket stolen—"

"So did I," said Miss Cawthorn, and giggled. The situation struck her as funny.

The conductor naturally thought that they were mocking the old lady.

"No nonsense, young people," said he. "This is a railroad and not a *vaudeville* show."

"No, but I mean it," said Alden, soberly. "We have both lost our money and tickets, and if you'll let us through—"

"I'm very sorry, young woman, but orders are orders. You'll have to get out at the next station."

"Say, won't you take my watch as security?" said Alden, tentatively putting thumb and forefinger into his waistcoat pocket.

But the conductor with the fierce walrus mustache had passed into the next car.

"I'm awfully sorry they picked my pocket,

but it really is n't my fault," said Alden to Miss Cawthorn. "If you think you can walk to Paterson I'll be happy to accompany you."

"But why go to Paterson when I live at Maywood?" said she, with a captivating smile. And Alden could have blessed the pickpocket.

The brakeman announced the station.

"Here we are," said Miss Cawthorn, cheerfully.

Just as the car came to a standstill, Alden bethought himself of the fact that there might

nearly ten miles to Maywood from here. We'll be eaten alive here in the meadows."

A sudden accession of temper caused her to add, "Can't you think of some way for us to—"

"Look out! Jump to the right!"

Blindly obeying the tone of impassioned command, Miss Cawthorn probably saved her life by springing out of the dusty road just as the red automobile, running wild, passed her. The boys' curiosity had been satisfied. They had wished to see "how she went" and had found out. Both of them were even at that moment in hiding, but the chauffeur of the machine, engaged in slaking an engorging thirst, did not know that he was, so to speak, "on foot," and his machine making for home like a hungry horse.

The automobile whizzed past, and as it did so Alden flung himself impetuously at the side and managed to tumble in head first. A moment later he had made his way to the vacant driver's seat and had put on the brake.

"A man who can't take any better care of his machine than that does n't deserve to have one."

"Any more than that awful mother deserved that poor little boy," said Miss Cawthorn, who had hurried after Alden, fully expecting to see him hurled into the creek toward which the machine had been charging.

"This is providential, Miss—"

"Cawthorn. Yes, it is, Mr. Alden. If you don't get us home now, I'll wish I had n't lost my pocket-book."

Alden burst out laughing. "I'm glad I lost mine. If I'd had money we'd be home by now. Say, this is going to be a lark."

"What are you going to do?" asked Miss Cawthorn, demurely.

Alden, without answering, climbed out of the machine and stepped to the rear in order to read the number.

"By jolly!" said he, slapping his palms horizontally, "I thought so. I thought so." He looked at the wondering Miss Cawthorn and chuckled.

Hurrying toward them came a tow-headed urchin with a bronzed face.

He stopped when he came up to the machine, and looking at the direction in which she was pointed he said, "Gee!"

"You might even make it 'ully gee!'" said Alden, sympathetically.

The boy grinned but said nothing.

"See here, sonny," said Alden.

Sonny saw there.

"Was there anybody in this machine except the chauffeur when it came here? Do you know?"

"When it came here? No, sir; on'y the showfurr."

"Did he come from New York?"

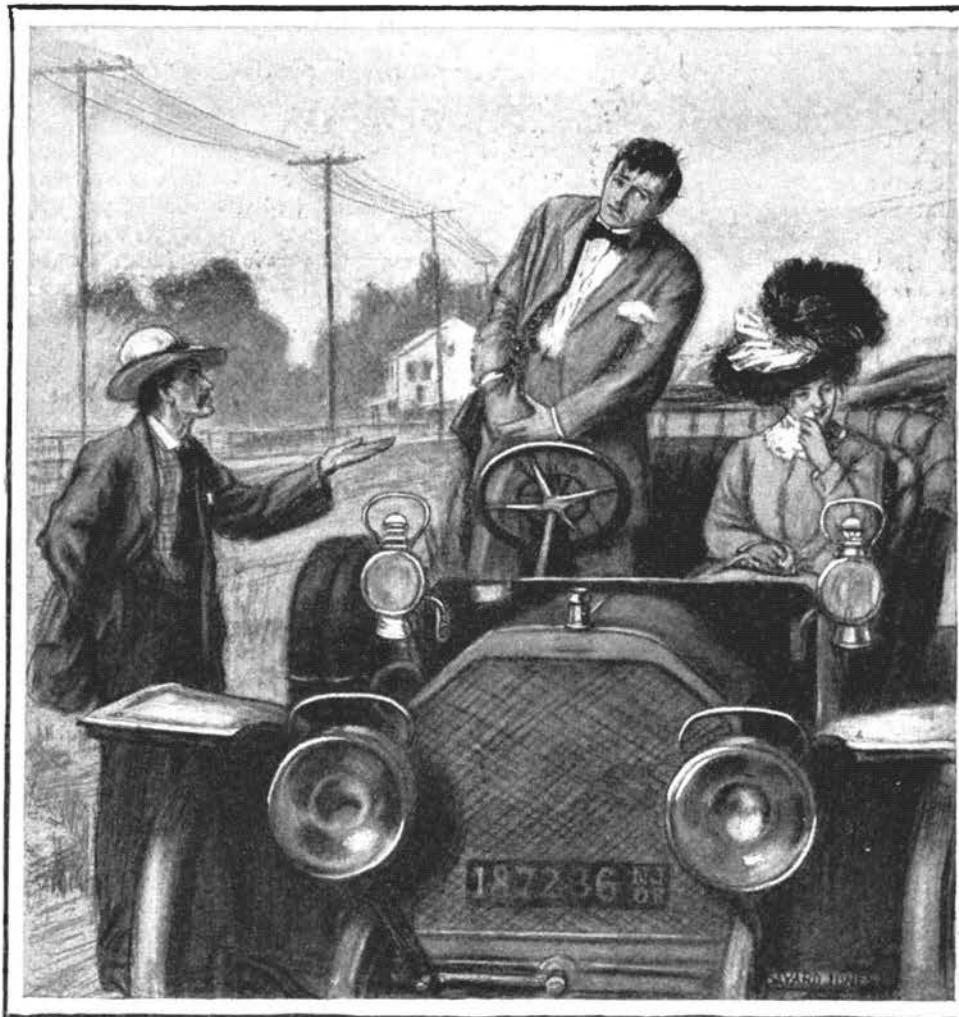
"Yes, sir; he come from New York."

"Is he in that saloon?"

"Yes, sir; he's in that saloon."

"Well, if you want to earn a dollar that you'll get to-morrow, you wait until we're out of sight, and then you go in and tell that

[Concluded on page 574]



"His hand came in contact with a penknife"

be some acquaintance on the train who could lend him money, but the thought was a tardy one and the unpleasant conductor stood at his elbow and said, "Come, now; don't make any trouble. Orders are orders."

The two walked off the train together, each one just a little excited at the prospect of an adventure.

"Suppose we wait for the next train," said Alden, "and chance getting through? We'll at least go as far as Ridgefield Park."

"No, I'd rather walk," laughed Miss Cawthorn, looking across the meadows. "I never did see the fun of being put off cars. What a beast that conductor was! I would n't have believed a man could be so mean—and to a woman, too."

There was a red automobile standing outside of a saloon and two boys were examining its mechanism in a spirit of boyish curiosity. In the southwest black-looking clouds presaged a thunder-storm. The air was almost as oppressively hot as it had been in the city, and a few mosquitoes who had been idling about wondering why it was no fun to attack natives came up to the couple who had just alighted and opened negotiations.

Alden looked in the direction of Ridgefield Park.

"This would be a pleasant walk—"

"If it were n't so unpleasant," concluded Miss Cawthorn, slapping viciously at the mosquitoes, whose choral music was maddening. "It's

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

BY EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by W. C. COOKE

PART II.—Keeping Our Ancestors in Repair

THE country doctor did not evade his duty, or put the deathbed off upon the nurse. It may not be an elegant expression, but it has a grim and sturdy sincerity, and it fits the country doctor: *He was on the job.* It was his deft hands and loving care that eased the dying sufferer. It was his resourceful ingenuity that made wondrous shift with scant appliances. It was he that shaped his back unto the burden of responsibility. They were giants in those days. They were great men, those country doctors, your Uncle Doc and mine. I saw his books not long ago, with the entries of a dollar for a ten-mile visit, and a quarter of a dollar for medicine, in the prim handwriting of the old days. From between the yellowed leaves dropped two papers, one a certificate to teach school (charter of intellectual nobility in those times), the other a contract for, I think, \$12 a month wages for imparting instruction in the common branches in the Lake Grove schoolhouse during the winter term of 1847-48. Sixty years ago! Sixty years? Sixty thousand years, if we compare the life then with the life now.

Uncle Doc was, as you might say, bound out to learn the doctor's trade. He tended the horses, chopped the wood, carried in water, and did the scullion's work about his preceptor's house. When he could, he read up medicine; when he could, he attended medical college for the brief period then required by law. (He had already had a few terms in classical college.) Then he taught school to get the money to buy the stock of drugs the country doctor had to carry in his saddle-bags. After that, he waited for a patient.

Ah, but there's heart-break in those words, "waiting for a patient." They won't tell you much about it, these physicians who have finally clawed for themselves a place to stand in a big city. They will even pass it off with a joke, and try to amuse you with a description of how, lacking underclothing and the means of getting it, they wound their limbs with bandages to hold the body's warmth. But once in a while a grim silence, a sigh, and a shake of the head will let you have a glimpse into those years of mental torture. How they survived that period of enforced idleness (than which there is no greater misery), while their pitiful stock of money oozed and oozed away, is more than I can guess. I do not see how young physicians keep from going crazy. It is too terrible to think of. And it seems so needless. Surely there is a better way of ordering things, not beyond human ingenuity to devise, if once we set our wits to work upon the problem.

It could not have been quite so bad with Uncle Doc, though doubtless it was bad a-plenty. There was work about the place that he could do to take his mind off his anxiety, for it was not then a disgrace to work with the hands. It was not even a disgrace to be poor in those days. People were poor and yet held their heads up. Society was not then so carefully graduated by what a man has, into first cabin, second cabin, steerage; orchestra, family circle, gallery. It was more on the lines of *Be than Have.* And those who had property were, from what I hear, less insolent about it. When a great touring car honk-honks, a-past me I sometimes think I ought not to blame the gasoline for the assault upon my nostrils; I think it's more the odor of the tainted money, the rancid riches.

Anyhow, Uncle Doc, let worst come to worst, could not possibly starve to death. That hadn't been invented in America yet. Nevertheless, I do not doubt those days of waiting were tedious days, and I can fancy what joy was his the time he jabbed his hitherto unbloody lancet into a patient's arm.

Bled patients? Sure he did. They all did. And before you hook your nose too high at such a barbarous practise, please to remember that it cured sick folks. It killed some, too, but what would you? Also, please to remember that hot applications operate upon precisely the same principle of relieving interior turgescence as venesection does, and may be described as "bloodless bleeding."

He gave calomel and jalap by the ton. I make no doubt. And, though you sneer at that, I'll tell you that modern medicine counts it a sign of good sound common sense in the practitioner who prescribes calomel and jalap when indicated. There are other drugs scheduled to do the same sort of work, but they leave consequences less to be desired. If patients don't do what the doctor tells them; if they munch pickles and chow-chow during a course of calomel and jalap, no doubt they will be salivated and their teeth will spread six ways for Sunday, but that is not the doctor's fault; he told 'em better.

And speaking of teeth reminds me that the country doctor had to draw them when they ached. The dentist's artistry had not then attained the elevated plane it occupies to-day, when everybody's mouth shines like the inside of a communion-cup. I honestly believe the modern dentist has more different kinds of tools than even a sanitary plumber, and that's a whole lot when you come to count them up. The modern dentist hates the worst way to draw a tooth. (I suppose Economic Determinism comes in there as in so many other places. A tooth, once drawn, can nevermore again be treated, filled, crowned, bridged, or in any other way assist in keeping its owner poor. It stops its aching, though.) Nevertheless, if the modern dentist must draw the tooth he has a particular forceps for a particular tooth, and a cruel-hearted, and cold-looking thing it is, too. It puts you so in mind of a successful financier. When you brace yourself in the iron chair and take a tight grip on the arms of it, and make up your mind you'll try to stand it, and he gets that forceps well under the gum and—wait a minute. . . . I feel so kind o' faint. . . . Laws! Why didn't I mind my mother when she told me not to crack hickory nuts with my teeth? Well, anyway, you know he'll get the tooth out without doing more than take the whole top of your head off, and that only in a figurative sense.

Uncle Doc had one implement that did for every tooth, big and little, front and back. It was n't a forceps; it was a turnkey. The real old folks know what that is, and will say so with the cold chills running over them. But you've never seen one, and many a man that you would call old

has never seen one, so with the editor's kind permission, I will give a picture of it here. You see, it's something like a canthook. That loosely pivoted piece that curves slips over the tooth and catches on the inside; the solid cam bears on the outside gum; the operator turns the handle. . . . Let's not talk about it. Something has got to give. Maybe the tooth will come out; maybe it will break off; maybe the jaw will fracture. All those are details. The main point is that if the operator twists the handle, something has got to give, and that's all there is about it.

Bear in mind that in those days there was n't any cocaine or laughing gas, or chloroform, or ether, or any other refuge of a coward. Also, be it remembered that our grandparents were not hung on wires, and did not jump like guilty wretches if a door slammed. They weren't all nerves, living on excitement, worried for the future. They could stand a little pain without yelling bloody murder. The pace of life was not then so killing. It was a new country, and they were new in it, but their mode of life was old, and very little different from what that of their forbears had been any time since iron came into general use. Machinery had not then turned the whole world upside down, and they were not, as we are, trying to walk the ceiling with footgear adapted for the ground.

Then a man made little, but what he made was his. Now he has little more, although he makes ten times as much (I except a favored few, to whom, Mr. Baer tells us, God in His infinite wisdom has given the right to the increase), and that little more is really much less, for it is adulterated, and poisoned, and scamped, and cheated to the last ultimate possibility. What our great-grandparents made was real, for they made it for their own use; what we make is sham, for it is made only to sell. So their food fed them and stayed them, and if they were sick at all it was mostly because they could n't seem to remember that the human form divine is essentially a tube and not a jug.

When it was warm weather they worked out of doors in the clean air. They bent their backs and grunted as they pitched hay, hardening the muscles of their bellies to heave up the weight, so that the play of the large muscles massaged their inner works. They could eat a bushel-basket bare, and they could digest anything short of shoe-pegs. In winter time it got very cold, though. They had only wood to burn, not anthracite, that keeps alight a long time. The northwest wind all the way from Yukon and blowing across a snowy continent searched for every crevice to get in and warm itself. It started the goose-flesh on their backs, the while their faces blistered by the fire. There is no greater bodily misery than to be chilly a long time. So before frost came they banked their houses, and stopped up every crack, and took a case knife and stuffed rags between the rattling windows and their frames, until, when winter came,



"They bent their backs and grunted as they pitched hay"

it found the thrifty farmer's house as tight as any bottle. You entered by the back door, for the front room was sacrosanct and, as it were, Behind the Veil. First you let yourself into the wood-shed, and shut the door to after you; then into the summer kitchen and shut that door to after you; then, unless there was cooking going on, you shut its door after you and emerged into the living-room, where the folks sat around a red-hot stove and stewed in their own juices. Save for the air that clung to the clothing of those coming in from the outdoors, no fresh breath blew in that living-room from the time frost came until frost went.

The men folks had n't a blessed thing to do except to feed the stock, and how brief that chore was the old expression, "spring poor," applied to cattle, will tell you. But they had acquired the habit of large eating, for which they were not much to blame, I think, when you consider what that eating was. Buckwheat flour was not then largely a product of the barites mill in Stamford, Conn. Butter was the real cow stuff, and if in winter it was paler than it was in June, they did not put in coloring to fool themselves. Pickles were soured with vinegar made from honest cider, and mustard was not yellow clay. Preserves, and dried fruit, and all the relishes were as good as ever they could be made. Cornmeal mush, fried in real lard, with real maple sirup—I'll choke myself to death if I don't look out—and doughnuts, and dumplings, and apple-butter, and peach-butter, and white gravy, and—oh, what's the use? Only suffer me to point out that they had meat in those days. The sausages you need not be afraid of, and the hams and side meat had that flavor that only comes from hanging in a smokehouse where a hickory knot smolders and smolders. We live in "Jungle" times now, but, thank Heaven! a few of us remain that gratefully remember when we had honest meat to eat. Chicken? Bless your soul, I have long given up all hopes of ever getting a fowl in town that won't taste as if it had been buried and dug up.

Well, you can see some sense in the old-time farmer's eating to pass the time, even if he did fail to stir around as much as he should to work it off. And you will not wonder, if he did, why he had "sech a misery in his insides," not in the stomach—oh, dear no!—but "jest in under the breast-bone, kind o' like." And remember, too, that all this time it was colder than creeps outside. It began to strike into you the moment you went into the kitchen when the fire was out, and it kept getting worse and worse the nearer you got to out of doors, until when finally the last door shut behind you, it was cold enough to freeze the horns off a brass monkey, as the saying goes. So unless you really had to go out, to look after the stock or something important, why—ah . . . er . . . And right here is where the calomel and jalap and the pills that do not in the least taste like caraway-seed candy prepare to come upon the scene.

By reason of breathing the same air over and over again from November until March, they had more galloping consumption then than they should have had. And the country doctor lost more pulmonary cases than he should have lost. But that wasn't all his fault. He did his best to hammer into his people's heads the gospel of hygiene and fresh air. If he did a little lying about the deleterious effect upon a young and pretty girl's complexion of sleeping in an air-tight bedroom, on a feather tick, and under a feather tick, a woolen sheet, two woolen spreads, three blankets, and a counterpane, let it be counted unto him for righteousness. It was the country doctor, too, who first began to spread abroad the wild and whirling doctrine that a body ought to wash himself all over once a week even in the winter time.

They might rip out a cuss-word now and then, the country doctors, when you did n't do as you were told and do it quickly; they might stay away from meeting on one excuse or another; they might even have (I've heard of such) infidel books by Tom Paine and all that "hell-begotton brood," hid behind calf-bound volumes in their library. Even so, the men that leaped from their warm beds in zero weather and galloped against the icy gale, to tend on sick folk from whom they never expected a cent, had more religion in their little finger than some other fellows, that got "shouting happy" and skinned the widow and the orphan, had in their whole body, or else I need a different definition of religion from the one I've got.

Many's the leading citizen that calls himself "a self-made man," who would have

to own up, if you pinned him right down to it, that a country doctor gave him his first start. It may be it was with financial help at the critical moment; maybe with books that broadened his view of life; maybe with that biggest boost of all, a high ideal. Look upon the last half century of achievement, upon the great discoveries that have been made, not merely additions to the sum of human knowledge and efficiency, but multipliers—multipliers—and this thought must come into your mind: Not a man of them could have chosen his career of high enterprise unless it had been shown to him that such a career existed. The country doctor was a student; he was the man of science in the neighborhood. A bright lad was kinsman to him by closer ties than blood. Can't you see what all that means? The country doctor led the youth to Pisgah's height and showed him the Land of Promise that lay beyond the mountains.

Uncle Doc went through the form of putting down charges against the names of such-and-such members of his tribe; for, in a manner of speaking, it was a tribe and he was their medicine-man. But it was a form, that's all. He never expected in the round world to collect it from his lieges. They brought him oats and hay and firing; they even did a day's work for him, now and then, and when he needed real money he went out collecting in a half-hearted way, this year, maybe, along the Sidney Pike; next year, out toward West Liberty. But it was more like tribesmen paying tribute to their lord than settling up accounts.

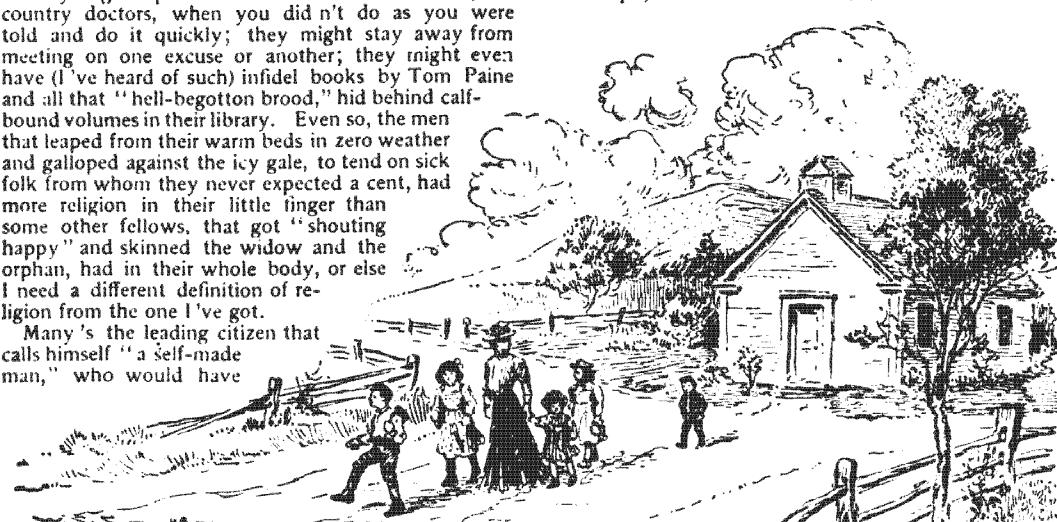
Listen now. There are n't any more country doctors, but such as live in towns and serve the farmers will tell you, the first thing they say about their practise is that they collect ninety-five per cent. of all their bills. It's business with them. If old Jake Rinehart calls them up by phone some nasty, rainy night, and old Jake is slow pay, why . . . Well, business is business, you know.

There are no more country doctors. Do you know why? You remember how Uncle Doc fussed with the hydraulic ram; you remember how interested he was in all kinds of farming implements that

saved labor. They were clumsy things in his day, always breaking down and getting out of kilter, but they have been gradually improving until now their purpose is well-nigh accomplished. They have saved labor without a doubt. They have made the farmer's boy unnecessary, and have driven him to town. The "thrashers" who had such good appetites, and whose coming was a sort of festival, are no longer friends and neighbors, but nomads from afar. You remember the old-time country schoolhouse, chock-a-block with young ones. It is empty as a dried gourd nowadays. I passed by one, in a once thickly settled neighborhood. School had just let out. Five children walked along the road with Teacher.

The Babe of Bethlehem found no room at the inn; the farmer's baby finds no room in the home. Uncle Doc believed in railroads; they would save farmers the long haul to market. They have done that—and more also. The man who buys a farm buys a steady job, and that is all. If he wants more than that he must go elsewhere. And he has gone. And with him has gone the country doctor.

Well, it had to be that way, I reckon. All the old-time ways of living are going rapidly, all the old-time social structures are being demolished by some relentless power which, look any way you like, you shall see at work. Rude shanties though they were, these old-time social structures, they covered their inmates as a hen covereth her chickens, with loving kindness one toward another. We shudder in the ice-cold blast of Business Motives. It can not be that we shall always be left shelterless. It must be that they were torn down that in their stead might rear itself a shelter roomy enough for all. Oh, let us hope so! let us do more than hope; let us lend a hand to make it so.



Would I Change My Work?

By EDWIN MARKHAM

THE thought comes to me sometimes—would I change my life-work, my choice of letters as a vocation, if I had my life to live again? Certainly I would not, for the literary life seems to afford a spacious and exhilarating field for the work of a man who wishes to think and grow. Moreover, literature to me has been, not a preference, but a passion.

That I have been able to follow the choice of my heart places me among the fortunate few, for how many are forced, by the tyranny of circumstance, into lines distasteful to their sentiments! And, no doubt, this misfit of environment and this misdirection of energy are the causes of much of the dilatory and imperfect work of the world. It seems an unfailing truth that the best work, like nest-building and honey-making, must be done in joy. Every one should be as free, at least, as the artist to select his career and to work out his ideals.

I began life as a shepherd boy, and even in those early years I felt the lure of poesy. Many a time I stretched out on a rock, my sheep scattered about me on the hillside, and spent hours poring over Byron's "Cain," and "Childe Harold," dreaming delicious dreams of a rosy future when I should have nothing to do but to read books and to write them.

Since that hour of boyish vision, I have been a man-of-all-work,—a cattle-ranger, farmer, editor, and teacher. But never once did I forget my boyish hope or waver from it—never once did my purpose flag or my interest falter. Into all these paths of life I went with my whole heart; and each task was good for me, for it broadened the horizon of experience—made me know life.

I would recommend to every young man to set his heart upon some wise, central purpose, and to cleave to it to the end. Yet, if he is forced into uncongenial work, let him not sulk and sorrow, but be up and at it with conscience-care, knowing that the first duty of a man is to be manly, and knowing, also, that some day he may need the enrichment and enlargement of this very experience, to fit him for the work of his heart's desire.

My boyish dream, as I said, was for an Arabian palace of the good Haroun al Raschid, where I should have nothing to do but to read books and to write them. But my later, graybeard wisdom tells me that I saw not the perfect joy. My vision lacked something—variety.

It is the monotony of our lives that hardens and deadens the tissues of mind and body. Monotony is a short-cut to the grave. Every man needs the creative in his life no more than he needs the re-creative. The maker needs to be re-made.

So, if I were shaping my life anew, I should add to my chosen vocation a collateral employment as a recreation; for it is not idleness alone that rests one: it is change of attitude as well—change in the direction of one's forces.

Such a collateral employment for my spare hours would help to keep me out of ruts—help to square my thought with the multiform world about me. I happen to know a learned jurist who adds a delicate joy to his life in the practise of music and modeling. He is more of a man for keeping these skylights open to the upper air.

Such side lines need not obstruct the major pursuit of life. This is an important fact, for the gravitation of events is forcing us all to be specialists. The day has gone—or the man has gone—when a Leonardo or an Angelo could be equally apt in several arts.

In an ideal order, I fancy that each man would pursue both an art and a craft—one to "exceed his reach" and lure him on; the other to wreak his strength upon, sure of mastery. With these two outlets—one for his imagination and one for his physical force—a man ought to be on the highroad to happiness. These counter occupations would afford the rational rest for his faculties.

Moreover, this balance ought to help tranquilize a man's conscience; for, in the large view, each man should do a part of what Tolstoi calls "bread-labor," and thus help to equalize the immense burden of the world's physical toil, now resting wholly upon the over-worked millions. Only in some such way, perhaps, can the doors of opportunity ever be opened for all men and women to come into close contact with the refining power of the artistic life.

This idea of distributing bread-labor and honoring it with actual practise was present in the life of medieval Florence, in that golden hour when one, to be a nobleman, had first to learn some trade—when poet Dante became an apothecary's apprentice. It was this idea doubtless, that inspired Peter the Great to be a shipbuilder, and that to-day ordains that each prince of the blood in England shall learn some trade. Pursuant to this idea King Edward VII. is a competent and finished shoemaker.

No; I should not wish to alter my choice. I wish only that I had been able to add to my life the art of music in some of its forms, together with a more persistent practise of some out-of-door labor, side by side with my literary endeavor.



PIONEERERS

THE STRAINER IN A MILK PAIL is seldom fine enough to take out all the dirt, so I use a five-pound sugar sack, placing the top over the pail strainer. In this way every particle of dirt is strained from the milk.—M. C.

IF ONE HAS A SETTING OF VALUABLE EGGS, and one egg has cracked without breaking the thin white inside covering, it can be saved by pasting on a strip of tissue paper. It will hatch as well as any, if fertile. Use cooked flour paste for pasting on the paper.—MRS. C. H. FANCHER.

WHEN MARKING EGGS FOR SETTING, make a circle entirely around the egg. This does away with the necessity of turning an egg over, should you be in doubt of new eggs having been laid in the nest.—TEXAS HOUSE-KEEPER.

MY FATHER OPENS GLASS-STOPPED BOTTLES, when all other methods fail, by putting a loop of twine round the neck of the bottle and see-sawing it rapidly for a few moments. The heat generated by the friction, allows the stopper to be easily removed.—B. F. MACHENRY.

OUR DRAINING BOARD SLANTS so much that dishes are apt to slide into the sink and break. I drove nails along the lower edge, a short distance apart, and slipped spoons over them. This keeps the dishes safe yet allows the water to drain off freely.—MABEL G.

MY CHOPPING BOWLS ALWAYS SPLIT in two until I was taught to fill them with boiling water for a few minutes before using, then rinse with cold water.—L. M. C.

EVERY TIME THE PANTRY WAS CLEANED the medicine bottles were an eyesore to me, both on account of scant shelf room and because they had to be so frequently handled. Running across an old-fashioned clock put an idea in my head, so I pass it along. I had the works removed from the clock and shelves put in; then it was enameled white.—M. M. D.

SPOTS MAY BE REMOVED FROM FAUCETS by mixing three tablespoonfuls of vinegar with one tablespoonful of salt. Apply it boiling hot with a piece of woolen cloth.—M. R. B.

IN TEACHING CHILDREN CONTENTMENT the first step is to show them they can not have everything in sight; that they must amuse themselves with suitable things provided for the purpose. Still, do not expect them to play without playthings. Do not buy large mechanical toys, for children who have to play in small quarters; they cause more trouble than amusement. Get books, dolls, blunt-pointed scissors, scrap-books, pictures, old magazines. Colored beads, with thread, needles, and wax, afford an endless amount of amusement. Even quite small children may be taught to make pretty combinations that will keep them busy for hours.—LUCIA NOBLE.

ON RAINY DAYS I GIVE MY LITTLE FOLKS a box of toothpicks and a quart of peas. Dried ones, which have been soaked, will do. They spend hours making all sorts of "toy furniture," frames, etc., from these homely materials.—G. W. G.

WHEN WAXED FLOORS, OAK OR PINE, need polishing, it may be done with much more ease than when the weighted brush is used, by simply putting a piece of carpet, an old shawl, or any woolen stuff, over a bristle mop. Rub swiftly back and forth. After a little rubbing you will find the floor has attained an excellent polish.—C. H. H.

LEMON-JUICE used in place of vinegar on beets gives a pleasanter flavor.—B. N. M.

WHEN MAKING SPICE-CAKE OR FRUIT-CAKE, mix the spices with dry sugar, and the cake will be darker than if the spices are added with the flour and fruit.—GEORGIE F.

WHEN MAKING TOAST on a gas range, I find it quite a saving of gas bills to place the coffee pot on top of the toaster, which is cone-shaped, with the wires outside.—H. M.

IF SUBSCRIBERS (OF RECORD) MENTION "SUCCESS MAGAZINE" IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, THEY ARE PROTECTED BY OUR GUARANTEE AGAINST LOSS. SEE PAGE 540

MEND BROKEN BACKS OF BOOKS, music, and magazines with passe-partout binding, which comes gummed, ready for use in all colors. A ten-cent roll of the binding will last indefinitely for such work.—H. L. H.

NEARLY EVERY ONE LIKES BANANAS, but some can not eat them because of their indigestibility. After peeling the bananas, take a knife and scrape away the white substance on the outside. You will then find that the bananas are not only digestible but better flavored than before.—E. J. L.

ON THE WOODEN HANDLE of a small Japanese kettle, which stands on our dining-room buffet, I burned the familiar motto, "Keep the kettle boiling." My husband and I pledged to the little kettle all the dimes, nickles, and coppers, which used to get lured from our purses by sweetmeats and countless small luxuries. For nearly a year we have followed this plan rigidly, now we have a new rug to replace the worn one in our living room.—M. C. N.

IN A SMALL ATTIC BEDROOM where there is no room for a chamber-set, have instead of a bureau, a set of drawers of different sizes arranged beneath the slant of the roof. Cut a place in the side-wall the size required and adjust the drawers according to the slant. The top ones are useful for small articles, and the larger size suitable for shirt-waists or skirts.—MRS. C. W. W.

IT IS NOT WITHIN THE MEANS of every one to buy shoe-trees for each pair of shoes, but a good substitute is made by using soft newspapers wadded up tightly and stuffed into the shoes. This keeps enameled kid shoes in a fine condition. If you can not afford a soft polisher, use a roll of cotton around which sew an old piece of velvet. An old tooth brush is excellent for brushing dust from out the beveled edges of the sole.—L. L. M.

THE FINGERS OF OLD KID GLOVES, cut off at the palm and filled with emery powder, then firmly tied at the ends, make excellent needle-cushions. Two or three tied together and fastened by gay ribbons make a pretty little gift.—P. HOLT.

I USE CARVING CLOTHS on my table in order to save the table-cloth. These I make from good damask table linen, and they cost much less than if bought ready made. I select an all-over pattern with a border that is not distinct. A half yard will make three cloths, by cutting the strip in three equal pieces. They can be either hemstitched or scalloped, and will wear splendidly.—MRS. E. W. T.

KEROSENE WAS SPILLED over a beautiful Renaissance centerpiece. I was in despair, as I did not wish to wash it. I buried it in buckwheat flour for forty-eight hours, then I shook the flour out. All traces of the oil had disappeared. It also cleansed the dirt out of the lace.—M. V. D.

WHEN TRYING TO ARRANGE A DARK LAMP for developing plates, it occurred to me to tie red paper around the electric light globe. It was a success. Caution must be taken that the paper does not touch the bulb or the metal fixtures at the top of the bulb which may cause the paper to catch fire.—MRS. E. B. W.

I RIDE A BICYCLE in all kinds of weather and have been troubled with tires becoming porous. I found, however, there was no need of throwing a porous tire away or paying a repairer to fix it. I dissolved as much starch as half a pint of water would hold and forced it into the tire with the pump. The wheel was revolved rapidly a number of times, so the starch would cover the whole inside of the tire, and then the tire pumped up. I have found this an unfailing way to repair a porous tire.—G. W. G.

I SAVE ALL THE LITTLE PILL-BOXES, which have close-fitting covers. When we go on picnics I perforate the tops and fill the boxes with mixed salt and pepper for eggs, cold meats, and other things. Then we throw them away.—G. W. G.



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THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

THE Sultan of Turkey, in a panic over the alarming spread of revolutionary sentiment in his country, has promised a constitution. Perhaps, like his fellow despot the Czar of Russia, his fingers were crossed when he made this promise, and he will take it back when he recovers his breath. At any rate he has guaranteed individual liberty; freedom of religion, press, and education; elections, and representative assemblies—all this in barbarous, autocratic, backward old Turkey!

Before we pour forth upon the Sultan's queer headgear our need of praise for his wisdom and progressiveness, let us remember that the revolutionary "young Turks" have been fighting for decent government for seventy years, and that it is only because they have obtained possession of the Sultan's army that that monarch has been prevailed upon to yield. There seems to be no opening in Turkey for a sultan who has lost his job, and, though not an enthusiast, the "Sick Man of the East" seems amenable to reason of a certain kind. With this change in Turkey's government, the last absolute monarchy will disappear from Europe and the world will take another forward step.

Between Two Williams

HAVING predicted the nomination of William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan, we feel that such an achievement is all that can be expected of us in the prophetic line. Now we shall all resign ourselves to a season of political excitement and industrial dullness, steadfastly refusing to sell wheat or buy shoes until we see that the right William is elected and the country saved from disaster.

Mr. Taft brings into this contest an admirable record for efficient public service, and the cordial endorsement of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan's assets are progressive, democratic ideas, and a loyal personal following. Mr. Taft's handicap is the support of the financial powers; Mr. Bryan's is the seemingly incurable habit of getting defeated. Personal integrity and a sincere desire for the public welfare are common to both of the candidates.

If platforms amounted to anything, the advantage would lie with the Democrats. The Republican platform, thanks to the reactionary influence of Joe Cannon and his crowd, is weak and noncommittal. On the other hand, the Democratic principles, while illogical and disjointed, are more progressive and more acceptable to labor.

You can pay your money—with or without publicity—and take your choice. It is efficiency or progress, action or principle, avoirdupois or vocal powers—every man to his taste.

Put Him to Work

MR. BRYAN proposes, if elected, to make John W. Kern a member of his cabinet. His original idea is that the Vice-President nominated in a great national convention should be something more than an ornamental office boy to the United States Senate. If the Nebraskan were running the household he would make Mary Ann stop playing the piano and help with the dishes.

To Mr. Bryan's proposition the only objection made thus far is that it is unconstitutional. Just what the makers of that venerable document had in mind when they created this office, history does not state; they do say that there were great jokers in those days. We only know that every American boy to-day looks forward to the time when he shall grow up and be eligible to decline the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, and that the American people have become proficient athletes through long practise in running away from this honor.

Since we are such sticklers for constitutionality, why not at least bring that instrument down to date? Of what use is a worn-out constitution of the model of 1789? We propose an amendment providing that the Vice-Presidential nominee be possessed of a fortune of not less than a half million dollars (forfeitable in case of escape); that he live in a doubtful State; that he be nominated quietly so as not to wake the delegates; and that his salary be paid by the comic weeklies.

The only alternative is to make the position one of real importance, and to elect to it men fitted to perform the duties of the Chief Executive which they may at any time be called upon to assume.

Towers of Babel

WHEN the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's forty-eight-story tower began to tear holes in the New York clouds, the people settled back with a sigh

Our Editorial Opinion of Public Affairs and Things in General

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

of relief and rested their necks. At least, they said, there will be nothing higher than that for a while. Now comes the disconcerting news that the Equitable Life will build sixty-two stories, nine hundred and nine feet, up into the air, to say nothing of the flagpole (although they do). On the heels of this announcement comes a whisper that somebody else will make it seventy stories and put a crimp in the pretensions of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Now we are plunged into a mad orgy of planning. Architects tell us gravely that there is no reason why one-hundred-and-fifty-story buildings should not be built safely. If the country will hurry and get to work and send in its savings, New York will pile up steel and stone until the Singer Building looks like a bottomless pit.

Whether these monstrous structures will stand the strain or not—whether every conceivable factor has been taken into account—we do not know; but we are willing to give them the benefit of the doubt. We are less sanguine, however, about the pockets of the people. It is hardly possible that ground is so valuable in New York that a sixty-two-story building is a profitable investment. Still, if the people really want their savings to go into advertising towers and chimes and search-lights to make a New York holiday we wish them joy.

Standard Oil Virtuous

BY THE decision of the United States Court of Appeals that twenty-nine-million-dollar fine of the Standard Oil Company was found to be a horrible mistake. We know now that Judge Landis made one hundred and eighty-nine pages of errors during that historic trial, and that Standard Oil's robes are really as white as the driven snow. The least the people can do, as we understand this decision handed down by Judge Grosscup, to atone for their impoliteness, is to subscribe for the purchase of suitable wings for this virtuous corporation.

We shall not attempt to go into the official record of Judge Grosscup, who put forth this decision, because we have been taught respect for the courts. Some day, perhaps, it will be fashionable to show an equal veneration for the will of the people. In the meantime we hope it is lawful to echo the President's wish that the Standard Oil Company, if guilty, shall not by reason of its wealth and power escape punishment through technicalities.

The Olympic Debates

THE best thing about the Olympic Games is that according to last reports nobody had been defeated. As we understand the meaning of the word "athletic," America won this contest as decisively and with even fewer men than she used in that misunderstanding of a century and a quarter ago. In this country we think that running and jumping and throwing things constitute athletics, and in the track and field events America's victory was overwhelming.

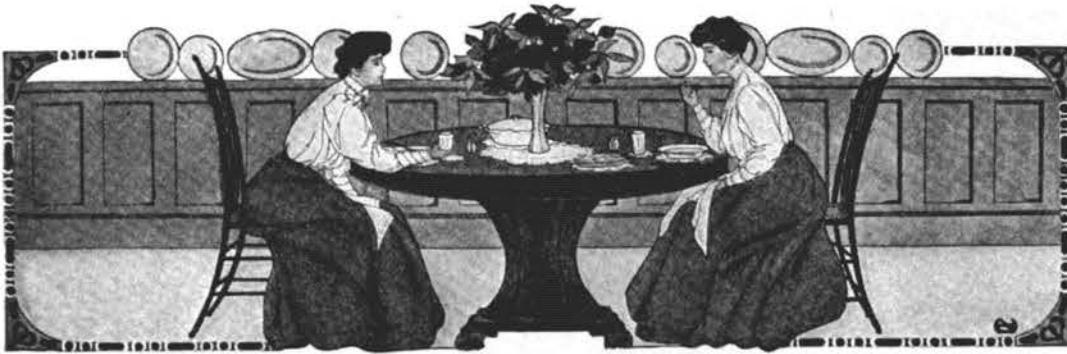
Now England's idea of athletics includes such sports as walking, gymnastic exercises, water-polo, rifle-shooting, tug-of-war, steeplechase, and rowing. Thus, according to the Britishers, the well-known supremacy of the United Kingdom in athletics has been maintained. These are only examples; no doubt there are twenty different ways of keeping score, and that is enough to go around.

There were interesting debating contests too. England thought America should not crowd her athletes off into the tall grass. America couldn't see any harm in that, but thought Italy's runners should run and not be carried. So the merry jests went round and the traditional friendship of England and America grew more traditional than ever, and we do not speak when we pass Italy on the street. The Olympic Games may have set back universal peace fifty years, but they proved conclusively that America's athletes are the champions of the world, if you look at the matter properly.

John Bull Hilarious

BELIEVING that we should keep ourselves posted upon the important events of other countries than our own, we reproduce here an extract from the report of a week's happenings in England.

Her Majesty the Queen and their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Alexander of Teck, and the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein will attend a concert in aid of the Church Army League of Friends of the Poor, and the Princess Club for Factory Girls in Bermondsey, at the Aeolian Hall, New Bond Street. Madame Albani is amongst those who are giving their services.



MRS. CURTIS'S CORNER

No subject aired in our Corner has brought such a flood of letters as the discussion of social lines. Some women heartily agreed with the standpoint I took, others did not, but every letter was interesting. As a rule the writers took a democratic view of class distinctions. A few snobs expressed their opinion of admitting a working girl to their sacred circle, but the majority heartily agreed that any girl, provided she has good breeding, intelligence, and the instincts of a gentlewoman, is fitted to enter the best society in America, even if she does earn her living. Men have done it, why not women?



One writer queries: "Do you believe that any girl who has had almost no chance to mingle in society, could, even if refined and educated, suddenly step into a sphere far above her class, and carry herself so that no one would guess she had once been out in the world earning a livelihood?" Another letter, which came in the same mail, seems to answer it: "Your discussion of society classification brings to mind a case where merit was happily recognized. Some years ago our widowed governor brought home a sweet young bride to be mistress of his mansion. A few weeks previous, she had been an employee in his office. Society rose in rebellion, and at first some women were ready to treat her contemptuously, but her husband took such a loyal, manly stand that every snub resulted in merely shutting snobbish people from the official affairs they loved. It taught foolish women a lesson, and gradually, the sweet dignity of the new mistress of our State won for her love as well as honor. One day the governor, when speaking of his young wife, said: 'I chose her because of many things. When she came into our office, one of a throng of stenographers, I noticed a difference between her and the majority. She dressed very neatly and quietly, with none of the trappings a man objects to during work hours. She did not jingle with bracelets and necklaces; her hair was simply dressed, and—her mind was on her work. Occasionally, when my children came to the office, they passed by girls who flattered and fussed over them, to a certain desk where there was always a quiet welcome and the cordial understanding which children love. She was probably the only girl in my office who never went out of her way to attract my children, yet she was the only one who gained their devotion. A child's intuition judges immediately between real love and its mockery. When I brought her into my home, to fill the place of the mother they scarcely remembered, it was the beginning for them of new love and happiness and for me of a real home again. I doubt if I could have found in our own social circle a wife who could be so much to me as the faithful worker from my office.'"



HERE is a letter which sets one to thinking: "I was much interested in your discussion of social divisions because it is a subject which presses close upon my own life. I went through an Eastern college partly by my own efforts, was graduated with honors, then came back to my home city to accept a position as teacher. I had positions offered in places where I would have had a better chance, both financially and socially, but father and mother in their old age longed for me at home. I am their only child. They had devoted their lives and labor to give me advantages far above girls in my class. It is a small return to add some brightness and comfort to their old age. I spoke of 'my class'; that is where my problem lies. My father is a cobbler; not a shoemaker with a well-filled shop, but a humble workman who, ten hours a day, sits on a bench mending old shoes. I, who know how good, how honest, how faithful he is, love and honor him above all measure. To outsiders he is nothing but a poor old cobbler, and I am a cobbler's daughter. The democratic feeling of our splendid college drew no line between the daughter of a cobbler and the daughter of a railroad magnate. When I returned home it was different. My father's calling did not hinder me from

The Editor of Our Home Departments Gives Her Views on Some Subjects That Are Not Altogether Homely

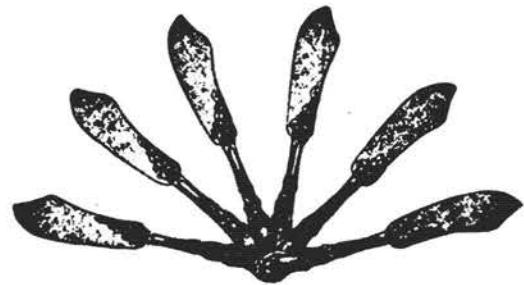
taking a high place in the school faculty, but it stands between me and what is called society, in this New England city. We live in a humble part of the city, with my father's shop in a corner of our little home. We belong to the Methodist church; we know every member in it, both rich and poor. They are friendly—the poor with real friendliness, the rich with a kindly condescension that often hurts. At church socials, and at all sorts of church affairs where one member is as good as another in lending aid toward financial prosperity, our little family receives a cordial enough welcome. There is a friendly comradeship among the teachers to a certain degree; then they separate into classes. Consequently I have very little social life. I do not want to 'break into society'; that is no ambition of mine, because I have little in common with the frivolous set which is generally distinguished as 'society.' What I desire is a certain amount of fellowship with men and women who read the books I do; who are interested in the subjects I study—in the fine things of life, the beauties of nature and art, in poetry and the great questions of the day. To a certain degree I can have something of this in my own home, for my father's intelligence is as high as that of many a man of acknowledged intellect. I also have such love and devotion there as is given to few daughters. Still there are lonely hours, because I live as many women do, in a social interstice."



This letter stirs one to thought and sympathy because of its nobility, its simplicity, its longing for what is right. The girl has too much pride to reach after anything which is not given to her freely. The butterfly girl easily secures social recognition of some sort; this woman waits till it comes to her. It may come bountifully by way of a congenial marriage or an appreciative friend, or it may never come. Who can tell? Such lives as these offer a chance to the woman of wealth and station eager to do good in the world. There is more real charity in offering a quick, appreciative, uplifting friendship to some one who needs it sorely than in turning settlement worker or giving a million to missions. It is not money that is needed in a case like this; it is understanding, sympathy.



A TEXAS reader asks: "Is the North more hide-bound in its social lines than the South or West?" It seemed so to me during a brief visit I made to Boston. I met a few nice people there but I was constantly hearing such remarks as 'She is not in our class,' or, 'Oh, mercy! we can't invite her; she is not in our set, she works for a living.' In our big, free State the woman who earns her living by honest, well-done work is as good as the woman who doesn't. We may not yet have been properly shaken into classes down here, still I think ours is quite a comfortable, social scheme, and vastly fairer for the woman who has to earn her own way in the world." My dear lady from Texas, you guessed right. Boston was shaken into classes two hundred years ago, as your Southern State may be two hundred years after we are dead and gone. It is interesting, as one travels about America, to notice the shaping of class distinctions. In the East, from the aristocratic South to proud old Portland, civilized society is sharply subdivided, probably because it took time to achieve this process. When America was a new country, the pioneers who came drifting across the Atlantic made so sparse a population that class distinction was an impossibility. There were men and women among those early immigrants who had been "somebodies" in the Old World; but while fields had to be tilled and Indians fought off, one man was as good as another. However, as the country grew, in population and power, society began to subdivide, and in the older States subdivision has gone on steadily ever since. The same situation exists in our newer States. Twenty-five years ago Colorado and Arizona could not brag of social classes, to-day the wealthy descendant of an old "forty-niner" would scorn to sit at the same table and eat with a man who delves in the dirt as his grandfather did.



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Send with it ten cents to pay cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of these butter-spreaders.

You will want a whole set when you see it. So we are going to supply you enough for your table—all on the same terms.

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Our usual limit is six to a family, but we will send up to twelve if you need them.

That means you can get \$3 worth of standard silver for 60 cents, simply by proving, for your good and ours, the merits of Armour's Extract of Beef.

The spreaders, of course, have no advertisement on them. They bear only the name of Rogers, the maker, as you find them in jewelry stores.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Making the Best of Whatever Happens

SOME people are thrown off their balance the moment anything goes wrong with them. They do not seem to have the ability to overcome impediments and to do their work in spite of annoyances.

Anybody can work when everything goes smoothly, when there is nothing to trouble him; but a man must be made of the right kind of stuff who can rise above the things which annoy, harass, and handicap the weak, and do his work in spite of them. Indeed, this is the test of greatness.

As a matter of fact, the greatest achievements in all time have been accomplished by men and women who have been handicapped, annoyed, persecuted, misunderstood, criticized. But they have been great enough to rise above all these things and to do their work in spite of them.

Few people are large enough to rise above their aches and pains and disappointments. The majority are always talking about them, projecting their dark shadows into your atmosphere, cutting off your sunshine with their clouds. Their ailments and their hard luck and misfortunes seem to be the biggest things about them. You never meet them but they thrust them into your presence.

The man who is not big enough to rise above the things that trouble him, who can not overtop his aches and pains, annoyances and disappointments, so that they are of little consequence in comparison with his great life aim, will never amount to much.

There is an unwritten law for people who are thoroughbred—the real gentleman and the real lady—which compels them to keep their troubles, their ailments, their sorrows, their worries, their losses, to themselves. There is a fine discipline in it. It mellows the character and sweetens the life. But when these things are not borne heroically, they mar the character and leave their ugly traces in the face; their hideous forms appear in the manner and disfigure the whole life.

Learn to consume your own smoke. If you have misfortunes, pains, diseases, losses, keep them to yourself. Bury them. Those who know you have them will love you and admire you infinitely more for this suppression. A stout heart and persistent cheerfulness will be more than a match for all your troubles.

* * *

The Demoralizing Influence of a "Pull"

ONE of the greatest delusions that ever crept into a youth's head is that his advancement depends upon having a "pull" with people who are influential. His future is wrapped up in himself; the opportunity he is looking for must be born in his own brain; his future must be wrought out from his own mind and with his own hands. It is wholly a question of self-help, self-resolution, self-faith, and grit.

Everywhere we see young men and young women who seem to be waiting for somebody to discover them. They feel that they have ability, but they seem to think that some condition, circumstance, or person is going to take hold of them and give them a boost. They think that they could make progress if somebody would only give them a push; but they do not seem to be able to start themselves.

How many people there are who are just waiting for something to happen—they do not know what, but anything that will change things and give them a start.

If there is any fact which nature emphasizes more than another, it is the fact that inertia is always death. Not to move of oneself, to stand still, is paralysis—paralysis of faculty, ambition, or ability.

Isn't it a shame to see strong, well-educated young people in this land of opportunity waiting for somebody to help them, many of them idly standing around for years hoping that somebody will give them a boost? Even while they are waiting, poor boys and poor girls with fewer opportunities and advantages forge their way unaided, and reach the goal first. No other lesson a youth ever learns is as valuable as the one that, whatever he makes, whatever he becomes, he will, in the main, make himself. If we analyze the

success of self-made men, we find that a very small percentage of it has come from outside help. They have blazed their own paths, forged their own way. Self-help is the key to all power. Help yourself and be strong; wait for others to help you and be a weakling.

It is pitiable to see the sons of wealth lifted into positions which they have no strength to hold, because they have not developed the necessary mental and moral muscle by climbing to them. And there is no other way of developing mental and moral muscle but by climbing. For one to be lifted into a position without any previous training or preparation for it is positive cruelty. I know young men who are nominally heads of great concerns, who are constantly mortified by the consciousness that men below them deserve the positions which they hold, and are infinitely more capable of filling them.

Nothing in this world can compensate for the loss of self-respect; and no man can respect himself for accepting that which he has not earned. No man can feel that he is quite honest when he is given, through a "pull" or influence, a position that others have honestly earned. He can not help feeling mean every morning when he goes to the office or factory to take a position which some one else ought to have. His sense of justice is outraged, his sense of fairness protests; his self-respect is wounded, his independence crippled, and he is so much less a man than he would have been if he had squarely and honestly earned the position in equal competition.

I know a young man who, without any training whatever, was put at the head of a department of his father's business, and he so fully realizes that there are employees under him who are infinitely better fitted to fill his position that he has never been happy, and he is consequently shorn of his power. This position has been a perpetual humiliation to him. He is conscious that, when he goes around among the employees and gives orders, he does not know half as well as they what to do.

There is only one way for a youth to grow strong, and that is by depending upon himself. What a miraculous change we often see in a boy who has been pampered at home, allowed to lie abed as late as he wished, and to work when he felt like it, when he is suddenly cut off from his home and thrown upon his own resources without any possibility of help or support from his parents! When he finds the props knocked from under him he realizes that he can no longer lean, that it is a question whether he will acquit himself like a man, whether he will hold his head up and be somebody in the world, or will be content to be a nobody. His pride is touched, his ambition aroused, his determination comes to the front, and, if he is made of the right kind of material, he finds within himself a wonderful power coming to his aid which he never before knew he had. Now he must plan for himself; no more leaning, no more following, no more depending upon others. He knows he must stand or fall by himself, and he wants to show all who know him—some of whom, perhaps, predicted that he would never amount to anything—that there is something in him.

Whatever you accomplish in the world, resolve that it shall be your own, every bit your own, all your own. One of the saddest delusions that ever deceived a youth is the idea that somebody can help him, that he can gain something by being boosted into a position instead of getting there through the drudgery of earning it.

How it increases your self-respect, your sense of manliness or womanliness, to know that you have leaned upon nobody, imitated nobody—that in the climbing you have developed the strength that will make you stand firmly in your position!

* * *

The Biggest Day in the World's History

SOME one says, "Upon the brink of mighty things we stand."

Never before in the world's history have we stood upon the brink of such mighty things as we do to-day. All the past ages have been a snowball rolling up to this day. It is a summing up of all the centuries. It is a storehouse into which the ages have poured their

treasures. Every inventor, every discoverer, every thinker, every workman who has ever lived has contributed the results of his efforts to this day.

To-day is the biggest day in the world's history, because it is made up of all the days that have gone before it, and in it are packed all the success, all the achievement, all the progress of the past. What a starting-point for the youth compared with the corresponding date a century or even a half century ago!

How we have been emancipated from drudgery by steam, by electricity, by the discoveries in chemistry, in physics! What immunity, what emancipation we have won from the discomforts and slavery of the past! The masses to-day have luxuries which the world's monarchs did not enjoy a century ago.

* * *

The Current that Sets Toward the Dollar

Is it not a fact that, with a few grand exceptions outside of our business Napoleons, America with all its vast possibilities and resources, its wonderfully stimulating conditions, and all its brag and bluster, has produced very few *master men*?

There is no other country which gives such encouragement to young men, which gives such a powerful stimulus to ambition, such liberty of choice and such freedom of pursuit of the ideal, as America; and yet the great trend of American ambition sets toward money-making, and not man-making.

This current that sets toward the dollar with such terrific force, sweeps in the majority of our youth, and often silences the call of art, of music, of literature, of scholarship, the call of the pulpit, the call of useful service, the call of the school and the college.

In spite of teaching and preaching the contrary to our children, the whole atmosphere of their training is so strongly surcharged with the dollar that it tends to cover up their aspirations for higher things.

Their pastor, their teacher, the books that are put into their hands, tell them of the beauties of man-making, woman-making, life-making, but the actual examples about them are nearly all set toward the dollar. In all sorts of ingenious ways they see men everywhere fighting like demons for the dollar. Everything seems to center in it. Everybody around them seems to think that the possession of money is the possession of power; that money will buy about everything that is desirable.

Brought up in such an atmosphere, is it strange that the children should catch the contagion?

How few youths start out in life with the determination that they will first be real human beings, and second, business men! It is usually the reverse.

The youth finds everybody struggling and straining for the almighty dollar, and he can not be blamed for doing himself what he sees older examples all about him doing.

He may have an idea struggling within him that making a life instead of a living ought to be man's first great aim; but somehow, before he realizes it, he is putting the greater emphasis upon the dollar.

Changing life into dollars and pleasure seems to be the dominant note in the lives of a large percentage of Americans. Whatever else comes to them is merely incidental, and, as a rule, was not deliberately planned.

With most Americans the struggle is not for character, is not for usefulness, not for the building up of a magnificent manhood, a well-rounded, symmetrical, complete character, not the making of the world a little better place to live in, but to get more money. This is the great life burden, and there is nothing too sacred to grind into dollars.

We coin our ability, our energies, our health, our friendships, our homes, our families—everything into the dollar. All the finest sentiments and graces are crushed out in the scramble.

* * *

The Man Who Is Always "Just Going To"

He was just going to pay a note when it went to protest.

He was just going to help a neighbor when he died.

He was just going to send some flowers to a sick friend when it proved too late.

He was just going to reduce his debt when his creditors "shut down" on him.

He was just going to stop drinking and dissipating, when his health became wrecked.

He was just going to provide proper protection for his wife and family when his fortune was swept away.

He was just going to introduce a better system into his business when it went to smash.

He was just going to call on a customer to close a deal when he found his competitor had preceded him and secured the order.

He was just going to quit work awhile and take a vacation when nervous prostration came.

He was just going to repair his sidewalk when a neighbor fell on it and broke a leg.

He was just going to provide his wife with more help when she took to her bed and required a nurse, a doctor, and a maid.

He meant to insure his house, but it burned before he got around to it.

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Everybody—Nobody

"You have come to see us at a bad time," said the Best Citizen. "Everybody has gone away for the summer. I would not be here myself if it were not for some unexpected business matters."

"What do you mean?" queried the Man from Mars. "You say that everybody has gone away, and yet the streets seem to be actually crowded with people."

"Of course; how stupid of me!" returned the Best Citizen. "That is one of our idioms, you know. I mean everybody who is anybody

has gone away. The workers are all here, to be sure."

"Who is anybody?" persisted the Man from Mars.

"Well, you see that is another of our idioms," responded the Best Citizen. "I hardly know how to explain it. It means anybody who amounts to anything."

"Don't the workers amount to anything?"

"Well, not in that sense. Of course they amount to a good deal in their way." The Best Citizen was beginning to feel that he was in deep water.

The Man from Mars reflected a moment. Then he said: "I don't wish to be discourteous, but about the only distinction I can gather from your explanation is that anybody who has gone away for the summer is somebody, and anybody who is compelled to stay at home is nobody."

"Very clever, very clever," agreed the Best Citizen, passing the whole subject off with a hearty laugh and pressing the button for a drink.—ELLISS O. JONES.

Second-Story Bill, the Pious Burglar

[From Advance Sheets of a Coming Six-Best Seller, by A. Thriller.]

"HUSH!" whispered Second-Story Bill, in a low, guttural tone, as a sound from the directors' room fell upon his ears. "Drop them tools, Jake. I hear some one movin' around in the bank."

Jake obediently dropped the kit to the floor with a loud clang.

"Who's there?" came a startled voice from the other room.

"My heavens, this is awful," moaned Second-Story Bill, dashing a tear from his eye. "He asks me who I am, and I promised muh mother I would never lie! Ah, well," he added, with a heartrending sigh, "a promise is a promise, and I will keep mine."

Then he called aloud.

"I am Second-Story Bill, the Pious Burglar," he said. "Who are you?"

There was a cry of joy from the other room, and in the open doorway the figure of a man appeared, a smile upon his face, and his hand outstretched in welcome.

"I am the president of this institution," he explained. "I was afraid you were the receiver, but, thank Heaven, you are only a plain burglar. We may be able to arrange a settlement that will leave something for the depositors."

And hand in hand they went at the safe together.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The Head of the Firm

THE interested parties may not yet have heard about this flurry in financial circles.

It is stated that not long ago Kuhn, Loeb, and Company, the New York bankers, had occasion to send some bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan about noon on Saturday, and as all the other employees had gone home the colored porter was intrusted with the errand. He was told to go to Mr. Morgan's office and to insist on giving the package to "Mr. Morgan, of J. Pierpont Morgan and Company, and to no other person."

By continual repetitions of these instructions to all who stood in his way, he finally broke into Mr. Morgan's presence, where several gentlemen were in session, and, wiping the big drops from his



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brow, blurted out, "I wants to see Mr. Maw-gin uv J. Peahpont Maw-gin en Cump'ny."

Mr. Morgan arose and said, "Well, I am Mr. Morgan, of J. Pierpont Morgan and Company. Who are you?"

"Who—me?" said the porter. "Why, I'se de coon of Kuhn, Loeb, and Company, and heah's de dockymints I done brung ye."—P. V. BUNN.

Isn't It Odd

THAT it is usually the man with nothing to do who can never spare you a moment?

That though "love is blind" it can "always find the way?"

That a good lover is not good if he's too good to be true?

That an author's royalties are often far from royal?

That in the mathematics of matrimony one and one make three?

That once a fellow wins a girl's hand he is under her thumb?

That the well-to-do man is generally hard to do?

That a heart must be broken several times before it is rendered unbreakable?

That gilt-edged security often is guilt edged?

That the big responsibilities of marriage are the little ones?

WALTER PULITZER.



Cromwell's Sneer

"I WENT to see 'The Merry Widow' the other night," said Charles the First. "It was entrancing. I quite lost my head over it."

"What, again?" said Cromwell.

He Had Another Name for It

J. F. JOHNSTON, the new United States senator from Alabama, is an ardent agriculturist. One day, shortly after retiring from the governorship and returning to his home in Birmingham, he donned his overalls and went to work in the garden.

A society lady, a newcomer, entered the yard to call on Mrs. Johnston. Her ring at the door not being answered, she walked into the garden.

"How long have you worked for the Johnstons?" she inquired of the man she found there.

"A good many years, madam."

"Do they pay you well?"

"About all I get out of it is my clothes and my keep."

"Why, then, come and work for me," she said. "I'll do that and pay you so much a month besides."

"I thank you, madam," he replied, "but I signed up with Mrs. Johnston for life."

"Why, no such contract is binding. That is peonage."

"I have always called it marriage," replied the Senator.—E. E. POE.

September, 1908



Good English

A FRENCH lady living in America engaged a carpenter to do some work for her at a stipulated price. She was surprised later to find that he charged more than the price agreed upon. When she attempted to remonstrate with him, however, her English failed her and she said, "You are

dearer to me now than when we were first engaged."

Might Have Hurt the Railroad

WILL IRWIN, the writer, tells this one on himself: "Riding recently in a parlor car, I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was being attacked by a band of train robbers. Springing to my feet, I leaped upon the nearest robber, grasped him around the neck, and proceeded to pommel him. Suddenly awaking, I was covered with confusion, realizing that I was assaulting an inoffensive passenger of Hebrew extraction. I was attempting to stammer out my apologies, when he interrupted me with a cunning grin.

"That's all right," he responded, "it did n't hurt me. But," he added, in a confidential whisper, "if you bad hurt me, do you think I could have got damages from the railroad company?"

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Water

THIS necessary product is used in bath-tubs, Wall Street, and California wines. It is one of our absolute necessities. It is all that the Panama Canal lacks. Mixed with earth, it makes a splendid and universal campaign material. It also furnishes a fine covering for some of our seaside belles, and in the form of lakes is used extensively in summer for rowing and spooning purposes.

It usually comes in drops, the only difference between a puddle and an ocean being the quantity used. It is also useful to carry germs to and fro between counties.

Water is of three kind—salt, fresh, and fire. Salt water is polygamous (see Salt Lake City), fresh water is lacteal (see city dairies), and fire water is elevating (see Kentucky).

Served in the form of wines, it makes a delightful irrigation course; in brooks, it is used as a trout apartment; and in pipes it aids the plumber in his mission.

In drops, it has been known to wear away a stone in the course of hundreds of years; in tears, it accomplishes the same result on a heart of stone in less than a minute; it is even (sprinkled on babies) a passport to heaven. But it is the cause of much crime; without it no one would lie about the umbrella he has stolen. Yet it is responsible, very largely, for the roofs over our heads. Although we can not get along without it, we are damming it continually.—T. L. MASSON.

Seeing Oxford

AN OXFORD student was showing two fair cousins through Christchurch College.

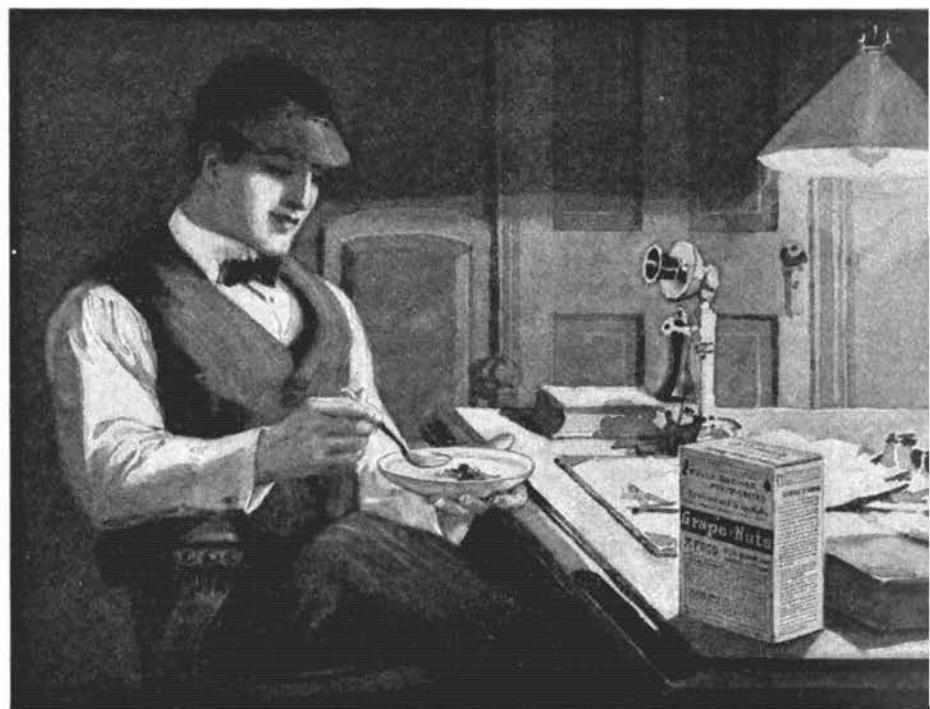
"That," he explained, "is the picture gallery; that, the library; and that tower contains the famous bell, 'Great Tom of Oxford.'"

Stooping quickly, he picked up a stone and sent it crashing through a second story, ivy-framed window, where there immediately appeared a face, purple with rage.

"And that," added the young man, helpfully, "is the Dean."

Thus it was that he came to leave one seat of learning for another.

SIDNEY STARR.



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If the man who is compelled by necessity, or impelled by ambition, to work at night, will avoid "stimulants" and lunch on

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THE WELL DRESSED MAN

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[Ask any question that puzzles you about dress. If desired, your name will not be used, but please attach it to your inquiry. It is preferred that questions be of general, rather than purely personal interest.]

Good old tennis, which has been somewhat shunned aside by newer sports, such as golf and motoring, has come into its own again. As a tennis player must be very agile and sure-footed to keep the ball skimming, he should be dressed very lightly and comfortably. An ideal garment for tennis consists of a shirt and drawers made of one piece. The shirt has half-sleeves and the drawers come to the knee. The special advantage of this shirt is that it can not creep up and crumple in front, thus keeping the wearer acutely uncomfortable and forever tugging at his waistband. This tennis shirt is made of white linen or madras. Flannel trousers are best suited to the game; white duck is no longer worn, as it belongs more properly to yachting, and, besides, is prone to become stiff and harsh. The shoes are white buck or canvas with rubber soles. White lisle socks are correct, and, indeed, white should be used in the costume as much as possible, as there is no color more cool and grateful to the eye. The belt accompanying the trousers is made of white buckskin or silk webbing, or, if one wishes a picturesque touch, a silk handkerchief may be passed through the belt loops and utilized as a belt. Hats are generally not worn, as they hinder more than they help.

Formal riding dress—and this includes polo and hunting—consists of the regulation cutaway coat with white buckskin breeches, high Russia-leather boots, and a silk hat. The growing freedom, however, in dress for all occasions makes it quite unnecessary to "dress up" on horseback, and hence a cutaway or sack suit of serviceable tweed will answer for every ordinary use. Leggings are either the standard "Stohwasser," fastening with straps, or the "Newmarket," which are buttoned on. Spiral puttee cloth leggings are a style borrowed from the outfit of the British officer in the Indian service. They look both graceful and becoming when worn with an English khaki "raider" hat, which is simply a broad-brimmed soft hat dipped in front and having a brown, red, or yellow ribbon.

If a sack suit be worn on horseback, the derby hat accompanies it. In cold weather a shower-proof covert coat will be found a very useful outer garment. Its shortness leaves the legs free and does not impede one's movements. For country riding, which is apt to be rough work, and where there are long stretches between shelter, a long, full-skirted, waterproof coat is often worn. This is cut so as to cover both rider and saddle and trail behind. It is, indeed, much like a spacious blanket, and, it being possible to shorten it to the size of an ordinary covert coat, is well named the "Equipee."

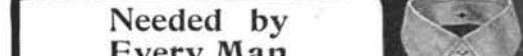
Very similar is the riding "slip-on," a long, loose, shower-proof over-garment which shields the rider from chin to ankle and is yet light enough to be packed into a small space. Besides the derby, soft felt hats of many sorts and shapes are correct with the sack suit. Cork riding-helmets are an English idea. They are generally confined to polo. Silk-velvet caps are used for "meets" and hunting parties.

For general country use the belted Norfolk jacket is the only garment worth considering. It has clung because there is nothing to take its place. Long trousers accompany it if one is engaged in some sport or game in the open. If, however, there is tramping to be done through woods and underbrush, "knickers" will be found much handier and less prone to gather burrs and thorns. Besides the standard tweeds and cheviots, Norfolk suits are also to be had in corduroys and khakis for shooting and hunting. These sturdy fabrics resist a really incredible amount of wear and may truthfully be said to improve with use. To be sure, there is a multiplicity of special leather garments for hunting and the like, some with cartridge pockets, but these, being intended for particular requirements, need not be considered within the necessarily brief limits of this article. High hunting boots with laced bottoms and a strap top are made of waterproof elk-skin and have hobnailed soles. Stout storm shoes of tan leather are also used. In England, where hunting is the preferred pastime of every country squire, folding shooting seats are much used.

To sum up, dress simply and with special regard for the task to be done. Style may well be sought, but comfort and utility are the prime considerations.

Call one a thief and he will steal.—Japanese Proverb.

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SEE PAGE 540

At the Threshold of Flight

[Concluded from page 556]

of floating in a balloon. It is quite unlike anything else; it is as if you were floating yourself, unsupported. Even at the start, when you spring from the earth in a minute two thousand feet in the air, there is no sensation of the balloon; there is no lifting pressure under your feet; there is no sensation of weight. You go up like a disembodied soul. To some persons the earth seems to drop away and they to be remaining stationary. To me, however, there comes the marvelous feeling of going up, without weight.

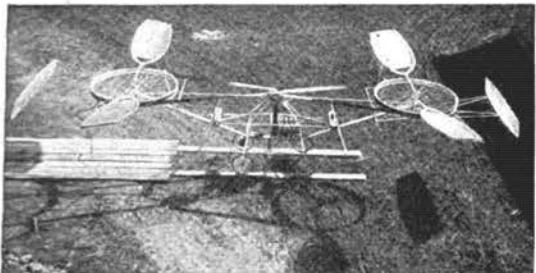
Once in the air you look down upon a view which you can not get from any solid structure, for you see not only all around you but also beneath you; the distance to the earth is so great and the car is so small that you can look under it. It is as if there were no car at all, and yet there is the rim of it, comfortably reminding you, if you have a moment of fear, that you can not fall. But you do not have moments of fear. The nearest sensation to it is of awe, and mystery. Nothing



Bleriot's Model No. 8

is as it is upon earth. The laws of sight are bewildered. If you need to leap over a mountain you throw out a scoopful of sand; you can not see yourself rise, but presently, over the crest of the mountain come up the summits of the peaks beyond, as though some one were pushing them—and in a moment your peak flattens out, as you look from above upon its slopes. It is a metamorphosed mountain and no peril. You can not tell by anything below you whether you are rising or falling—though you may rise or fall a thousand feet in a minute, you do not know it—unless you are near a cloud.

To climb a cloud for the first time is rather awful. One of those great masses of cumulus looks almost as solid close at hand as it does from below. It is an entity, like the balloon, floating with you—and if you watched the clouds before you left the ground, the vicinity of one gives you some conception of how high you are. There it is, beginning, perhaps, twenty feet away from you, and looming above you hundreds of feet, like a mountain. It shines in the sunlight with a glory matched in no earthly object except an iceberg.



The "Helicopter"

It has been my lot to see, in arctic regions, some hundreds of thousands of icebergs close at hand, and I have always believed them to be the most beautiful objects on earth; but the clouds of the sky, close at hand, are almost as beautiful. If you mount above one of these majestic things, swiftly overtaking one by one its folds and wreaths, and if remembering how high it is you look down and see only small green patches of earth through holes in the cloud carpet below, you have a little thrill of conception of how lonely a man would feel, falling away down there, and not being able to see the spot where he must alight. It is a safe little thrill, however; you know that you are not going to fall. Such dizziness as some persons feel in standing near great heights on the earth is almost unknown in ballooning.

The amazing thing is that the great pleasure of this avocation has been within our reach for more than a hundred years, and that we have neglected it. But we are neglecting it no longer. It is safe to predict that within ten years there will be in America no city of fair size without its aero club.



*Joy is not in things, it is in us.—Charles Wagner.
"Nothing has more resemblance to death than idleness," said Frederick the Great.*

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And our sox are soft, thin and cool.

You can pay more for unguaranteed sox, yet they lack all the advantages.

See "Holeproof" Sox at your dealer's. Let them sell themselves to you. Please note that the only difference between the best unguaranteed sox and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" wear longer. Notice how soft and light they are. Then let them show how they wear.

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If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Sox, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. (Remit in any convenient way). Mail this coupon to us and we will ship you the sox promptly and prepay transportation charges. And remember—the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you. If the sox come to holes and darning within six months, you get new sox FREE.

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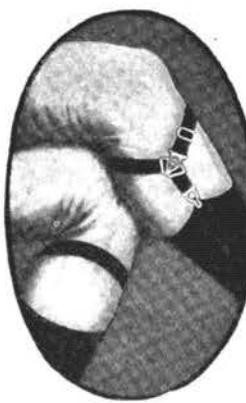
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No. 14

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The Longest Way 'Round

[Concluded from page 562]

chauffeur that if he wants to know where the machine he's supposed to be taking care of is, he can call up his master and tell him it's all right. I know where this belongs. And you be at the 8.30 to-morrow morning—"

"There ain't no 8.30," said the boy.

"Oh, that's so! I was thinking of Rochelle Park. Well, she leaves there at 8.30. I don't believe she stops here, but I'll wrap it up in a paper and throw it to you. Is it all right?"

"Sure. She's the one with the deep whistle. I'll be there."

Alden looked back to the saloon. Suppose the chauffeur came out. He would knock every atom of romance out of the situation, because beyond a doubt Alden could engage him to take them home, and he wanted to do the escorting without help.

"Now, Miss Cawthorn, if you'll get in I'll run this machine right by your door. When it comes to automobiles I'm at home sitting on my front piazza enjoying myself."

"Does that mean that you know nothing about them?" said Miss Cawthorn, half hesitating as she put her foot on the step.

"No, no! I've often run father's. Please get in before that faithless chauffeur comes out. I want to teach him a lesson. To tell the truth the man who owns this is Jim Ludington, a neighbor of mine, and I happen to know that the machine has been in New York getting ticked up. His man is suppose to be bringing it out. He's a drinker and Ludington has threatened to sack him. Now he will do it. And he ought to. He'll be surprised when I run the machine in."

"Is n't this a jolly way of going home!" said Miss Cawthorn, gaily, as he started and she sank back on the cushions. "How providential!"

"Well, rather. I'm almost glad that cruel mother biffed that little kid. Only for that I would n't have had the pleasure of seeing you home."

Master of a machine, Alden seemed to have lost his diffidence. In fact he was not unlike a small boy who is at first too shy to say a word to any one, but, who, properly encouraged, monopolizes the conversation. Alden felt that the whole affair was so out of the ordinary that time-honored conventions did not hold. Here he was seeing a very pretty stranger home in another man's motor which he had seized for the purpose. She understood his motives and the best of it was that she could never again be a stranger to him.

The breeze that their speed caused made the need of a motor-veil apparent, for it blew Miss Cawthorn's hair into a disorder that he thought becoming, but which she thought distressing, being neatness personified.

"Do you go to New York regularly?" he asked, as they spurned the beautiful meadows.

Her smile was saucy and joyous—it was, strangely enough, her first automobile ride—as she answered, "Yes, that's why I commute."

"Oh, yes; I might have thought."

"It's not a bad plan," said she. "I'm studying law with Tracy and Olmsted."

"Why, I'm studying law in the same building with Odyke, Turner, and Chauncey."

Miss Cawthorn burst into a merry laugh.

"Now what's that for?"

"I was wondering if you were saving your logical sense for your law practise."

"Oh, I can be logical enough when there's any great need of using my brain. The logic of this situation is that perhaps you'll let me call—er—"

"Call what, a cab? This is really much better."

"That is n't worthy of you."

"Hm, what do you know of my worth?"

"I can guess it from your face. If we are both studying law we might help each other. How—how is your mother?"

"Pretty well, thank you, except for a slight cold."

"Look here, can't a fellow talk English so that it won't be twisted?"

"A lawyer ought to be able to. Is that why you are studying law?"

Alden made no reply to this, as his attention was suddenly called to an obstruction in the road in the shape of three or four men to whom his horn seemed to mean nothing. He slowed down, for one of the men was signaling him to stop.

"What's the matter?" said he, angrily. "I was n't overspeeding."

A man of glum countenance held his hand up authoritatively and Alden came to a dead stop. The man of gloomy visage walked around to where he could see the number, and entered it in a note-book. He then opened the door and entered the motor.

"Do you know where the court-house is?"

"Oh, mercy!" said Miss Cawthorn, realizing at once what had happened.

"Yes," said Alden.

"Well, you drive there as fast as the law allows. Why?" said he, asking himself the question. "Because I say so. Why do I say so? Because you are charged with stealing an automobile. Start her up."

Alden looked at Miss Cawthorn and his face reddened.

"I'm sorry I've lugged you into this. I never thought of that fellow being vengeful. Do you want to get out?"

"No, I'll see it through. I'm a witness."

It was at that very moment that Alden realized he was in love. He had always believed in love at first sight, for so his mother had loved his father, but it had fortunately never come to him before. Fortunately, because he had never met any one as worth loving as this divinity.

"See here," said he to the official, suddenly, and acting quite on impulse; "you know as well as I do that I'm no thief. The owner of this machine is Mr. Ludington, my next-door neighbor in Rochelle Park, and I stopped it when it was running wild and am on my way to restore it. The chauffeur was drinking in a road-house and knew nothing about it until I was out of sight, and then I suppose he telephoned to the authorities here to hold me up. You've done your duty. I think now you had better let me go. My father, Judge Alden, is well known in this county."

The glum-looking man allowed his eyes to wander over Alden's face and figure. He appeared to believe the evidently true story of the young man. In fact he now remembered to have seen him in this very machine. He could easily give it out that Alden had escaped from his clutches, while the conclusion of the matter at the court-house would be the very prosaic one of the release of Alden and no money for him.

"Stop the machine and let me out," said he, in an offensively friendly tone. "I recknize yer. Why? Because I seen yer with Mr. Ludington in this very car. Where's the money for me trouble?"

Alden glanced at Miss Cawthorn. She would soon be at Maywood and he would have a great story to tell to Ludington. But the matter of bribing the officer disturbed him. What would his father think of it. The old gentleman had old-fashioned notions concerning the giving and taking of bribes.

He put his hand into his trousers' pocket. It came in contact with a penknife and his night-key.

Miss Cawthorn held her handkerchief to her face and he caught the words "more logic."

An impulse to put on full power and escape came to him, and his hand went out. But the dishonor of such an act speeded past the impulse, and he said simply, "I forgot I had n't a cent. Get back."

But when the constable was back in his seat once more Alden turned to him and said decisively, "See here; I'm going to that court-house by way of Ludington's and if you stop me—" He hesitated.

"I'll swear that you were willing to take a bribe," put in Miss Cawthorn, suddenly. "Now if I were you I'd get out at once, because Mr. Alden has you beaten."

The constable's brain clouded. Then the possibility of a reward flashed across it. "See here," said he, "who's in charge of this machine? Meself. Who ought to see it's delivered over to Mr. Ludington? The same. I go with yer."

But Alden was doing some thinking himself. Why give this objectionable person a ride? He had done his duty in stopping a supposed thief. He now knew that it was not a case of thievery, and it was time for him to let go.

"See here," said Alden; "I might have got away from you a moment ago but I didn't. Now I don't need you to show me the way to Ludington's. I have evidence here," he indicated the bright-eyed Miss Cawthorn, "that you asked me for a bribe. I warn you I shall not hesitate to use that evidence. Now—let go."

"All right—all right," muttered the constable. "Don't be in too much of a rush, young man, I'm letting go. I guess I know when I've done my duty."

The man of the law left the machine to the two students of law and love, and the trip to Maywood was far too short. But if people continue to construct speedy machines the making of love must be curtailed, unless the way be long.

* * * * *

"Then you think your mother won't object to my calling, because I'm really anxious to do so."

Miss Cawthorn was on the step of her vine-embroidered house at Maywood. She gave just a suspicion of an extra pressure to Alden's hand, as she said with a bewitching glint in her blue eyes, "I'm quite sure that your anxiety to call won't prevent her from allowing it. Come and tell her all about it."

"I certainly shall," said Alden, giving the hand that was in his a squeeze that was beyond suspicion.

And on the way to Ludington's he thought of at least five different ways of phrasing it.

Not Troubled with Intellect

A PHYSIOLOGIST came upon a hard-working Irishman toiling, bareheaded, in the street.

"Don't you know," said the physiologist, "that to work in the hot sun without a hat is bad for your brain?"

"D'ye think," asked the Irishman, "that Oi'd be on this job if Oi had enny brains?"

WALTER M. WOLF.

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The Reign of Lawlessness in Kentucky

[Continued from page 545]

jurors perjured themselves as lightly, taking indubitable evidence, and returning nonchalant verdicts offhand of the entire innocence of the guilty. The guilty, thus let free, inserted cards in the newspapers thanking a merciful Providence and promising to do as well for their jurors if the time should come when it was needed. And so the whole machinery of justice stood still, its wheels clogged with selfishness and individualism. The Black Patch in Kentucky was nearer absolute anarchy ten months ago than any other portion of America has been since civilization came to it.

Then there came to the Governor's hand another weapon. At Hopkinsville, where "Tom" Underwood had been fearlessly hammering at the Night-Riders in his *New Era*, and Mayor Meachem in his *Kentuckian*, and where Dr. Stites and Major Bassett had aided in gathering together the few brave men who were willing to stand openly against violence—men whose lives were threatened repeatedly and some of whom barely dodged assassination—among this crowd at Hopkinsville there originated a new association called the Law and Order League, carrying its entire purpose in its name. This Law and Order League, thus designed to create a respect for and restore the reign of law, to establish order, to secure evidence against malefactors, to remove disloyal and dishonest officials, and to see that justice reigned in the courts, took a remarkable hold on the people of the city. At that time a wave of fear stifling all with its blighting and depressing effect lay like a blanket of mist over the Patch. The new society came through it like the sun, and citizens of all faiths and of all beliefs as regards tobacco turned toward it. In a few days it numbered one thousand members, and was appealing to the honest and loyal citizens of the tobacco association to join it. In Christian County the grand jury was in session. It made a short adjournment, with no prospects of finding Night-Riders indictments. When it reconvened it carried four new members, chosen under the new régime. In two days six indictments for Night-Riding came from its deliberations, and with that the work was on. Clarksville, Tennessee, a community far less public-spirited and denied the support of a courageous state administration, nevertheless followed suit, and through the Patch went this law and order influence, gaining strength with amazing rapidity.

It is difficult for one living in an orderly and law-abiding community to realize it; yet nothing could have caused greater astonishment and consternation, could have been received with less credulity, than the simple statement promulgated from Frankfort that the Governor intended to obtain legal convictions before juries of their fellows of the men indicted for Night-Riding. To indict is not always the most difficult thing in the world, because an indictment carries no penalty. But an actual conviction is a different affair. So when the time of the trials drew near, in the June term of court at Hopkinsville, excitement all through the Patch and through the State was intense. And for a time the popular disbelief was justified. Matt Gholson was the first to face a jury, and it was charged against him that he had held the horses of a squad of men from Christian County while they engaged in the Hopkinsville raid. The evidence was weak and he was acquitted. Kentuckians shrugged their shoulders and said, "I told you so."

Night-Riders plucked up more courage. Another case came to trial—and there was another acquittal. Then there was a disagreement. And then suddenly the attentions shifted from Hopkinsville to the neighboring county of Marshall and the town of Benton.

When the grand jury at Benton set out to investigate the raid in which the negro tenants were driven from the county and one of them killed, the Night-Riders not only sent them threatening letters, but even marched through the town at night to intimidate them, and on grand-jury day assembled in Benton in numbers—as "citizens," of course—to overawe the jury. Nevertheless the jury did its duty and found indictments.

Now when Hopkinsville had achieved no final result two of the Benton Night-Riders suddenly confessed. They were mere boys, hot-blooded and rash. The Governor immediately mustered them into the militia for their own protection, and in due course they came into court. Their stories were straightforward and apparently true, and they were well supported; yet the first prisoner was acquitted. In the second trial there was a disagreement, and in the third the great victory which marks the turning-point toward the day when jury convictions will be a matter of course. For the third prisoner, a young doctor, was convicted and sent for a year to the state's prison at Frankfort. Only a single victory—and yet a victory; and a token that in the course of time, when the big cases against the real offenders, the leaders and plotters, are called for trial, and Governor Wilson presents the damning evidence he has collected, the juries will decide in accordance with it.

Of course there has been the inevitable retaliation against the Night-Riders in the Black Patch. Those whose barns and crops have been burned and who have been refused protection and the punishment of offenders under the law, soon become desperate enough to take the problem of revenge up for themselves. Most of



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You get this land for \$483, which you can pay in less than three years—\$15 down and \$5 a week—and you then have only four \$39 notes each year for seven years to pay out of your income.

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He can make his little ten acres earn as much as a quarter section (160 acres) unirrigated, would produce—as much as twelve twenty and eighty thousand dollars in cash would bring, loaned out at 6 per cent.

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I have promised to submit the proof. All you have to do is write for it. Will you do that today, even if you can't commence right away? I want the address of every man or woman who is willing to save \$3 a week if I can prove that the result will be financial independence in less than three short years.

There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, but I especially want to hear from the wage-earners. I have worked for fifteen years to develop this Irrigation System and this community. It would be gratifying to me to have those who most need it reap the benefits of my labors.

It will be more convenient for you to address me at St. Louis, and I am equipped there to best answer you.

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A Championship Wrested from England

THE championships which America has won and which have formerly been held by Europeans, or subjects of Great Britain, is a matter which arouses a sense of national pride in all Americans, and demonstrates the superiority of the American when he becomes a specialist. This is not only an era of specialization, a day of specialists, but our country is the foremost country of specialists in the entire world. With brain, with brawn, with push and vim we have acquired more "first places" in more lines than the entire world in the last fifty years. Fifty years ago, though, expert verbatim shorthand reporting was looked upon as an art of the witches, and England was the source of learning in shorthand. While various contests have been held, the world has never seen contests conducted with absolute impartiality, by absolutely disinterested judges and in the interest of seeing "the best man win," until two years ago The Eastern Commercial Teachers' Association decided to hold an International World's contest of stenographers. In the first contest, Mr. Sidney H. Godfrey, of London, England, secured the world's championship medal for stenographers of less than ten years' experience. That contest was held in 1906, and his net speed (after making deductions for errors) was

150 words per minute. In 1907 Mr. Godfrey again journeyed from England to this country to enter the contest for the medal, and although at that time he would have been disqualified had he not won the medal the year before,—because the contestants for this medal must be persons who began the study of shorthand ten

years or less than ten years ago,—Mr. Godfrey was qualified for entry because of having won the medal the previous year, and in 1907, he again won the medal with a net speed (after making all deductions for errors) of 123 words per minute.

In 1908 the real contest was on. The first contests were but "heats," as it were, in the main race, for to win the medal three years consecutively under the terms of its donation entitled the winner to permanently hold the medal.

The interest among expert shorthand writers throughout the entire world was centered upon the contest, which was held in Philadelphia, on April 18, 1908. The accompanying picture shows the result. Clyde H. Marshall's record of writing 242 words per minute (after making all deductions for errors) which is 119 words per minute faster than the net speed of Mr. Godfrey the year before, is the fastest record recorded by any organization conducting a contest which has ever been made by a stenographer of less than ten years' experience.

Are you interested in the kind of shorthand that Marshall wrote? Are you interested in discovering how he learned it? Are you interested in learning how he and scores of others throughout the entire



United States and Canada, and scattered over the entire world, became expert court reporters?

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them know who has attacked them; and if they do not they know the members of the tobacco association, who are in the long run responsible. Accordingly they turn to these. The sting of the lash lasts many years. It has been the growing fear of those in authority that there would be engendered hatred and feuds which would cause trouble for more than a decade to come. Sometimes the retaliation has been very swift and sure. Thus during the past spring a band of young men, many of them sons of well-to-do farmers, went out marauding near Clarksville, Tennessee, and among others whipped Henry Welch, a farmer. Welch telephoned the sheriff, who declined to interfere. He then called upon some private individuals known to be opposed to Night-Riding, and a band of them on horses and in buggies left town to find the Night-Riders. Some of the Clarksville party were members of the association, conscripts, hating the whole affair. They came upon the Night-Riders about three in the morning at a bend of the road and emptied a volley of buckshot into them by way of greeting. The masked band turned and fled, panic-stricken at the first sign of retaliation. In the morning the body of Vaughan Bennett, a farmer's son, was found in the road beside some masks, empty shot-guns, and dead horses. His brother, was at home severely wounded. The Night-Riders, cowardly, as had been expected, had fled without attempting to aid their wounded comrades.

Night-Riders, too, have received some rough handling upon their raids. Near Adams, Tennessee, a band—perhaps of the same men, perhaps of Trigg County men—attacked a farmer named Lawrence while he, with his son and a negro helper, was loading his tobacco on wagons in the night to make a daylight start for market. They rode up from several directions and opened fire. The men retreated, wounded; but the old man, with three shots in his body, took a stand and emptied his seven rounds of ammunition at them from his shot-gun. He shot down one, who was carried away, and wounded others, but was unable to stop them, as he had no more ammunition. They burned his barns, killed his horses, and dynamited his loaded wagons; then rode to a neighboring farm and burned the tobacco there.

In Clarksville one night three negroes attempted to fire the Regie warehouse of Sory and Hays. The watchman saw them, and, as they ran, shot them by the light of an electric lamp they were passing.

These are but a few of the instances in which the Night-Riders have met reverses. In all, according to the figures collected by Governor Wilson's detectives, sixteen Night-Riders have been killed in their raids and perhaps forty wounded.

All this is the story of the Black Patch. In the Burley district there has been another tale to tell. For several years prominent leaders of the Burley district had tried to form a pool in tobacco which would give the farmer a better price, give the pool a profit, and leave the tobacco company a wide margin. Instead of encouraging the independent manufacturers and creating competition, all these projects had been designed to make a tight combination between the American Tobacco Company and the growers. Mr. W. B. Hawkins, of Fayette County, was an able leader in this work and by partial pools which he formed did more than any other man to maintain a fair price for Burley during 1904 and 1905. At last, working under the American Society of Equity and the Burley Tobacco Society, a great pool was formed which obtained a third or more of the 1906 crop and more than half of 1907, in all about one hundred and sixty million pounds of Burley tobacco. By providing regular warehouses they were able to store this and to give receipts which could be discounted at the bank, most farmers getting five to seven cents a pound advance, which was as good as the going price would have been but for the pool. With this immense amount of tobacco—held at a round price of fifteen cents—off the market, prices went steadily up; but they did not reach the figure of the pool. Occasional low-grade lots were sold by the pool, but no high-grade. When the planting season of 1908 approached it became evident that unless no crop was planted that year the pool would be broken. Only by an artificial shortage could the price be raised. The over-production had been extreme. Accordingly the Burley and Equity societies decided to cut out the 1908 crop. To a considerable extent this was done in good will. Members of the societies voluntarily pledged themselves to grow no crop. Outsiders in large numbers agreed to help the societies out. When it became evident, however, that a considerable acreage would be planted, the fear—and the threat—of Night-Riding became immediate, and the whole power of the State was stirred to maintain peace. This was not the lawless section. This was blue-grass, the rich and prosperous, and its adjoining counties; and yet the threat of Night-Riding was in the air. J. Campbell Cantrill, state president for the Equity society, went on tours about his district urging peace, decrying disorder, arguing against it, and yet with a subtle word letting the poorer farmers know that if it must come—well, who could help it? I have been to his meetings and heard farmers coming away say: "That feller's all right. If we can't stop it by argument—why, Night-Ride a little, hey?"

Yet from the inevitable disorder the Burley society kept its skirts remarkably clear. Its leaders had too much at stake. Like those of the Black Patch they

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were fixedly at work trying to form a combination with the American Tobacco Company—to the exclusion of the Independent—which would leave but a single buyer and a single seller in the field; and they feared the denunciation which wholesale Night-Riding would bring upon them. Yet the example of the Black Patch was over the land. What would work there would work here, said the farmers; and as spring advanced and plant beds were prepared and sown the violence began.

It broke out all at once—everywhere. There was no organization at large as in the Patch; no army moving about. Here were thousands of farmers whose money crops for two years were in the storehouses; whose whole profit for the years depended upon the maintaining of a monopoly for the pool this year. Every outsider who grew a crop reduced their chances that much. So bitter did they grow that Hiram Hedges, an independent, was shot dead in his doorway at midnight, while he stood beside his wife pleading his willingness to destroy his own tobacco. Whippings, barn-burnings, and other lawlessness broke out in Bracken, in Nicholas, in Henry, and in many other counties. The State, with trouble enough in the Patch, grew desperate. The Governor called out his militia and sent them to all the strategic centers, and following his traditional policy sent detectives and spies into the land to get his evidence. Instantly he came into conflict with the Burley Tobacco Society. To him the whole tobacco question was a thing aside; they could settle it as they would, but they must not break the law. To them the Night-Riding was a minor matter. They were, nominally, battling with a trust. (As a matter of fact they have studiously refrained from harming the Trust and have sought to deal with it.) Every blow he delivered against the Night-Riders they interpreted to be a blow at them, and the traditional feud of blue-grass against Louisville flamed into a hatred for the Governor.

In the border counties excitement ran to a fever heat. In Henry County, where the Burley society controlled about half the members, the Governor's stand at once stirred to action Judge Benjamin F. Hill, the county judge. Confident in a support at Frankfort which the Beckham administration never gave, he has stood for months gripping both sides and holding them to order. An independent himself, he has declared that every man shall follow his own conscience under the law in Henry County. With a pack of bloodhounds he has tracked down both Night-Riders and anti-Night-Riders. All sides look alike to him, and the men in jail will be tried with equal impartiality. There is peace now in Henry, armed peace. Guards patrol the country roads and the bloodhounds are in leash. But were it not for the determined stand of this one fearless man, backed by the chief executive of the State, the hills of Henry would have run with blood and the story of the fight up there would have been the most terrible in Kentucky.

The plant-bed season is past now and the crop is in the field. Here and there in an Equity district is a patch guarded with rifles. In the hill counties there is one-tenth of a crop—one-tenth of a crop of Burley tobacco this year means success to the pool. By next winter the existing pool will be closed out at a round price of fifteen cents a pound, and every man who has an acre of tobacco land will plant it in order to get some of the same price in the following year. Then the fight will have to begin all over again, and to keep on until the Governor, awakened to the other side of his responsibility, and the Burley and Equity societies, awakening to a new knowledge of their capabilities, set out together to find a rational solution under the law for the distress of the growers.

In the Black Patch the courts are trying Night-Riders, the militia guards the towns, and there is peace. But it is a peace in which twenty thousand members of the association are fretting over their own enforced membership; in which a few stockholders are piling up thousands of dollars of profits a year; in which the "hill-billies" are waiting for their vengeance. Next January forty thousand three-year pledges expire, and no man will remain bound to the Planters' Protective Association. Then what will happen?

What will happen then? Will the Night-Riders ride again, by the light of burning houses and barns, with lash and thorns for farmers and their wives? In Kentucky, Governor Willson says not. The first sign of open Night-Riding will see the state troops again in the field. But far more will be done by the citizens in their own counties. They have learned something about the power of the State to protect and to punish. It is certain, too, that there will be fewer to turn to the ways of violence. But if the worst happens and the masked marauders do come out next season, there will be juries and cells waiting for them, and it will be many years before the lawless in Kentucky forget how Governor Willson put an end to anarchy.

As above the oyster the starfish, the porpoise the whale, so above all matter does the human being rise preeminent.

Some one has defined happiness as "the constant pursuit of an agreeable object with a sense of continual progress."

A bishop used to say to his children when they had used some new article of comfort, "There, you have added to your troubles by a new want!"

The Betty-Bob Housekeeping Co.

[Concluded from page 558]

"No, I think we are two very healthy individuals." "What have we gained then, by our experiments?"

So we counted up together. We had saved three dollars and twenty-nine cents in one month, lost our appetites, considerable weight, and had made ourselves just miserable. The next night we spent all our savings on a Christian dinner—five grand courses and happiness!

MAY 3.

Mother, economy can be positive fun; it opens up such unexpected ways. What do you think we have now? A fireless cooker. I read about it and Bob and I made it ourselves out of a grocery box, which we filled with hay except where we scooped out holes, and then we lined it with dark-colored cloth. I made a big hay-stuffed pillow for the top and it works beautifully. And we have lived better and cheaper. I can use less expensive meats; even shamelessly aged fowls are translated into good dinners, all the more welcome after last month's peanut orgy. And another thing is, I can go out, knowing that the dinner will cook and yet not burn.

That fireless cooker has taught me how wasteful I have been when handling the range, in not turning the gas low after the boiling point was reached. Then I bought some gas range pots shaped so two can cook over the same burner. Using the kerosene lamp in the living room helps too, and altogether I have cut the gas bill from two and a half dollars to one, and feel competent to take a professorship in bill reduction.

Bob and I held a conference, with the result that the janitor's sixteen-year-old Miranda comes up to help me in the morning. She can't cook yet, but she can sweep and dust and wash floors, dishes, and clothes; in fact she has performed all these domestic duties for a family of five. She stays until after the lunch dishes are done, and I pay her two dollars and a half a week. It relieves me greatly, and costs no more than paying thirteen dollars to the laundry and to the scrub-woman, as we did last month. I shall still send Bob's collars and shirts and the sheets and towels to the laundry (forty cents a dozen, flat work—the only reasonable prices on their list). For twelve dollars I could get a raw country girl to stay with me, but I have no room for her in the flat, and boarding her would be too expensive. There is still another solution—the popular one in this house—have a woman in for two days to do the heavy work. Mrs. Colbert, upstairs, has one come on Tuesdays to clean and wash, and on Saturdays to clean and iron. She says she prefers not to have any one every day, as the flat's so small, but I revel in having the dishes done—I save them up in heaps for Miranda. It's all a matter of preference, for economically it's the same thirteen dollars a month.

JUNE 1.

I am engaged in two struggles: with the food question and with Miranda's moral nature; and between them I'm a frazzle. Miranda shows a deficiency in her sense, or powers, of veracity. A cut-glass dish disappeared. Miranda denied all knowledge of it, and Bob on inquiry had none. The next morning we had a talk. If neither Mr. Bullard, nor I, nor she?—an emphatic denial—knew of its disappearance it must be somewhere in the apartment, being wingless and legless. Then we searched all the likely places; then the unlikely. It was an instructive sight. Miranda, wriggling beneath the bed, gravely reported, "No dish, ma'am."

"But it must be somewhere," and the inexorable search continued, under the couch, beneath the desk, in the waste-paper basket. At last a despairing voice:

"I remember now, Mrs. Bullard; the dish broke itself, and I forgot to tell you."

John Macy, in Bob's office, sent word that the flat beneath him was vacant. It is as pretty as this, the rooms a few inches larger. It sounded tempting with its twenty-four-dollar rent, but when we counted up, this being steam heated and that not, we found that we would save nothing and gain only coal dust and trouble, and we thankfully remained.

That reminds me of our food inquiry. How ignorance lays us open to hard knocks! It's a doleful story. The Macys were here to dinner ten days ago, and I wanted everything to be nice. It was, but the Food Account box yawned at me in emptiness the next morning. Well, for two days the left-overs did, and for three we had baked beans (cheap by the fireless) and potatoes and rice, which were in stock; then Bob got sick, so he didn't eat on the sixth, and I was n't hungry for beans. His attack became so acute we had to send for the doctor, who pumped out of him an account of his recent diet. He said it was enough to have unsettled a horse. It took Bob three days to recover, and we had to pay four dollars for the doctor and the medicine. Of course, that came out of the Incidents box. Would I have been justified in borrowing it in the first place?

The big thing for me to do is to learn for a fact what feeds and what simply fills. I discussed it with Mrs. Colbert and she lent me her cooking-school book. It

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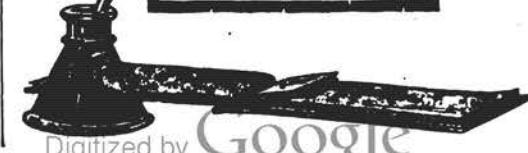
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is strange that macaroni and cheese can feed a man, and macaroni and potatoes injure him. She says that when you once know the values of foods you can make an endless variety by substituting like values in the menu, and that she keeps Mr. Colbert well by careful attention to his diet, without his suspecting it; for good cooking may be old-fashioned as a recipe for winning the affections, but it's all right for building up backbone. They never have baked beans oftener than once a week, usually only once in two, and not at all except in cold weather. Oh, dear, I wish I did n't blush so!

Another thing I had never found out is that there are regular days for shipping produce to the city, so that if you market on Tuesdays and Fridays you get the very best. Then she told me how you could buy canned goods and staples in semi-wholesale quantities from the big groceries, and save a lot there. I had already learned how to get olive-oil in cans instead of bottles. Another thing she does is to take a dollar a week from her food allowance for staples, and then divide the rest more or less evenly for each day. I shall try that, for it sounds like good sense.

JULY 7.

Anyway I know more about clothes and sewing than Mrs. Colbert, and after a half hour's reflection on that strong point, my spirits rose out of their abasement. Elasticity may be less saintly than humility of spirit, but Bob says it's no end pleasanter to live with. So now I'm telling her all I've learned in the last months, which is considerable. Axiom one: Don't buy what you don't need; it's trash, despite the price. That was hard for her to believe, till I asked her if she usually bought remnants of wall-paper and farming implements when they were cheap. I heard the obsession discussed behind the counter last week. Two of the tiredest looking girls I ever saw were gasping at each other. It was the last five minutes before closing.

"Ain't it been fierce to-day?" groaned the first.

"Yep; put the price up a few cents, mark it 'bargain,' and the fools all come," snapped back the other in disgust.

AUGUST 15.

Mother, your saying that our lives seemed to be working out finely is an inspiration to make them. Only yesterday Lucille Macy told us we got more satisfaction out of living than any other couple she knew. We do have lots of good times, as well as the work to whet our appetites for them, now; but time was when we did n't—that awful period when hearing how this one kept the rent paid by saving the thirty-second of an inch on her potato parings; how that one started the family bank account by gradually introducing oatmeal at seventeen of the week's menus, and how the poorest one did not need to buy blankets, as she kept the family warm by newspaper covers stitched together; when hearing of these I longed to imitate them all and become of the sisterhood of thrifty wives. Just when I was most disconsolate over my meager results Bob came in one evening.

"What's the matter, Betsey? You look tired."

"Only finances," I said loathingly.

With that he walked over to the boxes and emptied them of their few cents.

"Put on your blue dress, my lady," he ordered, and I meekly obeyed.

We went out to dinner at the gay little Italian restaurant in Aaron Burr's old house, and then to the theater. He got seats in the second balcony; I remember I looked curiously around, as I'd never been up there before, and was surprised to see how nice the people were; just like us, mostly. The play was "The Music Master," and we heard and saw splendidly. When we got home Bob asked—

"Well, how much do you think that evening's pleasure cost us?"

"I am afraid to think," I confessed, "but lots!"

"Exactly forty cents apiece for dinner, twenty cents for car-fare, and one dollar for seats—a total of two dollars. And from now on we're going to cut out all this nonsense of unreasonable scrimping and take some pleasure in life. The fact is we've been trying to practise all the economies that we ever heard of. Everybody has one or two, but we've tried to annex the sum of them all! Now we are going to do without what we must, and attend carefully to the details of our expenditure, but from now on we are not going to be hounded by economy and cheated out of our youth and pleasures!"

I felt like another creature right then, and that has been our program—top galleries for many of the good plays; popular opera; concerts with "popular prices;" picture galleries, free days; public libraries, lectures, and speakers; places in town and near by to visit—varied in summer by cooling boat trips and picnic suppers. There has been a lot of reasonable pleasure lying round loose for such unprejudiced seekers as we; but suppose we had got old and stale without realizing that enjoyment is as much a necessity of life as bread and butter!

SEPTEMBER 15.

To the Stockholders:

DEAR SIR AND DEAR MADAM: Inclosed please find a post-office money order for ten dollars (\$10), the final payment on the principal of the sinking fund. The company closes the year without debts of any kind.

Inclosed also is an itemized statement of the proportioning of the funds of the past month, as requested—being the final solution of our problem.

DEBIT

Salary \$125.00

\$125.00

CREDIT

Rent	\$ 29.00
Food	30.00
Service	13.00
Gas	1.00
*Sinking Fund	10.00
†Clothes	24.00
†Incidentals	18.00
	\$125.00

* Terminates with this month. It has been decided to still allow the amount in the budget—\$5 for life insurance and \$5 for a bank account.

† This money was not actually spent this month, but represents the proportion due clothes. Between seasons it is put away.

‡ This includes the following regular expenses, viz.:

Newspapers	\$.50
Fire insurance on \$1,500 policy25
Regular car fare	3.00
Doctors and dentists (used or put aside)	3.00
Pleasures (available for other uses in emergencies)	6.00
(a) Miscellaneous	5.25
	\$18.00

(a) Entertainments, charity, purchases, incidental car fares.

Respectfully submitted,

ELIZABETH HASTINGS BULLARD,
Secretary Betty-Bob Company.

P. S.—MOTHER: Bob has just rushed in and brought the news that he has a three-hundred-dollar raise for next year! We'll be there Wednesday for our fortnight vacation. Will you have him met by the Hopkinsville Young America Band, playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes"?

Because She Was Just

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

A WOMAN in our town who rents a fashionable boarding house is envied by every housewife I know, because she never seems to be troubled with the domestic problem. Girls stay with her for years, and if one judges her "help" by her table and well-kept house, there are no incompetents under her roof. Our Delia came from her, simply because she wanted an easier place. One day I asked Delia why Mrs. Martin always seems to have such efficient "help."

"Well, ma'am, to my way of thinkin', it's 'cause she's so just. She asks you to do just so much work, and if there's more to be done, she does it herself, or hires outside help. There was never a girl there had her afternoon or evening broke in on, no matter what happened. When I was there as waitress, Lizzie Fitzgerald was cook. There ain't a finer cook in town than Lizzie. She's worth every cent of the ten dollars a week she got. But there ain't many girls can do kitchen work with her. She's liable to take such an everlastin' dislike to you for nothin'. She did to me, but Mrs. Martin knowed of it and begged me to try to get along the best I could—for her sake. She could n't replace Lizzie so easy—I knowed that, so I just let her alone and she quit pickin' on me. Then Robina come to help in the kitchen. Robina was a simple little country girl willin' to work hard an' learn, but Lizzie hated her so, she'd have poisoned her, if she'd dared. She tried her best to have Mrs. Martin send Robina away, but her mistress wouldn't do it. The girl was doin' her level best. One mornin' when I went to the refrigerator, the bottom iv it was covered with broken eggs. Two or three dozen had gone to smash. My Lizzie tore round like crazy. She said Robina done it. The girl cried and said she'd never been near the refrigerator. Mrs. Martin took a hand. Old Patrick said Robina was helpin' him pick peas when he saw the egg man drive up, an' the girl did n't come to the house till after I found them eggs broken. I got scared then. I was sure Lizzie would lay it on me. She did n't though, she just tore round, madder than a hornet, and said if Mrs. Martin did n't fire Robina she'd leave; she would n't work another day with that girl under foot. It would have been easy enough for the mistress to have found a girl for Robina's place, but it warn't no picnic gettin' another cook like Lizzie. Just the same it was Lizzie she fired, and for weeks she did the cookin' herself. You never saw nobody in your life so grateful for havin' justice done her as Robina. It started her workin' hard, and tryin' to learn everything there is to know about a kitchen. Now she's cook there, an' most as fine a cook as Lizzie. My soul! how Robina does worship Mrs. Martin!"

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Diana and the Duke

[Continued from page 548]

"I mean what right have I to believe you?" she added.
"I understand," said Gray. "But why did you accept me that day in Rome?"

Diana's cheeks grew pinker. "I don't know. I don't know. I—I was lonely. Perhaps I was a fool. But I had a—a *feeling* to trust you." She spoke rapidly, a little defensively.

"Thank you. May I ask—if you have lost that feeling? You said that we were to be the two on the Hill this afternoon or—I can't be deaf and dumb and blind."

Diana deliberated. "It is so complicated," she temporized.

"Then you have lost that—that feeling?"
She gave up. "No—no, I have n't. To my credit or discredit be it."

"And to mine," he went on. "Then you'll have to believe what I said a moment ago, won't you?"
She did not evade. "What you said of that hour? I suppose I shall have to believe that."

"It is true," Gray said in a low voice. "You may believe, I could n't lie to you about that. If a real hour comes as that one came; if what you call the *feeling* to trust comes; if you realize suddenly a part of your dream—your great innermost dream—is n't it unworthy to deceive oneself about it; to hide from it; to disparage it?"

Diana's eyes grew more distressed. She stared unseeing out into the street. The motor in uneven bursts of speed twisted in and out the traffic on the long, hot, summer avenue. She had a sense of an inevitable machine bearing her onward, away from the real places where she wanted to linger. "If one only dared," she murmured helplessly. "I'm—I'm such a coward."

Raising his eyes Gray saw that they were within a block of her hotel. "You ran away that other day. You dared that," he said whimsically.

She assented with a little smile.

"We are almost there," he went on.

She could not reply.

"Are you a coward to-day?" he suddenly demanded.
She turned mutely to him for explanation.

"Dare you run away again? Not with Prince Gray, but with that man on the Palatine? Dare you? It is the last time, you know. It won't happen again. Dare you?—for a whole afternoon?" He was pleading as eloquently as he knew how.

Her hesitation seemed to him endless. He had not the courage to watch her. "I'm not always a coward," she shyly smiled.

"Then you will?"

"I'd have to—if you ran away with me," she retorted.

"Simmons," instantly called Gray to the chauffeur, "go straight on up the avenue, through the park, and out into the country—somewhere near the Sound, where it's cooler."

"Yes, sir."

The motor in turn grunted barbaric satisfaction and veered away from the imminent hotel.

V.

IT WAS cooler along the Sound. In the enjoyment of themselves and the hazardous sense of the escapade, Diana and Gray gave small heed to the distance they were covering. They were happy; a fresh little breeze fanned their cheeks. So they sped on blithely. Before they had realization of it, they were in Connecticut. And then the faithless motor broke down.

"Can you fix it?" asked Gray of the investigating Simmons.

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"How long will it take?"

"About a half hour, maybe, sir."

"What town is this?" inquired Gray, who had little knowledge of the outlying towns about New York.

"Greenwich."

"New York?"

"Connecticut, sir."

Gray turned to Diana. "Well," he smiled, "here we rest. As the Italians say, 'We are under the sky.'"

She cast an amused eye to the heavens. "Evidently. And—and I think it is going to rain."

Gray was calm. "Of course it is. Didn't you expect that?"

"I refuse to incriminate myself," she retorted.

"Shall we sit here amid the gathering crowd and clouds? Or shall we get out and walk about a bit?"

"Why not walk? I don't mind. It's not so hot up here, and in any case it is better than being stared at, is n't it?"

They set out aimlessly. Where they went or what they did that afternoon mattered very little to either of them. For they were not themselves—not, at any rate, the selves that were tied to the dull habits of living in the world. And if the shadow of those latter selves lurked gloomily near, they turned their backs on them and refused to heed. In this brief space Diana was brave and Gray was oblivious. They walked on, talking of the inexpressibly vague things which strangely enough become, under certain beatific conditions, real and intimate.

Presently a huge, hot rain-drop struck the pavement

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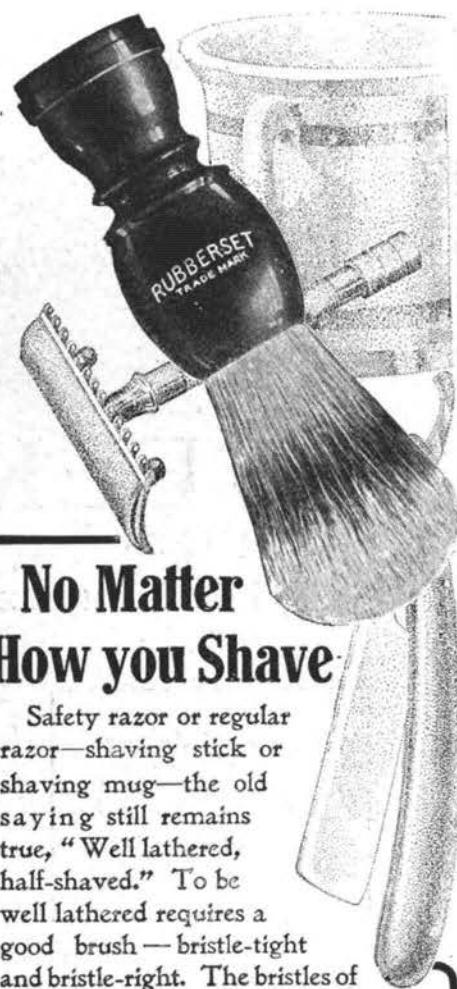
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shadow; her mouth quivered into a pathetic curve.
"Are you?" he repeated.
For the briefest instant she raised her eyes to him.
"Diana—Diana," whispered Gray.
She did not move.
"Diana—believe."
She made a faint gesture of dissent.
"Would you believe—if you could—Diana?"
She lifted her eyes, glistening with tears, to his. "I am—a coward," she breathed.
Suddenly he drew her to him and kissed her on the mouth. "I love you. You dare not doubt it. You dare not question. I love you. You believe it?"
Gray was imperiously tender.
"Yes," she faltered after a long hesitation.
"And me—you love me?"
A ray of sun sent a jeweled shaft of rose through the stained-glass windows straight on her face. The rain was over. Diana smiled, through the shining mist of her eyes. "I don't know—exactly—what it is—to love. But if it is—what I feel now—then—I think I do."
"Diana—dearest."

[Concluded in October SUCCESS MAGAZINE]

Not Much Choice

FIFER was a dog of friendly and social habits, but when he wandered into the lecture-tent at a well-known New Thought summer school and went to sleep between the chairs, he did a very foolish thing. A woman coming in poked him in the ribs with her parasol, startling him from his peaceful dreams, and he sprang upon her with a savage bite. A man grabbed him and he grabbed the man. The excitement was intense when an earnest little woman standing on a chair cried, "Some one hold the Thought!" "Hang the Thought!" shouted a man in the rear. "Some one hold the dog!" —GRACE S. HYDE TRINE.

Evolution

HARRY TAYLOR for a spell
Played first base and played it well.
Long of head and wide of reach,
Sharp in action, blunt in speech,
Often have I heard it boasted
Of the umpires he has roared.
How he—oh, forget it all!
For he cried "No rowdy ball
In the Eastern League," but he
Was a magnate then, you see.
Aye, the empty hand will double
At the faintest sign of trouble;
But the full hand yearns for peace
And its watchword is "police!"
Seasons differ with our age,
Young and peppery, old and sage
Harry Taylor.

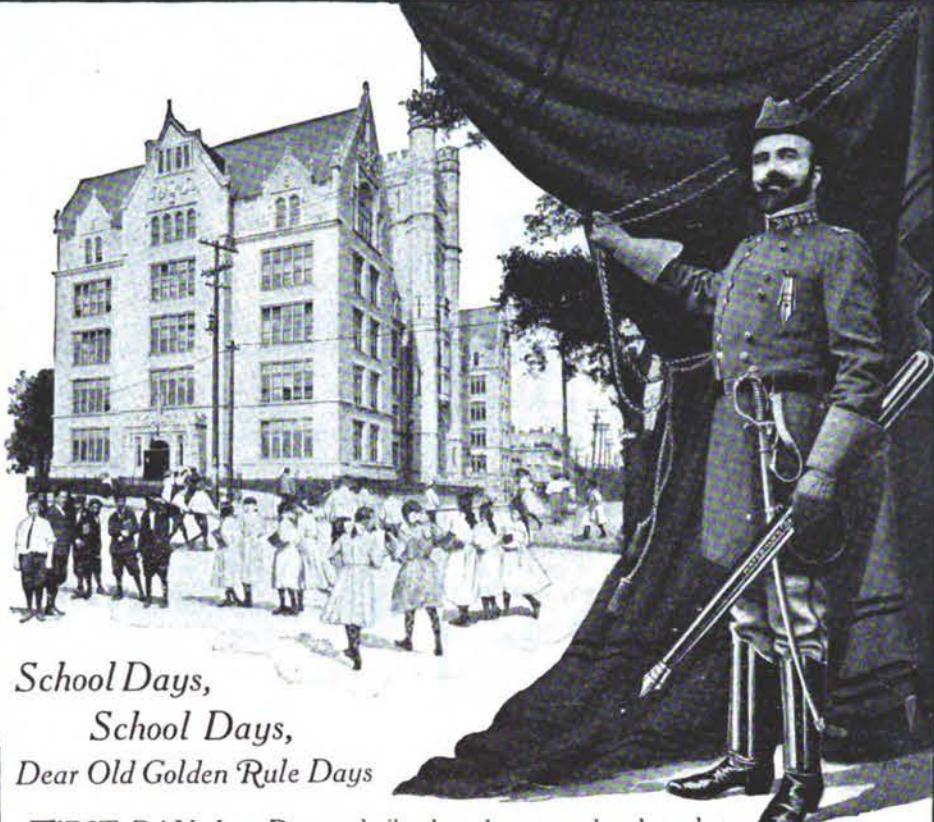
Muscle melts as learning mellows.
Harry, wiser than his fellows,
Served his time at old Cornell
(Where he learned the college yell.)
When they granted his degree,
Schurman said, "You're now A. B."
"Aw," said Harry "I've been that
Ever since I've been at Bat,
Also R. H. A. P. O."
And he signed them in a row.
"You've forgotton one degree,"
Prexy said, "whose name is E."
"No," said Harry, looking solemn,
"I shan't need the error column."
What? The story is n't true?
Why, it ought to be—of you,
Harry Taylor.

In his interludes of sport,
Harry practises in court.
And they say he pleads a case
Much as once he played a base.
And his partners (not in malice,
But, perhaps, *cum grano salis*)
Tell us how he gave a jar
To the Erie County bar,
Where, before Judge Lambert, Taylor
Argued like a legal nailer,
And his law, to him, seemed sounder
Than his judgment on a grounder.
Lambert, with a cold precision,
Handed down a grave decision
Adverse to our lawyer's clients.
Up sprang Harry in defiance,
All his recent years forgotten,
"John," he yelled, "your judgment's rotten!"
Back up, Harry! play the game
Though the law be sometimes lame.
Play the game and never blemish
When they send you to the bench,
Harry Taylor.

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The Pen with the Clip-Cap



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School Days,
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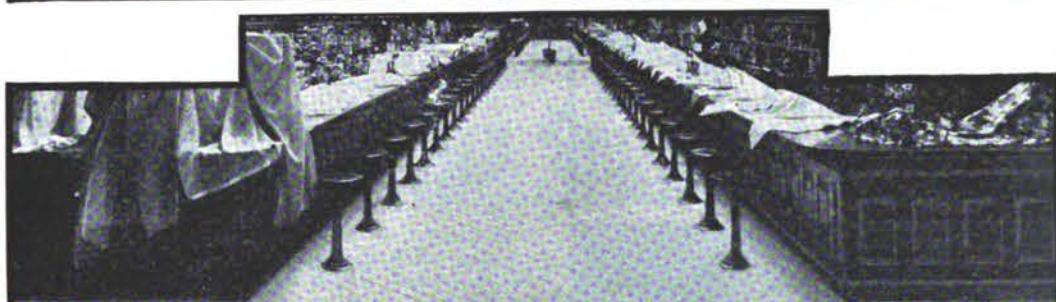
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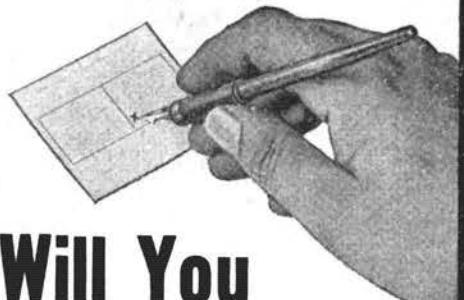
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Making the Desert Blossom

[Continued from page 553]

job, costing perhaps a couple of billions of dollars, but it will be very extravagant in Uncle Sam not to spend this money, or a great part of it. He will go slowly, testing every project, but it will be a great waste not to expend all the money necessary to put the water on the lands. The land reclaimed will be worth tens of billions of dollars (which will easily recompense the Government), and upon this land thus reclaimed from the desert a population may live as large as the whole population of the United States to-day.

And they will be, or should be, happier, more prosperous, and more contented than the people who farm the humid lands. In the desert a new civilization should spring up, a civilization different from any now existing in the United States. Where the valuable thing is water, not land, farms may be small and the cultivation, very intensive. Where an acre of land can produce five or ten times as valuable a crop as in the East, the farm can be from a fifth to a tenth as large. This should mean the small farming community, where the farmers live together in a town or in a village as they do in Europe. Only in America, they will be infinitely more prosperous, infinitely better educated and better informed than in Europe. The awful loneliness of the farmer's life, especially of the farmer's life of a generation ago, will not be known in the arid West. The desert farmer will be a town dweller; there will be no line to separate town and country.

Skip a generation or two and travel in imagination on automobile or aeroplane through or over the farmer towns of the Great American Desert. They are prosperous. The farmer who tills his own soil, lives in the town, and is near church, school, store, and doctor. All ride on horse or pony, except the smallest children and those who prefer automobiles. The man with ten acres lives in a house like the suburban home of our well-to-do professional class. In these houses are electric light, running water, bath tubs, and telephones. The people are not isolated from the great currents of life. The electric railway connects with other towns; the mail carrier arrives daily, the newspapers, the magazines, the prospectuses of great mail-order houses are upon the farmer's table. In these little towns rules democracy. There are no men made immensely rich by means of great land speculation. There are no men holding the water and becoming rich by doling out the precious liquid to those who will die without it. The only water-lord is Uncle Sam, and he divides the waters equally and cheaply. Their is no host of starving men without land, without water, without wages; no great landlord class, with hundreds of men servilely employed, as upon great plantations. Not all are landlords. For every irrigator, two or three men live in the town, doing the work which makes a town possible.

From these farmer villages radiate lines to all the rest of the country. The great grazing lands of the West become far more fertile through irrigation; the cattle and sheep upon the ranges are kept alive by the winter fodder raised on the little farms. The fruit cultivated on the irrigated lands goes to Europe and to our Eastern States, and in return the arid farms buy farm machinery, furniture, clothing, and other manufactured products from the East. The new population in the West stimulates the old industry in the East. The reclamation of the desert is the prosperity of the nation.

All this is coming. We shall have here a new America, a new winning of the West, a new public domain. It will be a land where men are more equal, more democratic, more removed from the burdens of extreme wealth and the grinding riches of an unrelieved poverty. There shall be fewer political bosses in a community where no man is poor enough to sell his vote and no man rich enough to buy a legislature. There should be great chances for developing free political institutions where men on virgin land are forced to cooperate in business and are led to cooperate in politics. In the desert one man standing alone is powerless; only by the free cooperation of men, respecting each other and working together in harmony, can the desert be conquered. It is this freedom and co-operation, this development under better conditions of the best traditions of government, even more than the great prosperity that it will mean, that must make up the promise of the desert.

The promise is not so distant. On June 17, 1902, the long continued arid land agitation came to a climax with the passage of the Reclamation Act. This was a very wise law. It provided that all moneys from the sales of arid land and of water for its irrigation should be reinvested by the government in reclaiming new lands, to be sold in turn. The reclamation service was made self-supporting; the same money was to be used over and over again. Already almost forty millions of dollars have been raised and expended, and many great irrigation projects have been rapidly pushed forward. Some of these works are stupendous. The great Garland Canal in Wyoming is sixty miles long and distributes water over 100,000 acres. One dam to be constructed will be twenty-five feet higher than the "Flat-iron" Building in New York, while another will store 3,840,000,000 gallons of vivifying water.

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address before the National Geographic Society, M. C. J. Blanchard, statistician of the United States Reclamation Service, describes the appearance of the banks of the Snake River, in Southern Idaho, three short years ago. "Save for our camp-fire there was no sign of human habitation within thirty miles, only a vast sage-brush plain, rimmed on every side by the horizon. It was a night to remember. Over us spread a star-gemmed canopy; around us the embers of a sage-brush fire shed their glow. In the near distance the doleful wailing of the skulking coyote sent a chilly feeling up and down the spine."

The river was dammed; it was led into 130 miles of great canals, and 100 miles of ditches. It was spread over 85,000 acres of land. Settlers poured in, the land was taken up in forty and eighty-acre lots; houses dotted the plain, and a hundred miles of railroad were built by the Oregon Short Line. Three towns sprang up, with churches and schools. "To-day," says Blanchard, "one thousand and four hundred families are living on farms and a thousand people are living in towns where a trifle over three years ago the eye met nothing but dust and desolation."

It is not only in Idaho that the Reclamation Service has made the desert blossom. The Government is now engaged in the gigantic Yuma project, which will cost \$4,500,000 and will reclaim 100,000 acres in Arizona and California. These lands are tremendously valuable. President Roosevelt estimates that they will bring in a gross revenue of not less than \$100 an acre a year, and that "every ten acres will support a family." If President Roosevelt is right, the value of the lands to be reclaimed by this one project will not be less than \$100,000,000.

Still vaster is the Salt River project in Arizona. You may see irrigated farms north of Phoenix, little communal farms, where the cultivator and his family live in towns, with churches, libraries, amusements, and graded schools. You see the palm, with its broad, bending leaves, the fig-trees, the orange-grove, and wonderful acres of alfalfa, on which feed flocks of ostriches, and sleek, healthy cattle. From this irrigated paradise you pass through a desert land of thorns, silence, and desolation, the "land that God forgot." Then you follow the wonderful government road built under tremendous difficulties for forty miles through the heart of a mountain range, and described by some as "the most wonderful highway ever built by man." Finally, at the top of a narrow gorge, you look down upon the Roosevelt Dam. This structure of sand and cement will be 1,080 feet long at the top, 170 feet thick at the base, and 284 feet above the river. The men who are constructing this dam, many of them Apache Indians, have built in the gorge the town of Roosevelt, with houses and stores, a church and a school, knowing well that when the big iron 60,000-pound gates of the dam are closed, the rising flood of water will cover their city to a depth of over 200 feet. But when these gates are closed, and the \$6,300,000 project completed, 210,000 acres of fertile arid land will receive their water.

By the year 1911, the Reclamation Service will have completed twenty-eight projects, costing \$70,000,000. Its report for 1907 shows that it has dug 1,881 miles of canals, some of them carrying whole rivers; and has also excavated fifty-six tunnels, of an aggregate length of thirteen and one-half miles. It has erected 281 large structures, including great and little dams, completed 1,000 headworks, flumes, etc., built 611 miles of wagon roads in mountainous districts, constructed and operated 830 miles of telephone, manufactured 80,000 barrels of cement, and purchased 403,000 barrels, sawed 3,036,000 feet of lumber and purchased 23,685,000 feet. Topographic surveys have been made of 10,970 square miles, an area greater than that of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Most important of all, the Reclamation Service has permitted the creation of eight new towns and the establishment of 14,000 people on the desert.

It is only a beginning, a very small beginning, of a great movement. Instead of \$40,000,000, the Government will eventually spend many billions of dollars; instead of tens of thousands there will be tens of millions of settlers upon the desert.

It is a new sort of settler who will go to the arid West. The newly arrived immigrant, the penniless or shiftless American, has no chance. The man who expects to acquire his right by erecting a shanty and spending two or three weeks on the land will be disappointed. The new enterprises require money, a thousand dollars at least, and the law requires five years of actual and continuous residence upon the land. Even to take the trip to the arid lands involves cost; to carry thither your whole family and your household goods is quite an undertaking. You do not know in advance exactly how much your land will cost you. After the construction of the dam and irrigation works are made, the cost is apportioned among the farmers in proportion to the land they receive. If the irrigation works cost \$1,000,000, and are used to cultivate 25,000 acres, then the farmer must pay \$40 for each acre he possesses. He may pay this in from five to ten yearly instalments. Besides, he must pay his share of the cost of maintenance, which may run to about \$1.50 an acre per year. If a farmer has forty acres, it will cost him \$220 per year if he wishes to pay up in ten years, or \$380 if he is paying in five instalments. It is not an opening for a man with no capital at all, but it is a big chance for a man with a small capital.

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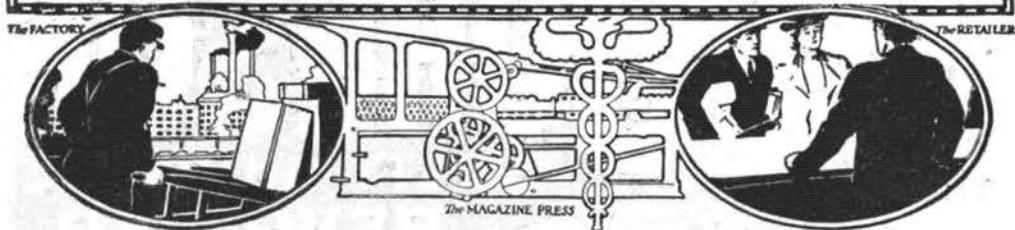
Louis C. Horn, M. D., Ph. D., Professor of Diseases of Children and Dermatology in Baltimore University, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in my practice in the past eight or nine years, I find it the most pleasant and most reliable solvent in Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder and Renal Calculi; also in Gouty and Rheumatic conditions. It is a remedy of great potency."

Wm. C. Wile, A. M. D., LL. D., of Danbury, Conn., reports the following (*New England Medical Monthly*, December 15, 1888): "In a recent outbreak of **Nephritic Colic** in our own person, the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** was speedily cut short, the stones attack under **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** quickly passed, and the debris which followed showed a thorough cleaning of the kidneys and bladder of all foreign substances. All of the reflex symptoms and sequelae were promptly relieved, and we feel under a deep debt of gratitude to this most excellent Water for wonderful relief."

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The Druggist and His Boy



THERE was a staid old druggist in a certain city who had been in business on the same corner more than forty years. His shop had become a landmark in the town. He himself was a landmark in his trade. For, when he had first gone behind the counter, it was the usual thing to go in and have the druggist mix you a "draft" for any ill that did not put the patient in bed.

About the time he celebrated his fortieth anniversary in business, however, two important things happened. The age of advertising began, and hundreds of new articles were brought to public notice through the printed word. That was one innovation. For the other, he hired a new boy.

The inquiry that rose for article after article, through advertising, puzzled the old druggist. People asked for goods he had never sold before. At first he set his face against demand, and tried to meet it with argument. But the inquiries continued. So he began making goods of his own, and in a little while was trying to compete at his little prescription counter with perhaps a dozen of the best pharmaceutical manufacturers in the United States. They had capital to buy raw materials—the best chemists to investigate—scientific processes and machinery. He had his mortar and pestle. His preparations perhaps sold once or twice. Then people went elsewhere for the advertised goods, and left dead stock on his shelves. Or if it was n't dead it deteriorated.

The new boy was a bright youngster. Within a year he had won the regard of the veteran and begun the study of pharmacy evenings. During his second year the old druggist put his hand on a large show-case in the front of the shop, filled with toilet specialties and druggists' sundries, and told the lad that he could buy and sell such goods, manage that case in his own way, and have 50 per cent. of the profits to pay for his education.

The boy immediately began studying popular demand. Half of this show-case was given up to staple goods that people bought as a matter of course, and for which

sales were likely to be just about so much a month, no more, no less. There was no way in which they could be stimulated to any marked degree.

But in the other half of his space he placed new, novel goods that were being brought to public attention through wide advertising. These were things that customers bought apart from their regular expenditures. Very often it was necessary merely to show them, and a sale was made at sight to people who had already read about them. More than that, the manufacturers of such specialties furnished display fixtures, printed matter to be distributed over the counter, and other selling helps.

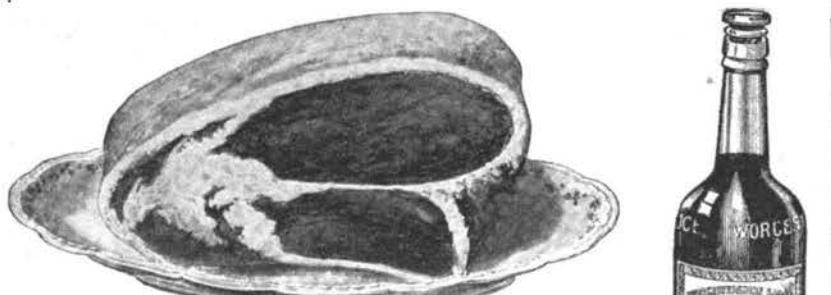
At the end of a year, sales in the boy's corner of that shop had tripled, and as nearly as the thing could be estimated (for old Mr. Muller had no clear notions as to his own profits) the boy's department was clearing about twice as much for the capital invested. The prescription counter made a larger profit per dollar sales. But the boy turned his stock oftener.

When this boy finished school at the head of his class, a chemist as well as a pharmacist, the profits from his corner of the shop had not only paid all costs, but left a surplus with which he bought an interest in the business. A few years later, when the senior partner died, he bought the rest, and that is now the largest establishment of its kind in the city.

The successful retail merchant to-day in any line works with the trend of modern specialization. Once upon a time he was a manufacturer, but now the factories make things better, and cheaper, and infinitely more of them. Where he formerly tied up capital in stock, now the manufacturer and wholesaler carry stock for him, and assume responsibility for defective goods. Add to this lightening of his load the immense selling power of the printing press, represented by the manufacturer's advertising, and a tide of demand sweeps toward the retail shop such as it would be unwise to resist on one hand, and highly wasteful to neglect upon the other. The merchant who gets anywhere to-day is almost always found moving with that tide.

The Quoin Club T T T T Key

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JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

Love in the Foothills

[Concluded from page 560]

ryin'. You know you don't love him as a woman ought to love the man she marries. You've truly loved but one man in your life." Disregarding her sudden start, he added, in the same monotone: "The last of my hidin' is done. No freer man ever walked these mountains than I am now and will be from this on. It was n't easy for a man like me to take the blame and the shame of a murderer—to live an outlaw's life, with a price on my head. But I had to save you; and if it would save you now, I'd let the sheriff take me to the gallows. But if you marry him—Lucy, be true to yourself!" She was faint and bewildered.

"Why, can't you understand?" he exclaimed, his voice rising. "The man who loves a woman as I've always loved you, and as I'll love you with the last beat of my heart, would gladly do the little that I have done for you, and more, if there was more to do. The sheriff knows that I could have cleared myself at the trial, but that would have meant the breakin' of your heart."

She felt blank and blind, as women sometimes do when groping in the dark spaces of men. "What do you mean?" she asked weakly.

"You'll know soon. Let's go and see Tom."

The void was too vague and immense for the woman to find light in it. The baby was looking up into the man's face in love and confidence.

"Go, Jim, go!" the woman cried in desperation. "If you love me, you—"

Her speech and her heart stopped together, for the sheriff rode up, and his horse went back on its haunches.

"Jim Collins!" he exclaimed, barely above his breath.

The outlaw gave but a glance to the officer, before stooping for a whispered word to Nannie. The tableau had frightened her, but the outlaw's words and his kiss opened her lips in a smile. "You won't go away, will you?" she pleaded.

His answer was a smile and another kiss, and she ran to the house. The mother marveled that so slight a thing could hold a tragedy at bay.

The sheriff had not yet seen his deputy. Her dry lips apart, she staggered to the road and stood between the men. The sheriff sat in dumb astonishment. The men silently awaited the course of the woman holding all things vital to them.

"Sheriff," she began accusingly, but weakly, "Jim says that he might have cleared himself, and that you knew he could."

The horseman held his tongue, and, very pale, looked past her to the outlaw standing with folded arms beyond.

Raising a hand that commanded silence, Collins stepped forward and stood upright beside her.

"It is n't necessary to answer the question, sheriff," he sternly said.

There was so much of protection in his manner, so much of unyielding and command, that she marveled, yet dreaded to probe the mystery. Between these two men, who could so fiercely love and so readily kill, she must make the issue.

"Jim never told me a lie in his life," she insisted. "What does he mean?"

The sheriff sat in miserable speechlessness, and faced her burning gaze.

"Without saying a word," she persisted, "you gave me the appointment as deputy sheriff, and let me insist on the Governor's offering a reward. You knew I was hunting Jim for his life. God!—I might have killed him." She was white; her lips were trembling, her eyes filling.

As the sheriff still sat silent, Lucy took the outlaw's hand and stood side by side with him, as she faced the officer demandingly.

The sheriff's pallor became livid, and he turned an appealing look upon the outlaw.

Collins stepped forward and offered his hand, which the sheriff warmly took.

"Jim," the officer asked, "you know I didn't try to find you, don't you?"

"Yes, sheriff." Collins turned to the woman. "Lucy, he's been as good a friend to you as I have, and has suffered for it."

She looked from one of them to the other as though they were heartless torturers. "Oh, why can't you tell me what it all means?" she begged miserably, clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Jim will explain," the sheriff said, uncertainly, as with a fine courtesy he raised his hat, bowed low, and turned down the road; but he wheeled back and came close to the woman. "Lucy, when Jim decided to take it on himself, he and—he and the one who had really done it came to me and told me the whole truth. We agreed that it was best for Jim to take the blame. I knew he couldn't be caught. It saved him and me from bringing something dreadful on you. I had loved you before Jim Collins did, but you liked him better. Then you broke with him and married Luke. In making the agreement with Jim, after Luke was killed, I violated my oath of office, but the love of a man for a woman makes its own laws, and they stand before those of God and men. I thought Jim would go away for good, and that I might—" He checked himself, and flushed. "Lucy," he concluded, his voice low and unsteady, "I always knew you loved Jim. Let it be so. His hands are clean. Will you take my hand and accept my best wishes for your happiness?"

A frank, sad smile went into her suffering face as she took his hand, and he rode away. Two motionless figures, standing hand in hand, watched the dust cloud rolling over the muffled hoof-beats down the slope.

The deputy sheriff began to sob quietly. A vague understanding of the mystery roused her every instinct to repel it. When the dust could be seen no longer, she sank to her knees and covered her face with her hands.

"Courage, Lucy," the man said gently, laying his hand on her head.

"Why did n't you come before?" she asked brokenly.

"Because Tom wa'n't ready to talk. When he knew he was dyin' he sent for me."

Her sobbing ceased, but she still knelt. Tom's anxiety that she should forgive Collins, his opposition to her hunt for the slayer, his strange conduct to-day, his expectation of a caller—

"My brother!" she moaned. "My own brother!" and crouched on the ground. "I never, never dreamed—"

"Courage, Lucy!" came the coaxing voice, and he continued to stroke her hair. "Come. He wants to tell you in my presence before he—"

"He let you take the shame and the danger and the suffering!" she said, raising her tear-wet face in wonder; "and you—"

"I loved you," said Collins, simply. "And he did n't want me to. I insisted. I was the only witness, and— He fired the shot in an insane moment. Come, dear. His soul craves peace. That will come when he confesses, and God is merciful."

He helped her to rise, and she clung to him. Thus slowly and in silence they went to the house.

No man can do anything very great until his ideals are lifted above the flesh.

If I knew I were to die to-morrow, nevertheless, I would plant a tree to-day.—Stephen Girard.



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ORITA'S FATHER

[Concluded from page 551]

beauty. It seemed to his untried, conventional young mind to be almost an indelicacy. He wished that she had shown some physical response to an indignity so great.

"Mother," he began slowly, "don't be frightened because—at last—I can speak to you and ask of—him!"

In spite of his warning he heard her gasp. The rice went with a splash into the pond. The goldfish darted off like beams of light in a submarine explosion.

"What can I say, my son?" she faltered, and leaned back against a great stone as if for support.

"There are many things," said Orita.

"Your uncle—he will know best what to impart," she whispered.

"I do not wish to speak with my uncle on this subject any more. I wish to hear from you. Where did you meet my father first?"

The blood stole back into her lips. "Where did I meet him? At Tottori—far to the west—where you were born."

"How did a foreigner come to be in such a distant place?"

"He was an engineer, loaned by his government to ours. A wonderful, great engineer, my son. That is the reason why I wished you to take that special study at the university."

Orita scarcely heard these last words. He was thinking swiftly. Only English and American engineers were employed in Japan about that year. Every Japanese boy knows the history of his country's progress. He was glad, if his father had to be a foreigner, that he was either English or American. His next speech was a decoy. "Yes, I have heard that American engineers are the best in the world," he said casually.

"Ara!—and so the uncle, Yoshitaro, admitted that he was American!" cried his listener, much pleased. Orita turned the look of scorn and satisfaction that one feels toward a dupe too easily won. She saw, and crimsoned with swift shame. "Ah, you were not to know that, or his name, just yet."

"How could a foreign engineer, in far-off Tottori, have access to a woman of your rank?" persisted the boy.

She hesitated, being still abashed by her own simplicity, but after a pause she answered, "It was like the story in a foreign novel—like those things the foreign people write about us. I was a schoolgirl, and each day went to my school along a road your honorable young father then surveyed. He gazed at me each morning—and I could not but see your honorable father, he was so very big. And—in time!"

"Well, well," said the boy, interested in spite of himself, "did he go up and speak to you in the way that rude foreigners of Tokio do?"

"Indeed, he could not be guilty of that thing," said she. "He visited my father, with an interpreter, of course, for he had not time to learn our language, and he said to my father that he wished to become my august husband"—here the little woman drooped her head far over, and her voice became so low that Orita had to stoop to hear. "He said he would even be adopted into the Nakai family for my sake."

"Did he do that? Did he become 'Nakai'?" asked the boy, eagerly, and grasped the mother's arm until she winced.

"Why, yes. How otherwise could he become the lawful husband of Sada-ko Nakai?" She was looking up toward him now with wonder, and yet a little hint of sternness, in her gaze.

"Oh, that makes a difference to me; that makes a great difference!" the boy said to himself. Then again he wheeled, with flashing eyes. "Yet if, indeed, he became a Nakai, his insult in leaving you falls more heavily on the race. He took to himself its traditions—its code of honor—"

"Yes," said the little woman, "those were the parts he had to take—what he wanted was only just insignificant little me."

"And what did he do when he had gained you?" cried the boy.

"Do not look so fiercely on the day, my son," she pleaded, clinging to his arm. "It is true that he seemed to desert us, but I have always believed that a mistake was made and treachery used. When he wrote to his proud mother in America, she was not pleased. Like my dear father, who then lived, she opposed such foreign marriages; my father had opposed, and my brothers were very angry, but finally they yielded for love of me. Soon after your father had married me he received a cablegram from his family lawyer, saying that his mother was about to die. Of course he must go to his dying mother, or the gods would frown upon him all his life." She paused, with upraised voice and eyes.

"Yes," admitted Orita, with a glance at the lovely face so near his own, "it was proper to go to his dying mother."

As she spoke, a memory of the parting hour caught and shook the little woman. "Oh, oh! it was most terrible, that *sayonara*, under the honorable great pine trees of Tottori. A black crow went laughing over our heads. Then I wept and hid in his arms, saying it was an omen, and we should never meet again beneath

those pines. But he said many things to comfort me. He had learned in this short time all best words—all loving words—of our language, and he used them so that our own poets might have envied him."

"But, nevertheless, he went away, and you have never seen him since!" broke in Orita. "Did he never write at all?"

She threw him a reproachful look. "Every day—oh, every day!—and such wonderful letters, like wings of white birds in the sun, even though he must use, for me, the easy-written English. Every day until his mother's home was reached, and after that not any more."

"It does seem as if his letters were intercepted," said the boy, thoughtfully. "I've read of such things."

"That was my belief," said his companion. "I spoke the thought to Yoshitaro and others of my family. They were not so sure. Also there was an evil man in our village, his name was Oni, and he had wished to marry me. I think him one to have been bribed by that cruel mother of my husband to withhold such letters."

"But surely my uncles made inquiry?"

"Yes, they attempted it; but just at that time our reverend father made divine retirement. A little after, you were born, my son. There were floods in the village, sickness and misery of other kinds. That bad man, Oni, left the village secretly, and we could never trace him. We had no proof of anything. I wrote to America, week after week, and months, then years. After, I gave up hope. But I had you, my son, my dear, dear son, whose eyes are like his own."

Orita would not look at her. His heavy brows were drawn together and his mouth was set hard. The mother, when she had finished speaking, stood quite still, one frail hand resting on the stone. At length he turned. She, thrilled by a sudden, vague confusion, moved also; but only her head, to hide her face from him, so that he saw her long, white, straining throat, and the outline of a cheek shadowed by masses of dense hair.

"Mother," he said, and his voice was no longer that of a boy, "you care for him! In spite of the insult to you and your race, you would take him back to our midst."

She did not attempt to answer or defend herself. A tide of sweet embarrassment crimsoned her throat and the averted cheek. Again the boy clenched his hands and shut his teeth together. Was her woman's weakness to foil him in his course of honorable vengeance? He felt that he could bear no more just then, so he turned and strode back into the house.

Full length upon the mats he threw himself, crushing his hot young face down upon his palms. After a moment he heard her coming. The swish of her silken robes was like wind in the summer rice-fields. She hurried past him without a word and went into her chamber. He could hear her opening and closing the drawers of her cabinet, a chest made of *kiri* wood, and heavily bound with bronze. The handles of each drawer rattled against a metal ornament, giving a curious, chattering sound, as of teeth. Again she came toward him, and this time she knelt.

"Here is your father's picture, Orita. Look, and perhaps you can better understand."

For an instant Orita felt that it would not be possible for him to look, and not to voice the anger of his heart. Then he recalled the uncle's humiliating words about lack of self-control and sat upright, determining to be master of himself, and of her.

He took the photograph slowly, and looked quite casually down upon it. The face was not a cruel one—even eyes of hatred were constrained to admit so much. Emotions never touched before woke in the boy as he recognized certain strong resemblances to his own face. There were the same level brows, broad forehead, and un-Japanese squareness of jaw. Only in a greater delicacy of outline, in a more intense and spiritual passion, as it were, did the mother's blood betray itself.

"You could not hate one with eyes that look at you in that way, could you, my son? Or, having once seen, could not forget a face like that?"

"The face is not to be forgotten, either in this life or in many lives to come," answered the boy; but he knew that the meaning she gathered was not his.

She still bent, smiling, over her treasure. It was a wonderful thing that, at last, she could share it, and with his son. Neither had noted the flare of sunset in the sky, so that the creeping in of twilight came as with a ghostly shock. Now she bestirred herself, rising to her feet in a single effortless motion, and replaced the picture in her cabinet. The lighting of lamps must be seen to, and the frugal supper be served in the dining-room.

"Mother," called out Orita, "will you kindly send a little rice and tea to my study?"

She paused on the threshold. "Most certainly, if you wish it. Are the lessons difficult to-night?"

"Yes, very hard; and the examinations will soon be here." He went into his private room, a mere closet opening on one side into the garden, and carefully shut the sliding *shoji* walls behind him. The little mother sighed. She wondered whether after all she should have kept utter silence until she could have asked new advice from Yoshitaro. Yet it was sweet to speak of him to his son, with those same deep, gray eyes!

She ate her own supper alone. The conversation had left her tremulous, excited, full of a strange foreboding that was not altogether terrible. It was with a sense of relief that she heard Orita begin his lessons, reading aloud in a vibrant monotone, as is the custom with Japanese students. She herself could not read. Her mind would stay on nothing. Aimlessly she wandered in and out of the rooms, sometimes to the kitchen to consult with old Ishi about to-morrow's housekeeping, again to the narrow veranda, where she would stand for long moments staring upward at the cool, bright stars. The murmur of Orita's voice distracted, yet calmed her.

The evening passed slowly. The two servants nodded on the kitchen mats. She went for a last visit to the veranda, looking up at the stars and out into the shadowy garden. In the clear, moonless night she could see hints of hillocks, the silhouettes of small pine trees against the sky, and the curved white glimmer of pebbled walks. The paper *shoji* of Orita's room made a square of softly glowing paper, a transparency on which the boy's figure was thrown in black. He sat on the floor before his low study table, his elbows on it, both hands thrust upward through his shaggy hair. She could see even the separate locks. At times he rocked a little, back and forth, then stooped over to write some commentary in his note-book. The little mother's heart reached out toward him. She had never loved the boy so deeply as she had this night.

A sound came indistinctly from the far end of the garden. She turned instantly, straining eyes and hearing toward it. Footsteps, slow and cautious, were approaching. A cloaked form emerged from the deeper shadows of the bushes, and she saw a hand put up with a Japanese gesture of silence.

At the same instant Orita's lamp was blown out. She crept closer to his *shoji* and heard him moving about in the dark, as one making preparations for bed. She ran then to the other end of the little veranda, where now the dark figure stood.

"It is Yoshitaro," came the whisper.

"Oh, what new menace brings you so late, and secretly?"

"Hush!" warned a man's voice. "Where is Orita?"

"In bed. But I thought I heard his *shoji* open."

Both listened intently. Only the snores of tired Ishi San, now full length upon the kitchen floor, came from the quiet house.

"Orita sleeps already. Tell me your news."

"He has returned," said Yoshitaro, slowly, "and is even now a guest at the American Legion. I was informed of this less than an hour ago."

Orita heard his mother give an irrepressible cry; then his uncle's voice admonish, "Be self-contained. Do not cry out. There is worse to come."

"I will press my sleeve against my lips. Tell it quickly, and hide no part from me."

"Gossip reports that he is here because of a yellow-haired girl, niece of the minister. Perhaps he will wish to marry her. This must not be permitted."

"Oh, kind, honorable elder brother, take me to the garden," moaned the woman's voice. "I can no longer be sure of self-control. Lead me to the summer-house that stands on the small moon-viewing hillock."

The two passed out into the garden. Orita, peering through the narrow crack in his *shoji*, could see the small form clinging to the taller one. He closed the crack now, fearing that they might turn and see, then lay on his back with his ear as close as possible to the aperture. They talked a long time under the stars; but with all the straining of his senses the fevered listener could hear only at times the sudden sob of a woman, or a stifled cry, followed by a man's deep, murmuring voice. About midnight Yoshitaro went, departing as he had come, by means of a private gate at the far end of the garden. His sister crept, stumbling, into the house.

Orita lay like a stone the whole night through. His eyes, scarcely blinking, stared up into darkness and saw yet darker visions. A murmur came intermittently from the adjoining room. He knew it was his mother on her knees before the little shrine, pleading with Buddha the Merciful for help and strength in this new agony.

Dawn bloomed like the reflex of a rose against his *shoji*-panes. His mother's voice had ceased. Orita fancied, and hoped, that he heard the low, regular breathing of her sleep. He went softly out into the garden, seeking the rustic arbor on the moon-viewing mound. The sun came up big and red and blowsy. It spurned the great hill of Azabu to the east, and glittered among the dew-spangled trees of the emperor's terraced gardens. Familiar morning sounds began to come from within the house, and pedlars called in the narrow streets outside his bamboo hedges.

When the summons came to breakfast Orita forced himself to eat and drink as usual. There was much for him to do that day, and he held in his strength as might a veteran warrior on the eve of battle. No comment was made upon his mother's ashen face and despairing eyes. She followed him to the door for the customary bow and gentle *sayonara*. The high courage of her smile made his heart stir and throb with anger against the one who had wrought such misery. Once beyond his mother's range of vision he thrust his package of books and his luncheon rice-box under the hedge near his gate and went rapidly into the street.

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A most liberal cigar offer is contained in the advertisement of a New York cigar firm on page 591 of this issue. Read it and learn how you can save money by buying your cigars direct from the factory at wholesale prices. To intro- use a new cigar they offer FREE for this month a box of "Old Fashioned Havana Smokers," a patented cigar-cut- ter and a box of a new kind of Smoking Tobacco.

His school-route pointed almost due north; but Orita's goal, this bright spring morning, was Shimabashi station, to the east. He took the long slope of Ayoyama at a run, skirting more slowly the southern base of Azabu Hill. Here, set close to the main road, stood the great, ugly, wooden buildings and the towering Japanese gateway of the American Legation. The amorphous garden, pushing its way half an acre backwards up the hill, continued the architectural disharmony. An apologetic group of native stones, shrubs, and hillocks impinged upon a well-kept tennis-court. A few pale-gray granite lanterns sprang up along the perspective with as little relation to their surroundings as giant mushrooms come into being overnight.

Orita stood in the gateway staring in at the closed legation doors, at the windows partly open, and the broad, unattractive lawn. A voice rang out pleasantly and he saw the tall form of a young girl, dressed in white, run down the side balcony steps and out into the garden. Her hair was vivid yellow, so that all the sunshine seemed to focus upon her as she moved. She turned, called out a name, and waved her racket toward the house as if summoning a companion. Orita held his breath. But it was only another girl that presently ran out to join her, and the watcher, with a sense of something like relief, turned and continued his way to the station.

The trains to Yokohama run every hour. It was to that center for imported goods that Orita was bound. He carried a leather *saku-irō*, or wallet for holding paper money, containing his quarterly payment for tuition and school-books, due to-day. This amounted in all to forty-two *yen*, a large sum to the average schoolboy of Japan.

Arrived at Yokohama he went directly to a great English shop of general merchandise and, singling out in a few quick glances the firearms department, went boldly up and demanded a pistol.

The clerk to whom this order was given chanced to be an elderly man, one experienced in Japanese as well as English ways. He showed no surprise at Orita's manner or his request, but to himself he said, "Anglo-Saxon and Jap blood—both boiling!" He took down box after box from the shelves above him, displaying his wares with a quiet deference that soon put the boy at ease. A small revolver trimmed out with blue steel had at the first caught his fancy. He handled the cold thing lovingly and asked, "It is of the kind to make certain the straight shooting?"

"None better," assured the clerk. After a pause he added, "Are you one of the crack young marksmen up at Tokio?"

Orita frowned. He did not understand the phrase. The clerk hastened to explain. "Oh, sir, not at the present," Orita then answered. "But I intend to become the crack expert by the diligent practise. Now will you instruct me how to put into place the new cartridge, and take out shoted ones?"

The clerk began to demonstrate. Orita almost lay upon the counter in his eagerness to learn. The clerk was apparently as deeply engrossed. In fact he was watching the boy's expressive face.

"How many boxes of cartridges will you be wanting, young man?"

"Six will be sufficient for first time," said Orita. "I shall begin my diligence on return of this same day."

The clerk, after a last quick glance, stooped under the counter to search about for a box, somewhat dusty and unused. From this he counted out six smaller boxes that rattled. Seeing a look of vague skepticism on his purchaser's young face, he opened one of the boxes to display the lead and copper ammunition. Orita was forced to be satisfied; yet he looked again to the shelves over the clerk's gray head. "I thought that up on such shelves would be cartridge for my gun."

"There are some up there, but these are far better for practising," said the smiling clerk.

Orita paid down the price asked—a large one—and went out with his treasures into the sunshine. The possession of a foreign weapon, of foreign, deadly bullets, gave him an increase of self-respect—of power. What, after all, is the need of weapons but to equalize power! And he, Orita, was so weak, so ignorant, so impotent!

The ride back to Yokohama was taken as if in a dream. He longed to reach the little home at Ayoyama, to carry in his books and lunch-box as though he had been tamely to school, and then, concealing his new purchases in the convenient Japanese sleeve, hurry out to the west, past bamboo groves of Meguro to a wide, waiting plain, where he could shoot and shoot until the night pressed her soft hands upon his eyes.

He had not intended to repass the American Legation, but as he neared the foot of Azabu Hill a subtle influence constrained him. Half unconsciously he made the short detour to the right that led to the big, dark gate. Again he stood in the shadow staring before him at closed doors and half-opened, empty windows, and a lawn across which a tennis-net now sagged like a discarded signal. He was just turning away, when with a burst of sound and laughter the two house doors came open, and a merry group began to extrude itself upon the steps. The distance between the doorway and the entrance-gate was slight. Only a single round turf-bed, dotted with shrubs, intervened. He could see plainly each face, and distinguish without error the tones of each new-speaking voice.

The corpulent ambassador came first. He was well-

known, by sight, to Orita. Close beside him—indeed, hanging to his very shoulder—laughed the tall girl. A wide, white hat covered the sunshine of her hair. Other men and women came into view, chatted, laughed, showing their faces for an instant, then disappeared in the throng. The large party was evidently about to set forth on a walking excursion.

Then a little to the rear of all rose a man's head, with grave, strong face. Once seen by Orita, all the others faded from the world like snow-flecks on gray earth. Unconsciously he moved toward it. At first no one took heed of the intruder. He felt instinctively that boldness here, not craft, was best to serve him. The fine young head went back; he smiled a little, and exaggerated the swaggering student gait. His right hand went to the breast of his kimono, and as he neared the steps his finger fitted and refitted itself into the trigger of his weapon.

As fate willed, the tall stranger caught first sight of him, and being attracted pressed his way forward. The ambassador next turned. The tall girl paused, a smile still on her parted lips. One of the under-secretaries began to speak to Orita, but got no further than the words, "What is your busi—" when the boy, with a single panther bound, had reached the tall man and had pressed the barrel of the revolver tight and firm upon the spot where a heart would be—if foreigners ever have a heart. Wordless, blind, dazzled with triumph, three times he pulled the trigger, while women screamed and men rushed forward, marveling at a tragedy come so suddenly. At last they dragged him back, and some one stood behind him pinioning his quivering arms down to his side. The smell of burnt wool and hideous odor of seared human flesh tainted the pure spring air.

The tall man had staggered, and then fallen into outstretched arms. Now, as by some miracle, he rose to his feet and was speaking. A belief in the super-human power of these high-nosed, keen-eyed foreigners is still latent in the minds of many Japanese. It flashed to Orita that his father was more than mortal. Certainly he possessed no physical heart, or he would have fallen dead at the first shot. He strained his ears for the words the tall man spoke: "Don't take the boy away. I am not hurt. The cartridges were blank!"

For the first time Orita struggled desperately in his captors' arms. He longed to hide his face—to die! No blow, no shame, no public indignity could have brought to the boy just such a sense of failure and of degradation. "Blank cartridges!" He realized in the agony of the instant that the gray-haired English clerk had suspected and had tricked him. So had his uncle, Yoshitaro, withheld the name and nationality of his father because the son could not be trusted. So, too, had Yoshitaro followed now, sent as by a miracle to protect him; to turn the would-be-martyrdom into an hysterical, school-boy farce. With a last throe of passion Orita wrenched free the hand that held the pistol, and threw it far from him. "Oh, if you have mercy, lead me away to prison—to prison," he implored.

"I say, hold that boy until we can find out something," repeated the tall man, coming forward. His face now was very white with the suffering of the burn, but no whiter than Orita's. The two looked at each other with gray eyes made black by excitement. Even the frightened onlookers marked the strange resemblance.

By this time Yoshitaro had descended from the vehicle, and without a glance for Orita stood before the tall man. "Do you not know me, sir?" he asked.

The American stared. He put his hand over the burnt spot in his coat. "Is it—can it be—Yoshitaro Nakai?"

"It is; and I, with others of my family, live now in Tokio. You did not know it?"

"How should I?" said the other. "I have kept away from the ruins of my happiness for fourteen years."

The old man's eyes now went to Orita. Those of the stranger followed. "May I have speech with you, aside?" asked Yoshitaro.

As at a signal, the group of Americans fell back. The policemen, their number now increased by several recruits, dragged Orita a little to the right. The two men stood isolated between strangely opposing groups. It was the American who first gave speech, leaning close to the other's ear. "Your sister, Sada-ko—does she still live? Is she well? And is she happy with her husband, Oni?"

A change came over the face of Yoshitaro. It was as if mist rose from a peaceful valley.

"My sister? Oni? But I must ask my question before I answer yours—Have you no idea of the parentage of that boy, and why he wished to end your life?"

"I dare not think it," whispered the tall man, and covered his eyes. Yoshitaro made no sign. His face was enigmatic as a stone. "I had the record of her marriage to that Oni who formerly loved her," began the other as one who pleads a cause. "In it he spoke also of the death of the child which was mine, a girl-child, frail from birth. He sent messages from—her. I had the Japanese newspapers which he sent translated for me in New York, and what he said was printed in them. My letters to her, and to you, Yoshitaro, were returned unopened."

"Alas," murmured the patriarch to himself, "in this fleeting life, how much, after all, is left undone." He laid his hand on the tall man's arm and drew him



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toward the scowling Orita. "I doubt not what you have stated, yet you must believe me when I say, 'this is your son.'"

"His mother—where is his mother?"

"Scarcely farther from this spot than the perfume of a rose might carry."

"Is she still free? Will she receive me?"

"Ask, rather, whether you are fitted to go into the presence of one who has made your memory her daily worship."

"No man would be fit for that sacrament," cried out the American. "Yet in my way I have been true to her. I have never married. If she will retake me now as her husband—her lawful husband—it will be for her and this tall boy, not you, my good friend Yoshitaro, to decide."

He was looking with almost passionate entreaty into the boy's face. Orita, mindful of dignity, gave a growl like that of a young cub, but he had to bite his lips to keep a great joy from flashing into his eyes.

"Ah, we had forgotten one trifle," remarked Yoshitaro blandly, gazing up into the sky. "Your son must now be led away to prison."

"Not while the American minister is my good friend," laughed out Orita's father. "Your Excellency," he said in a very loud voice so that all could hear him, "it was all a mistake. The boy's people are my people. I am going now with him."

The yellow-haired girl came forward. "Why, Uncle Mark, you're not going to walk off with that great hole in your breast!"

Again the tall man laughed. "It has been there for fourteen years and no one saw it. Now that all can see, it is not there!"

Into the half-shut eyes of Yoshitaro came a deep satisfaction. "Are you ready then, my brother?"

"Come!" said Orita's father, and the three went out into the sun.

Alfred H. Beckmann

AN INTERESTING phase of the enforcement of the national Pure Food Law has come to light recently. The manufacturers have accepted the ruling with the best grace possible, and now find that there is an immense advertising value in the possession of a serial number issued by the Government, denoting that the goods have passed the test and fulfilled certain requirements laid down by the law. Recently one of the officials at Washington discovered that a number of large manufacturers were openly claiming in their advertisements that their goods were "endorsed by the United States Government."

This attitude was one which the Government did not particularly care to take, and a vigorous announcement has been made to that effect to the manufacturers in question.

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A very vigorous campaign has been pursued this spring to secure the passage of such a law in the individual States. The National Wholesale Grocers' Association, organized last summer as an outgrowth of various sectional bodies, has maintained extensive headquarters in New York City, and has devoted a great deal of money to a campaign along these lines. This campaign has been conducted under the leadership of Alfred H. Beckmann, who conceived and carried through the organization of a national association covering thirty-one States, and has since been its secretary and acting head, as well as having entire charge of the associated wholesale grocery interests of New York State.

Mr. Beckmann relinquished an important executive post in the allied grocery interests of the Middle West in 1904, to take up his present work in New York. Acts in conformity with the federal law have been passed in a number of the States, and in others favorable consideration has been given which promises action in the future.

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Bias made himself rich by the device of abandoning his property, and he took as his motto, "Omnia mea mecum porto" ("All my goods with me"). Diogenes carried nothing but a drinking cup, and he finally threw this superfluity away when he saw a beggar drinking water from the hollow of his hand.

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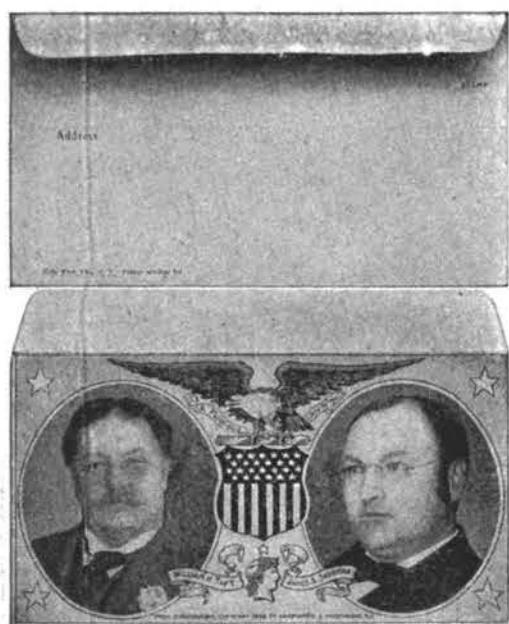


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considering the question of advertising should read carefully the story of the Printed Salesman.

The Printed Salesman will some day be the most productive business-getting force in all progressive financial institutions, and it will be well for you to consider him seriously in this light.

Suggestions in this pamphlet have been approved, and are being put into use by a very large number of financial houses that are now making their advertising pay.

The Printed Salesman has had a very wide distribution, but if you have not interviewed him, he will be put on the train by us and sent to you with our compliments. Write

The Investors' Department, Success Magazine

Success Magazine Building, New York

We Want a Boy

We have hundreds scattered over the United States, but there are thousands of places where we have not one. If there is none in your town read advertisement on page 588 referring to a great opportunity. If you are the boy we want you will read and grasp the opportunity at once. Do not let any boy get ahead of you. Remember we only want one boy in each small place,—

ONE BRIGHT BOY

North Shore Health Resort

Winnetka, Illinois.

On Lake Shore and Sheridan Drive, 16 miles from Chicago. Exclusively for disorders of the

Heart, Kidneys,
Digestion, Nerves,
Convalescence, Rheumatism

Correspondence invited for more detailed information regarding mode of treatment, results, etc.

COLLEGE, FRATERNITY AND CLASS PINS



Direct from the manufacturers. Highest quality work at most moderate prices.

Elaborately illustrated catalogue showing College, Fraternity and Class Pins and rings in all class colors sent free upon request to intending buyers. Many new and original designs.

BUNDE & UPPLEY CO., Mfg. Jewelers, 107 Mack Block, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Hundreds of diabetics have been greatly benefited by using the special foods of the

Battle Creek Diet System

Send two 2-cent stamps for 96-page illustrated book.

KELLOGG FOOD COMPANY, Dept. B-6 Battle Creek, Mich.

Why Take Life So Seriously, Anyway?

[Continued from page 549]

in the Senate chamber, excepting on some extraordinary occasion!

I have heard travelers say that when in the United States, they feel depressed, because of the sad, serious expressions on the American faces. They say we are prematurely old, that we take things too seriously, that we seem to think life was intended to be spent only in pursuing with tremendous energy some occupation or profession.

The average American gives a foreigner the impression that he is in the act of rolling a huge stone up a steep hill; that while he may smile for a moment now and then, he does not dare to stop and rest and have a little fun lest the stone get away from him.

Why take life so seriously, anyway? A lot of play will not only improve your health, but increase your efficiency wonderfully.

Happy recreation has a very subtle influence upon one's ability, which is emphasized and heightened and multiplied by it. How our courage is braced up, our determination, our ambition, our whole outlook on life changed by it!

There seems to be a subtle fluid from humor and fun which penetrates the entire being, bathes all the mental faculties, and washes out the brain-ash and débris from exhausted cerebrum and muscles. We have all experienced the transforming, refreshing, renewing, rejuvenating power of good, wholesome fun.

From business and economical standpoints alone, to say nothing of increased health and happiness, even a good deal of time spent in play is time well spent, and is an essential part of the shrewdest, most profitable business policy you can adopt.

The man too absorbed in his business or vocation, too busy to take care of his health, to preserve it by wholesome recreation, is like a workman who is too busy to sharpen his tools.

You may never be able to accumulate a large fortune, but whether you are a big lawyer or a small one, a large merchant or a little one, you can cultivate the capacity for enjoyment and fun, and can get a great deal more out of life than many who are perhaps far above you in wealth and position.

Take your fun every day as you go along. That is the only way to be sure of it. Do not postpone your happiness; paradise is here or nowhere.

Postponed Happiness Do not drag your business home. *a Delusion* Lock it in your office when you leave there at night, and do not

think of it until you return. The long, anxious, sad face and the sour expression do not belong in the family circle.

Just make up your mind that you are going to make your home the happiest place on earth—so happy and so attractive that your children will prefer spending an evening there to going anywhere else. Make a business of having a good time after dinner or after supper, and during your holidays. Let your presence in the home be a signal to the children for a romp and a play and a good time generally. Do not be afraid of a little noise, or of a little scratched or broken furniture now and then. This is infinitely better than stunted childhood, dyspepsia, and doctors' bills. The growth of many a child has been starved and stunted to save a little furniture, bric-a-brac, or clothing.

The first duty we owe a child is to teach it to fling out its inborn gladness and joy with the same freedom and abandon as the bobolink does when it makes the meadow joyous with its song. Suppression of the fun-loving nature of a child means the suppression of its mental and moral faculties. Joy will go out of the heart of a child after a while if it is continually suppressed. Mothers who are constantly cautioning the little ones not to do this or not to do that, telling them not to laugh or make a noise, until they lose their naturalness and become little old men and women, do not realize the harm they are doing.

An eminent writer says, "Children without hilarity will never amount to much. Trees without blossoms will never bear fruit."

There is an irrepressible longing for amusement, for rollicking fun, in young people, and if these longings were more fully met in the home it would not be so difficult to keep the boy and girl under the parental roof. I always think there is something wrong when the father or the children are so very uneasy to get out of the house at night and to go off "somewhere" where they will have a good time. A happy, joyous home is a powerful magnet to child and man. The sacred memory of it has kept many a person from losing his self-respect, and from the commission of crime.

Fun is the cheapest and best medicine in the world for your children as well as for yourself. Give it to them in good large doses. It will not only save you doctors' bills, but it will also help

to make your children happier, and will improve their chances in life. We should not need half so many prisons, insane asylums, and almshouses if all children had a happy childhood.

The very fact that the instinct to play, that the love of

fun is so imperious in the child, shows a great necessity in its nature, which, if suppressed, will leave a famine in its life.

A sunny, joyous, happy childhood is to the individual what a rich soil and genial sun are to the young plant. If the early conditions are not favorable, the plant starves and becomes stunted, and the results can not be corrected in the later tree. It is now or never with the plant. This is true with the human plant also. A starved, suppressed, stunted childhood makes a dwarfed man. A joyful, happy, fun-loving environment develops powers, resources, and possibilities which would remain latent in a cold, dull, repressing atmosphere.

Everywhere we see men and women discontented and unhappy, because there was no play in their early lives, and when the young clay had hardened it would not respond to a larger environment.

Can anything be more incongruous on this glorious, glad earth, than the picture of a worrying child, a child with a sad face, a human rosebud blighted before it has a chance to open up its petals, and fling out its beauty and fragrance?

Somebody has sinned and is responsible for this blight, this blasting of promise, this chilling of hope, this strangling of possibility.

Childhood should be sunny. Clouds do not belong to childhood. Joy, beauty, exuberance, enthusiasm, buoyancy, belong to childhood. A sad, worrying child, a child who has no childhood, is a disgrace to civilization.

What has a child to do with the past or the future? It should live in the glad, joyous *now*. To fill the hour with happiness, with gladness, this is the child's life.

I know a family with whom it is a perfect joy to dine. The members of this family vie with one another

in seeing who can say the brightest, wittiest, funniest things and tell the best stories during dinner. Dyspepsia and nagging are unknown there.

The announcement of dinner should be the signal for a jolly good time. Make the dinner hour the brightest, cheerfullest, most sunshiny hour of the whole day. Fine all "knockers" and every one who appears with a long face. Laughter and fun are the enemies of dyspepsia and the "blues."

The home ought to be a sort of theater for fun and all sorts of sports—a place where the children should take the active parts, although the parents should come in for a share too. Don't, Mr. Business or Mr. Professional Man, cast a gloom over your home just because things have gone wrong during the day! Your wife and children have troubles of their own. They have a right to expect that you will contribute something besides vinegar to the dinner hour and the evening.

Did not Lycurgus set up the god of laughter in the Spartan eating-halls because he thought there was no sauce like laughter at meals?

The constantly increasing success of the *vaudeville* playhouses and other places of amusement all over this country shows the tremendous demand in the human economy for fun. Most people do not appreciate that this demand must be met in some form or the character will be warped and defective.

"Laugh until I come back," was a noted clergyman's "good-by" salutation. It is a good one for us all.

Many people make anything like joy or happiness impossible by dwelling upon the disagreeable, or the sad and the gloomy things of life. They always see the ugly, the crooked, the wrong side of things.

I once lived in a clergyman's family where I scarcely heard a person laugh in months. It seemed to be a part of the inmates' religion to wear long faces, and to be sober-minded and solemn. They did not have much use for this world; they seemed to be living for the world to come, and, whenever the minister heard me laugh, he would often remind me that I had better be thinking of my "latter end" preparing for death which might come at any moment. Laughter was considered frivolous, worldly, and, as for playing in the house, it would not be tolerated for an instant.

The time has gone by when long-faced, too-sober, too-serious people shall dominate the world. Melancholy, solemnity used to be regarded as a sign of spirituality, but it is now looked upon

as the imprint of a morbid mind. There is no religion in it. True religion is full of hope, sunshine, optimism, and cheerfulness. It is

joyous and glad and beautiful. There is no Christianity in the ugly, the discordant, the sad. The religion which Christ taught was bright, cheerful, and beautiful. The sunshine, the "lilies of the field," the "birds of the air," the hills, the valleys, the trees, the mountains, the brooks—all things beautiful—were in His teaching. There was no cold, dry theology in it. It was just happy Christianity!

With many people, seriousness seems to be a necessary part of success. They look upon fun as frivolous, undignified, and unbecoming to a person who is trying to be somebody, but they do not realize that the capacity for play is just as important as the capacity for work, that the two belong together, that neither is complete without the other.

Life was given us for work and play, not for either exclusively.

HOW TO GET **FREE** These 3 Articles



I Want Your First Order

Once I demonstrate to you that I save you at least 50% of your cigar money, because I make every cigar I sell and sell them direct to the Smoker, cutting out every in-between profit, I am sure you will buy your cigars from me regularly. For that reason I am satisfied to give you more than my profit on your first order and send you **FREE** a box of Old Fashioned Havana Smokers, a box of a new kind of Smoking tobacco, and a patented cigar cutter.

If you'd rather smoke quality than looks, if you don't buy a cigar for what it seems but for what it contains, let me send you 100 of my

KEY WEST Havana Seconds

They are by no means handsome cigars. I haven't pasted pretty pictures on the box, nor have I placed bands around each cigar. I don't believe in scenery. THEY LOOK ROUGH BUT TASTE SMOOTH and in taste are the equal of any 3 for a quarter cigar. They are irregular but none shorter than 4½ inches; some even longer. I call them Seconds because they are made from the shorter pieces of tobacco which is used in my finest brands. I am really selling you two dollars' worth of Havana Tobacco with nothing added for rolling it into cigars.

The above offer holds good up to and including September 30th, and, of course, applies only to your first order

I can produce only a limited number of these Seconds and therefore will not sell more than 100 to any one new customer as I want to interest as many new Smokers as possible by this Special September offer.

Pay Cash for your cigars. Buying them on credit means that you have to pay for the cigars "the other fellow" bought and did not pay for.

Send me \$2.—(check, money-order, draft or bills) for 100 Genuine Key West Havana Seconds and the three free articles. You needn't hesitate, if, after trying them, you like your money better than the cigars—it's yours. You can't go wrong.

Morton A. Edwin

Dept. 7. 64-66 and 67-69 West 125th Street, New York.
Make remittance payable to Edwin Cigar Co.
References: The State Bank of New York, Dun and Bradstreet's.

Say that You are Interested in Automobiles

to the extent of wanting to know more about them. Of course, we shall do all the things that every good business man does who aims to sell his wares; send you our printed matter, among it our testimonial book containing a collection of letters from Satisfied Maxwell Owners.

Q We shall tell you to go and ask a Maxwell owner, to substantiate or refute the truth of the statements made in our literature—and chances are that you will never go to the trouble of writing to one of the owners whose names appear at the bottom of a testimonial letter.

Q Yet you know that praise coming from a man who has paid good money for his Maxwell automobile must be sincere, for it is against human nature to boost anything except you are absolutely certain of its superior values.

Q We shall give you names and addresses of Maxwell owners in your immediate neighborhood and abide by their decision.

Q They may live next door; in any case you will not have far to go to find a Maxwell Owner, for

Q There are thousands of them right in your own territory.

Q Isn't this the best kind of Show-Me—our offer to have the average customer do the arguing rather than the professional salesman?

Q What are the points of Maxwell superiority? Many. For instance, thermo-syphon cooling system, the multiple-disc clutch, unit construction, three-point suspension—all of which are original with the design of Mr. J. D. Maxwell.

Q The most competent engineers in the country have written learned dissertations about these features, but we know that not a single one of their arguments will have with you the weight that will be brought to bear on the question by the simple statement of the Maxwell owner that

Q Nothing can beat the Maxwell in reliability, stamina and low cost of upkeep.

Model D, 24-30 Horsepower 4 cylinder Touring Car. Thermo-syphon Cooling, Multiple-Clutch, Unit Construction, Three-point Suspension; the car that challenges the winner of the Glidden Tour to an endurance run from New York to San Francisco. PRICE, \$1,750.

OTHER MODELS: L. C. 2-cylinder, 14 Horsepower Runabout, Price

\$825; H. 2-cylinder, 20 Horsepower Touring Car, Price, \$1,450 (fully equipped); K., 4-cylinder, 24-30 Horsepower Roadster, Price, \$1,750.

Q Just say that you want to know the names of Maxwell owners in your territory, then go and ask them. The result we leave to your judgment.

Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Company, Standard Manufacturers, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Dealers in all Principal Cities and Towns.

Accumulation of Cash

The continued increase of cash in banking institutions, causing low rates for the use of money, should result in higher prices for safe bonds.

First mortgage railroad bonds can now be secured to pay from 4 to 4½%.

These bonds possess the qualities of safety, marketability, and possible appreciation in price.

A list of bonds which should respond to above conditions, with full description of each bond, will be sent upon application for circular No. 661.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

ESTABLISHED 1864

Capital.....\$2,000,000 28 Nassau Street, - New York
Surplus.....\$6,000,000 33 Lombard Street, E. C. London
Banking Department Bond Department
Trust Department Transfer Department
Foreign Department

Safe Investments

FOR over twenty-six years we have made a specialty of supplying investors with carefully selected bonds. During that time we have purchased with our own funds, and in turn sold to investing clients, municipal, railroad and public service corporation bonds totaling many hundred millions of dollars. In every case the safety of these bonds was first determined by thorough investigation. As a result of this careful policy our list of customers includes not only all kinds of public institutions, but also what is believed to be more private investors than are served by any other banking house in the country. We believe our services will prove of value to investors.

We own and offer at the present time over 200 different issues of bonds which we recommend for investment at prices to yield

3 3/4% to 6%

Write for circular offerings and booklet "The Investment Banker."

N. W. Harris & Company

BANKERS

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Bond Department

Harris Trust & Savings Bank

204 Dearborn Street, Chicago

Buy Tax Bonds of the Central West

This is the **LAND OF OPPORTUNITY** for careful security buyers, offering higher rates than the East because farther from cheap money, while values are absolutely unquestionable.

Here are two of our offers:

6% LEVEE BONDS

Jefferson Co., Ark. Issue \$30,000. Denomination \$500. Secured by absolute lien on property worth over fifty times its total debt.

5% FUNDING BONDS

Oklahoma City, Okla. Issue \$72,500. Denomination \$500. The largest city in the new State. Population 47,000, and its securities as safe as government bonds.

The great proportion of our business is in securities of large communities like St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Memphis, St. Joseph, etc., netting lower rates of interest, of which we have an attractive list. We frequently, however, secure bargains like the above with unusual interest returns and equal safety.

Eighteen years in business without losing a dollar for a customer. We sell millions of securities annually, largely by mail, throughout thirty States. Let us have your name for our mailing list.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY,
57 Merchants Laclede Building, St. Louis; Missouri.



SURPLUS MONEY MUST WORK

By David Graham Evans

THE moment one's surplus money ceases to be employed, it becomes as useless to him as the ashes of a wood fire. Its only value is in comforting its owner in the old nest-egg theory, and even then the degree of comfort to him depends upon where he has it.

A surplus—that is, an amount over and above one's actual living expenses (savings), or the amount in excess of that required to conduct one's business (business surplus)—should be employed and made to earn for its owner. Whether it be used in expanding his own business or the business of some other man or group of men, money should not under any circumstances be allowed to remain idle.

Rarely in the history of this country has there been a time when money could not be safely and profitably employed. Perhaps some of the most opportune times

for investment have been during periods of depression, when the demand for real money was most urgent, and when circumstances made possible a much higher rate

of interest and caused thoroughly sound securities to be sold at figures far below their intrinsic worth.

During these periods of reaction, people with a surplus often fail, through timidity, to see the opportunities afforded them. A glance at the financial and industrial side of this country's history would undoubtedly dispel their fear. By this reference it will be found that the extent of any business reaction in this country has been measured by the time it takes to get back to the first principle of sound business—a universal and proper regard for the law.

Our remarkable recuperative powers in this regard have never been excelled in the world's history. It will therefore be seen that proper employment of money during these times is desirable, for invariably large and small borrowers of money are physically, financially, and intrinsically stronger after the usual readjustment has taken place. Securities must advance under these circumstances. Money is at all times in demand. The market for it is always active—if not in one form, in another—and so there is hardly a single plausible excuse for any one with a surplus amount of money unemployed. Yet it is a lamentable fact that few people of

ordinary means ever think of studying out safe methods of employing their money.

A day's questioning among business men themselves will disclose some remarkable ideas about the use of money. A rather successful business man stated recently that he has had a surplus of over ten thousand dollars on hand for about six years. When questioned as to the reason for this surplus, he replied:

"In emergency I may need real cash, and it is always there. I have felt comfortable, indeed, ever since I have been able to carry this surplus."

It was learned later that this was on deposit in a separate account and was not earning one cent of interest for him. This money, if put to work, would have earned each year at least five per cent. interest, or at the rate of five hundred dollars annually. The surplus would then at the close of its six years of inactivity have been \$12,500 instead of \$10,000.

This policy on the part of business men is looked upon by many as sound, and sometimes it is, but those who applaud a policy of this kind, as applied to most cases, are those who have little or no faith in the integrity of man, and about as much in the soundness of our institutions.

Take up the bond issues of even ten years ago, or go through a list of active securities netting about five per cent. at that time, and any number will be found that have been active at all times, and have afforded a good market—a market where cash could have been secured almost as quickly as through any bank. With little or no inquiry, it would be learned that banks would have loaned up to eighty per cent. of par at any time on a very large number of the securities available.

The following is a list of bonds selected that sold upon the various Exchanges in July, 1908, compared with July, 1898:

	1908	1898
Atchison general 4's.....	90 ¹ / ₂	95 ¹ / ₂
Louis. & Nash. unified 4's.....	92 ¹ / ₂	88 ¹ / ₂
Mo., Kan. & Tex. 1st mng. 4's.....	98	90 ¹ / ₂
Nor. Pac. prior lien 4's.....	102 ¹ / ₂	99 ¹ / ₂

From this it will be seen that during the ten-year period the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fé general

mortgage four per cent. bonds have advanced in price \$40 per \$1,000 bond; the Louisville &

Nashville unified mortgage four per cent. bonds, \$93.75 per \$1,000 bond; the Missouri, Kansas & Texas first mortgage four per cent. bonds \$77.50 per \$1,000 bond, and the Northern Pacific prior lien four per cent. bonds \$27.50 per \$1,000 bond, all showing an earning capacity of around five per cent. during the ten-year period.

How It Could Have been Employed In other words, as a loan to any one of these companies, it would positively have earned about five per cent. during the whole of the ten years, and any of the bonds selected could have been converted into cash during any working day within this period.

This, of course, is not the only channel through which this money could have been placed. There are many others. But if one desires his surplus to act in the capacity of an emergency fund, it will have to be employed in a way that will almost guarantee quick convertibility into cash. Good bonds that are at the time active

on the large Exchanges will insure this.

It must not be inferred that stocks and bonds are to be considered as the only medium to be employed in putting to work one's surplus funds. Savings banks, trust companies, real estate, real estate and farm mortgages, well-secured notes, short-term notes of large railroads and corporations, commercial paper, your own business—all are possible forms; but if one is desirous of having one's surplus so placed as to be ready, in useable form and convertibility without depreciation, on quick notice, bonds are considered the most desirable investment. Stocks are not as desirable, even when they are of the highest character. When you buy a bond, you loan to the issuing company at a fixed rate of interest and with some tangible, and usually quick, asset as security. In most cases you have a first mortgage on property of some kind. When you purchase stock, you buy a part of the property or business, subject to any mortgage that is on it. You are a part owner and share in the company's earnings, after interest on borrowed money is paid for.

It can easily be seen from this comparison which of the two would be the most favorably considered as security for a loan through a bank, or which would be the most likely to sell in any of the conservative money centers. The very foundation of our business structure is based upon credit, and a very large percentage of our business

is done on credit. The growth of this country has made this necessary, and has in fact forced our commercial world into a system of credit that has given professional dealers in money opportunities not enjoyed anywhere else in the world.

The following statement will give one some idea as to the volume:

The August interest and dividend disbursement amounts to \$60,000,000. The grand total of all bonds of every rate and character, including Government issues, upon which interest is payable during August, is \$2,327,989,390, and the total amounts of stock upon which dividends have been declared payable in that month are \$866,624,000 for railroads, \$292,891,000 for industrials and \$100,656,700 for public service corporations.

All of this money has been put to work and is earning for its owners a satisfactory rate of interest. Its bulk suggests that the serious judgment of the thinking people of the United States is, after all, sound, and that they are not entirely given over to the thought of gaining great wealth too quickly. Small returns and sensible expectations are strongly suggested, rather than a running to a mess of swindles and corruption with the hope of piling up wealth without labor or even thought.

As hopeful as all this would seem, the fact still remains that there are but few small investors who really use even a small portion of their thinking and reasoning capacity in the employment of their money. They will work from eight to twelve hours a day almost every day in the year in making money, and then allow some great prospect for enormous return to inveigle them into parting with their hard-earned cash. Lack of knowledge narrows possibilities.

In considering investment of funds, it is well to be

Investments

We offer for investment

\$100,000

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

Underlying First Mortgage Bonds

Secured by an absolute first mortgage upon the most economical plant of its kind located in the "Pittsburg District." The bonds are a prior security to the United States Steel Co. Common and Preferred Stock. Cost of property greatly in excess of outstanding bonds. Institutions and investors having idle funds for investment will find the requisite qualities for a conservative and desirable investment, viz:

Security and Income

Write for Circular 21-a

A.B. Leach & Co.

Bankers

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON PHILADELPHIA



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for full time your savings are left with us. Always subject to your control, and available for emergencies on required notice. Thousands of patrons in all parts of the country—probably some in your neighborhood—to whom we can refer you. Established 16 years. Assets \$1,800,000. Industrial Savings and Loan Co. 2 Times Bldg., Broadway & 42d St., New York

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INVESTORS FINANCING CORPORATION 299 Broadway, NEW YORK

mindful of this one fact—scarcely any going concerns need pay over five per cent. for money. Conditions, of course, regulate this somewhat, but the standard is at about that figure. Money is seeking this class, or at any rate wise capitalists are looking for this kind of investment only; therefore the market for such securities broadens and really regulates the premium for money.

Five Per Cent.
Enough

The moment one seeks a larger return, that moment he begins to attach speculative elements to his investment, to the point of becoming a gambler. The holder of small funds is the one who has the strongest temptations. There is something in the American atmosphere that promotes a very strong desire in the breasts of a lot of young Americans to accumulate wealth quickly. Five per cent. and six per cent. returns do not satisfy this feeling.

The wage-earner, or those of small income, should not enter the investment field at all. There are trust companies and savings banks all over the country paying at the rate of four per cent. on deposits. Their methods of banking make it easy and safe for small depositors. The banking-by-mail system, successfully practised by very many large and reputable banking institutions, is to-day a very popular form of banking and has had a wonderful educational effect upon those whose weekly and monthly savings are small. Even the smallest amount of money can be made to work and earn more money for its owner; but, above all this, there is knowledge and experience to be had in seeking employment for money that is worth more to the individual, if properly used, than the money your funds will earn.

Investors' Paragraphs

THE guarantee of bank deposits plan recently had a test as to its workability in our new State of Oklahoma. A bank at Guthrie failed, it being the first failure under the new law, which provides a guarantee to the depositors by the State. The bank's deposits amounted to \$38,000, and the fund was called upon for \$22,000. Every depositor was paid in full within ten days from the time the bank closed its doors.

The State banking department is liquidating the assets of the bank to reimburse the fund for the outlay. There was little or no excitement over this failure, except that caused by the most unusual circumstance of depositors getting their money almost as quickly as would have been the case if the bank had been solvent and they had wanted their money.

We hear of no runs on other banks in that locality, no failures of business houses, nor suicides of individual depositors, and it does appear as if the friends of this plan for national banks are really advocating an amendment to our national bank act that is worthy of most serious consideration.

THE United States Circuit Court of Appeals set aside, on July 22d, the \$29,240,000, fine imposed on the Standard Oil Company by Judge Landis, and stocks started for the skies. The very next day, President Roosevelt's orders for a speedy re-trial of the Standard Oil case went thundering over the land, and checked the stocks in their flight.

A few days later, Harriman is known to be taking part in financing Wheeling & Lake Erie notes, payment of which has been somewhat in doubt. In some quarters credit is given to the report that Mr. Harriman now owns the road. This, with the Government's favorable report on the cotton crop caused another game of leap frog to be played on the Stock Exchange.

In reviewing these happenings, as well as many others that have recently influenced the market, the question naturally arises, "When should the speculator buy?"

THE United States Monetary Commission has sent six of its members abroad to make careful observations of finance in the Old World. It is hoped that they do not reach the other shores as most Americans do, saturated inside and out with the idea that America excels in all things. There are many financial economies being practised in the Old World that are much needed in this country. It is hoped that they are discovered and understood, and that the political situation at the time of their report will permit of our at least experimenting.

ONE of the most significant happenings to the financial and commercial world during the past month, has been the way in which the general public, as well as those high up in finance, have analyzed and interpreted the recent United States Steel Corporation's report. This has helped wonderfully in restoring confidence, and adding to the general prevailing impression that we are, after all, commercially sound.

Character carries weight. It forces people to look behind an ugly face, behind poverty, behind unfavorable impressions, behind environment. It forces us back of everything. When character speaks, money, everything else, is silent.

Public Utility Bonds

Of Interest to Business Men,
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IRRIGATION PROBLEMS

Comparative Practise of the United States and Canada

IT is a common saying that the farmer is the most really independent of mortals—that he can always secure a living from his labor, even if he can not always obtain the luxuries of life.

In one sense this is true; in another lamentably false. With the knowledge of modern methods of farming, and with the results before him of the magnificent work of the Department of Agriculture in so many directions, the intelligent farmer can control most of the conditions of his work as well as, if not better than, the business man can control the conditions of business and competition. "Every bug has its poison," and the danger of widespread devastation of crops over large areas by the ravages of insects or bacterial growths has been greatly reduced by agricultural research, and may, eventually, almost entirely disappear. With the increasing growth of population, and the larger number engaged in trade, manufacture and other professions, whose food and clothing have to be furnished by the agricultural classes, the danger of falling prices or excessive competition among farmers need not be greatly feared.

In one important respect, however, the farmer is seriously dependent upon a condition quite beyond his control, and that is—*rainfall*. The severe drought which has afflicted a large section of the Eastern United States during the past summer, while by no means so serious as other droughts of the past, has certainly been important enough in its effects to exemplify the need for a source of water supply for crops independent of occasional rain clouds. In many a farming section, some old, practically abandoned mill dam, or natural water power exists, which can be purchased and diverted into irrigation ditches at comparatively small expense by individual or neighborhood cooperation, and the interest on the cost of the necessary investment may easily prove to be cheap crop insurance for the farmer.

Be that as it may, it is, of course, well known that large areas of our great West have been, and are now being, reclaimed from sterile, arid or semi-arid conditions and made into fertile, food-producing lands by the simple intelligent application of water in the various public and private irrigation projects which are now forming so important a part of development work in the West. It is unfortunate, however, that these enterprises have been, in so many cases, hampered by unwise and conflicting laws, and that the real benefit to the farmer intended to be brought about by them has partially, if not largely, failed in the realization.

Private irrigation companies have, in many cases, been formed to carry out ambitious projects in connection with colonization plans, only to collapse before the completion of the necessary ditches, leaving the unfortunate colonists who have been induced to invest upon the brilliant promises of the promoters stranded and helpless. Other projects, both public and private, have been carried through to a conclusion and irrigation commenced, only to find after a year or two of successful irrigation that the water supply has been overdrawn or diverted into other channels—and no one can be found financially responsible for the disappointments caused by poor engineering or rascally promotion. Even the great irrigation works of the United States Government in certain of the Western sections have not gone quite far enough to bring about the largest degree of benefit to the sections ready for irrigation, because of the fact that the Government constructs, as a rule, only the main and secondary canals; placing the responsibility upon the individual farmer, or a group of farmers, to bring the water from the secondary canals to their own farms, often at very large expense. Furthermore, the Government does not guarantee a permanent, continuous supply of water, nor does it have any responsibility whatever for the individual farm canals or ditches; and it often happens that quarrels arise among the farmers of a group or neighborhood who have built a tertiary canal, as to the proper division of the water. Add to this condition the conflicting laws of the various States, and you have a condition that is neither pleasant nor profitable to contemplate.

Our Canadian friends and neighbors have planned the development of their great West by irrigation more scientifically than we—loath as we may be to admit it. Doubtless profiting by our experience, they have avoided many of the difficulties and conflicts which have afflicted us, and have worked out, in several sections, an exceedingly comprehensive and satisfactory irrigation theory and plan—a plan embodying laws declared by resolution of an American Irrigation Congress to be far in advance of similar laws of this country. The Canadian

law is based upon the following broad principles:

(a) That all the water is the property of the Crown, and can only be acquired for irrigation by making proper application to the Government and obtaining authority to divert it; and that any person diverting it without first obtaining such authority shall be subject to a heavy penalty.

(b) That applicants for the right to construct irrigation works must complete them within a stated time, and to the satisfaction of inspecting Government engineers; that they must use the water for irrigation and *sell the same at rates approved by the Government*.

(c) That no stream can be burdened with more records (permits) for water than there is water to supply the land to be irrigated; this being prevented by refusal of the Government to grant any further records after the debit side of the ledger account opened by them for each stream shows that the credit of water supply, as indicated by yearly Government gaugings, has been exhausted by permits granted.

(d) That the duty of water, or the amount to be supplied for any given area (at present one cubic foot per second for each 150 acres), and the irrigation season (May 1st to November 1st), during which period such water must be supplied, shall be fixed by the Government, and not be left to the power of any irrigation company or person selling water for irrigation to change.

(e) That all agreements for the supply of water for irrigation must be registered with the Government, so that they may have notice of the contracts entered into by irrigation companies.

(f) That any disputes regarding the division or distribution of water are settled by a Government official without the necessity of any appeal to the courts or bill of costs to parties making the complaint.

(g) That parties complying with the provisions of the law, and being granted right to divert water, obtain a patent for it direct from the Crown, which they can carry in their pocket, if they wish, as *prima facie* evidence of their title and an assurance that any attempt to interfere with such title will be prevented by Government officials without cost to owners of the water patent.

Perhaps the largest and most ambitious irrigation project ever initiated on this continent is that of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, operating under the Canadian law in Southern Alberta. This project is not one primarily intended for money making by irrigation alone, but has in contemplation the colonization of a vast area of three million acres tributary to the railroad and available for the development of traffic upon its lines. It has been determined by government and railroad engineers that about one-half of this vast empire of land is capable of direct irrigation, and the remainder is suitable for the growing of wheat and other crops not requiring so much water. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has gone far beyond American practise in not only building main and secondary canals for the diversion of water from Bow River to the general area to be irrigated, but in also throwing out from the secondary canals a complete system of distributing ditches that will bring the water to every quarter section (160 acres) of land to be irrigated. This removes entirely from the farmer the burden of building anything other than his own farm distributing ditches, and in buying his farm he receives from the railway company a map showing exactly where the latter agrees to deliver water to him, and exactly what portion of the farm is capable of irrigation. He is charged a certain sum per acre for the non-irrigable land in his farm, and a larger sum (about \$10 more) for the irrigable land. He receives not only his land title, but also a deed of water supply guaranteeing a certain minimum amount of water per annum (or for the season), and there is back of this guarantee the double responsibility of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Canadian Government itself. In addition to the initial payments for the land (which, being in a new country, are, of course, low as compared with similar irrigable land in the American West), he is charged an annual, fixed sum of fifty cents an acre for the water of his irrigable land; this being the only annual charge of any kind which he has to bear in connection with the complete irrigation system.

Such a contract and such conditions are practically ideal, and it is hard to see how they can be materially improved. The United States can certainly find much to learn in this example of enlightened irrigation policy and law.

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